This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

7/6

7to. 27524 f. 229

63/172

Digitized by Google

63/

One Hundred New

COURT FABLES,

Written for the

INSTRUCTION *of* PRINCES,

And a True

KNOWLEDGE *of the* WORLD.

Inſcribed

To the KING of *France*, the Duke REGENT, the moſt illuſtrious PERSONAGES of that Court, and to the Queen of PRUSSIA.

WITH A

DISCOURSE *on* FABLE.

By the Sieur DE LA MOTTE.

Made Engliſh from the Paris *Edition*,

By Mr. *SAMBER*.

Omne tulit punctum ———.

LONDON:

Printed for *E. Curll* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*; and *T. Jauncy* without *Temple-Bar*. M.DCC.XXI.

Price 4*s*.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

TO

Anthony Hammond, Esq;

SIR,

I BEG leave to make You a small Present of the *Court Fables* of Monsieur DE LA MOTTE, which with a great deal of Pleasure, and some Care, I have taught to speak *English*; a Work (small as it is) I am perswaded I need not be any wise ashamed of. To no one can they more properly belong, than to a Gentleman who has seen all the principal Courts of *Europe*, and is thoroughly acquainted with Mankind.

Digitized by Google

I ſhall not preſume to draw our Author's Character; few Perſons who undertake that Province acquit themſelves with that Impartiality and Unprejudice (if I may uſe the Term) the Subject neceſſarily requires: It is a nice Point, and ought to be tenderly handled. However, if one may form any Notion or Idea of him from this Work, for I have ſeen no other of his, it is certain he is a great Humouriſt, very Satyrical, but with a great deal of Wit and Pleaſantry, on all Conditions of Life, but moſt of all on thoſe of his own Trade. In what Eſteem he held Imitators of other Mens Works, the Fable of the *Apes* * *turned Sailors* will more than ſufficiently evince.

He is a rigorous and moſt excellent Moraliſt, and as diverting as inſtructive; and has that Art and Addreſs (perhaps of all Fabuliſts peculiar to himſelf) to ſurprize you with ſuch a Moral at the end of every one of his Fables, you leaſt could have expected

* *Page* 161.

from

from the Narration, and yet which one plainly ſees principally, and moſt naturally muſt reſult from it.

He is admirably Sententious, and his Diſcourſe on Fable is an excellent Piece; but in that, as well as throughout his Fables, he lets us know his Sentiments on the Antients, of whom he is no great Admirer, and cannot forbear reflecting even on his dear LA FONTAINE, as being too much prejudiced in Favour of QUINTILIAN †.

This Averſion he handſomely excuſes, by ſaying, That " his Adverſaries at preſent do him the Honour " to be his Friends, and believes without breaking of the publick Peace, " *One ſhould always ſpeak plainly what* " *one thinks.* He doubts not but his " illuſtrious Criticks will be the firſt " to paſs by his *Gaieties* * (as he calls " them) on HOMER. They know " very well, ſays he, that Diverſity " of Sentiment is the Soul of Life, " and the very (Salt or) Seaſoning of

† *Page* 69. *l. ult.* * *Page* 73.

Digitized by Google

" Friendſhip, as he mentions it in his " Fables ‖ "

A Specimen of theſe *Gaieties* of his (which how ſpecious ſoever an Outſide they may wear, are, in reality, the moſt terrible and moſt poignant Satyre in the World, in as much as One cannot help laughing at them.) We have in the Fable of HOMER † and the *Deaf Man*, where he calls that venerable Bard, What? —— why, an old *Ballad Maker*, that's all.

And are not thoſe Gentlemen, who have taken ſo much Pains to tranſlate the Divine HOMER * (as our Author calls him) into their reſpective Languages, very much obliged to him for this Compliment, which, in reality, is only telling them that they have been racking their Brains about nothing but tranſlating an old *Ballad Maker?*

But it may be he did not underſtand *Greek*; perhaps ſo, it has been many

‖ *He alludes to the Fable of*, The Friends too much of a Mind.

† *Page* 356.

* *Fable of the Sheep and the Bush*, Page 247.

Digitized by Google

an excellent Author's Case. But what then, might not a Doctor of *Sorbonne* translate the Iliad into *French* for him? And that's full as well.

But all this Freedom of censuring Antiquity, it must be remember'd, our Author has before-hand excused on account of Variety of Sentiment (the Salt of Friendship) and that, *One should always speak plainly what One thinks.*

And in reality, if La Motte followed this Maxim, no one ever *thought* (since no one ever *spoke*) with greater Liberty than himself. With what Freedom does he address himself to the King and the great Men of his Court? In this certainly he discovers a Magnanimity of Soul, and Uprightness of Heart. Princes and great Men, all love to be flatter'd, than which nothing can be more pernicious. He is a true Friend who dares tell them the Truth, tho' never so disagreeable; but it is the Interest of those who are about them, to keep these at a distance: However, it is an eternal Truth, that such a Retinue who thus bar Access to their Lord, are

Digitized by Google

are his greateſt Enemies in the World.

CÆSAR LOST HIS LIFE BY IT.

But I cannot help ſmiling, when I read how frankly he addreſſes himſelf to the Duke Regent in the Fable of *the* * *Eagle and the Eaglet*: He bids that Prince remember, That theſe Fables were for *LEWIS* (for ſo he calls his own King) that he thinks, to make them more agreeable, there ſhould be a hundred Copper Plates, for which he plainly tells the Regent, he muſt have two Thouſand Crowns, a very ſlender Reward, he ſays, for not praiſing him. This was fair Warning to thoſe that were to come after, who, no doubt, gave him ſuitable Encouragement; for indeed no Book of this Kind ever yet appeared with ſo many illuſtrious Patrons; and undoubtedly they were much in the right to encourage Men of Letters, whoſe Buſineſs it is to tranſmit down to Po-

* *Page* 75.

ſterity

ſterity the virtuous Actions of the Great, which Envy (for its Object is Excellence) would otherwiſe detract from and vilify.

I am afraid, Sir, I grow tedious in my Remarks on Monſieur LA MOTTE; indeed I have run greater Lengths than at firſt I intended; I ſhall therefore only beg leave to obſerve curſorily one or two Things more, and then conclude.

This Gentleman ſeems to have the utmoſt Averſion to Arbitrary Government, and *dares* ſay ſo. Through all his Fables may be diſcovered a Spirit of Liberty. Liberty! The greateſt Bleſſing Mankind can enjoy. With what Boldneſs dares he diſcourſe of the Duty of Kings? He ſays plainly they were *Made* only for their Subjects Good, that they ſhould not cruſh nor oppreſs them, but love them as their Children *, and exerciſe Juſtice, mixed with the greateſt Clemency. And, certainly no one who has ever been ac-

---

* *See the Fable of the* Pelican *and the* Spider, *Page* 80.

quainted

quainted with the Sweets of Life, can think otherwiſe, for in reality, none but Fools can be in love with an unbounded, arbitrary Sway, who merit Scourges.

Stripes are for the Backs of Fools.

Another Thing that I obſerve of this Author is Candor; for as much an Original as he is, he has made bold with ſome Fables (Ideas he calls them) which had been treated of by others: This he frankly confeſſes; and in this he does both himſelf and the World Juſtice. It is evident that the Fable of the Turnip he took from *Eraſmus*; the reſt are as eaſily accounted for, but of this enough.

La Motte is very ſevere upon the Criticks, and in this, perhaps, no more than they deſerve; for certainly, a Critick *reduplicative ſumptus* (*n'eſt pas grand Choſe*, as one ſaid of a Doctor of Sorbonne, but) is indeed the oddeſt, and moſt diſagreeable *Compoſitum* in the World, a very ſlender Portion of Senſe, and a great deal of Ill-

nature,

Digitized by Google

nature, are the Paſte out of which this Dough-baked Animal is raiſed, whoſe true Pourtrait we can no better have than in *DENNIS*, that pedantick Tyrant of *Sicily*, of critical Memory.

Thus much for our Author, whom I own I cannot but highly value; his Method is intirely new, and ſurprizingly engaging, and whom for that Reaſon I deſign ſpeedily to correſpond with. Others may think otherwiſe, for as he himſelf well obſerves, There will ever be *Variety of Sentiment*, and every one will ſpeak as they pleaſe. For Example, and I'll ſpeak my Mind, I know but One of my Country-men that could be peculiarly ſucceſsful in Writings of the ſame Kind; and, in ſhadowing to us ſuch fabulous Pictures full of the ſame ſolid Inſtruction; and this is the Author of moſt of our *Spectators*, *Tatlers*, and *Guardians*, the incomparable Sir RICHARD STEELE, who has gained as great an Applauſe in the *French* Language, as (was I, as a Tranſlator, never ſo covetous of Fame)

Digitized by Google

I could wiſh De La Motte ſhould have in the *Engliſh*.

Theſe Fables were firſt printed at *Paris*, in a beautiful Edition in Quarto, with fine Cuts to each Fable, which preſently went off, and was ſucceeded ſoon after by a Third Edition in Twelves, and is now printed, I underſtand, at *Amſterdam*. The Original is in Verſe, but can by no means be tranſlated into *Engliſh* Verſe with any Beauty, our Poeſy not allowing thoſe Liberties the *French* cannot help making uſe of (nor is it fit it ſhould) where they do not much ſtand upon Number, and where two Lines ſhall rhyme with the ſame Word, as is too often the Caſe of our Author in theſe Fables. I have therefore made Choice of the Dreſs in which they now appear, and without Vanity I may ſay, they have loſt nothing of their Beauty by changing their native Climate.

Be pleaſed then, Sir, to accept them as a ſmall Mark of the great Value and Eſteem I have for You, and of my Acknowledgment of Your laſt Favours.

But

Digitized by Google

But —— *You delight in doing Good.* This God-like Principle You were born *with*, and are never ſo happy as when You have Opportunities to diſplay it. I know, Sir, You are an Enemy to Encomium; and ſo far are You from being willing I ſhould act, like common Scriblers, who ſay thoſe fine Things which neither they nor their Patrons themſelves believe, that You would be even unwilling to hear what all Mankind knows is Your due. In this I am very happy, for Panegyrick is out of my Sphere, and I always ſpeak what I think. A Sweetneſs of Temper, with all the agreeable Turns of Wit, excluſive of its malignant Poignancy, is peculiar to Mr. *Hammond*. This, Sir, renders Your Converſation ſo amiable, which the longer One enjoys (quite the reverſe from that of others) the more taking it is and engaging. *I ſpeak by Experience.* This, with a perpetual Readineſs of doing good Offices, has made You the Delight of Mankind. In ſhort, Sir, the fine Gentleman, and the beſt of Friends, is Your

Character. Theſe rich Endowments of the Mind the Wiſe will ever value and eſteem, the reſt is nothing but meer Pageantry, Decoration and Outſide, which ſome others miſtaking, have, when they imagined they addreſſed themſelves to a Great Man, only bowed to a fine Suit of Cloaths.

I know the Perſon whom I now addreſs my ſelf to is the moſt Modeſt in the World, but at the ſame Time I know I have ſaid nothing can offend that Modeſty; nor can I better take my leave of You, Sir, than in Monſieur La Motte's Words to the Regent, tho' with ſome ſmall Variation, *viz. That when One knows how to do well, One muſt let the World ſay ſo. In ſhort, Sir, no one can be a great and good Man with Impunity.*

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient, and moſt humble Servant,

Robert Samber.

New Inn, *Aug.* 1. 1720.

Mon-

Digitized by Google

Monſieur Le Clerc's
JUDGMENT of this *WORK*.

THE poetical Works of Monſieur De La Motte are ſo generally eſteemed, that they ſtand not in need of any Recommendation. I ſhall therefore only obſerve, That thoſe who have a mind to read his *New Fables*, would do well to peruſe before-hand, the *Diſcourſe* prefix'd, *Upon the Art of writing Fable* after *Æſop*'s Manner.

The Author here gives us, not only a judicious Epitome of the Hiſtory of the principal *Mythologiſts*, but alſo his own Sentiments of the Manner they took to chalk out, as it were, the *Out-lines*, and then to finiſh the *Plan* of their *Fables*. He not only mentions the *Greek* and *Latin* Writers of that kind, but alſo the Moderns, from the *French* even to the *Indians*; and whilſt he is thus talking of *Æſop* and *Phedrus*, of *Fontaine* and *Pilpay*, he never invidiouſly takes away from their good Qualities, but gently reprehends the Errors they have fallen into. However, he ſtates the Rules by which they ſucceſsfully went, and always keeps cloſe to them himſelf, where they are conſiſtent with the Beauty of his Matter; but judiciouſly takes leave to depart from them, where, if

Digitized by Google

too ſtrictly obſerved, they would weaken and ſtraiten his Senſe: Preferring always (as a good Writer ought) *fine and ſolid Sentiments, before the arbitrary Reſtriction impoſed by Rules.* The End of Fable is to inſtruct agreeably; and what imports it, which Way a Man takes, provided that Way brings him to that End?

Whether a Man follows the Simplicity of *Æſop*, deſtitute of all kind of Ornaments whatſoever, or, whether running into the Taſte of *La Fontaine*; he employs all the Force of that kind of Pleaſantry and Drollery, which ſeldom riſes above the Stile of free and eaſy Converſation; or whether he moralizes in a Manner more refined, and interweaves with the Fable the Beauties and the Charms of Poeſy, 'tis all one and the ſame Thing, provided he has the Felicity to hit the Mark he aims at, he has ſufficiently gain'd the Point; and there is no Room for Cenſuring an Author who inſtructs, and who pleaſes, about the Manner which he takes to do it.

I could here ſpeak, by the bye, of the firſt Inventors of Fable, who are the Orientaliſts, as it appears even by Scripture it ſelf, and ſhow, that this Art ſubſiſted many Ages before *Æſop*. I could likewiſe enlarge on that Species of Fables that are ſtiled Parables, of which we find many Examples in holy Writ, where, that they were in Uſe in the moſt an-

Digitized by Google

antient of Times, appears plainly by *that one*, which *Nathan* very artificially made uſe of, in order to draw out of *David*'s own Mouth, the Acknowledgment and Confeſſion of his Fault, in the Affairs which he had with *Uriah* and *Bathſheba*. Our Saviour himſelf has long ſince conſecrated this Manner of conveying Inſtruction into the Minds of Men, by condeſcending to make uſe of it with ſo much Weight and Gravity, and at the ſame Time, with ſuch a winning Power of *Addreſs* (if in this Place, where H E is ſpoken of, *ſuch a Word* may be allowed) that there never was any Thing in Nature written which comes near it; but to throw all this into a clearer Light would require a large and elaborate Treatiſe, and to give it the Graces which Monſieur De La Motte has beautifully given to his own; or indeed, to aim at the Imitation of them, would demand much more Leiſure than I have, and require an Imagination leſs fatigued than mine muſt neceſſarily be, by reaſon of the Subjects ſo vaſtly different, which I am obliged to imploy my Mind about for carrying on this Work. All his Periods are *really* and *indeed* Sentences, expreſſed in a manner ſo delicate, that no Body can imagine, that it is in the Power of a Man to produce the like, in a Work ſent forth in a hurry, with that which he compoſed with the utmoſt Serenity.

Digitized by Google

THE CONTENTS.

A *Discourse on Fable* Page 6
Of the Nature of Fable 13
Of the Truth which Fable ought to lock up 17
Of the Morality of Fable 22
Of Images 27
Of the Actors of Fable 35
Of the Stile of Fable 40
Of Imitation 53
The Character of Æsop 57
——— Phædrus 60
——— Pilpay 65
——— La Fontaine 68

AN

Digitized by Google

AN ALPHABETICAL

TABLE

OF THE

FABLES.

A.

Achilles and *Chiron*. To Monſiegneur the Marſhal *De Villeroi* — Page 218

The *Apes* — 108

The *Apes* turned *Sailors* — 161

Apollo, *Mercury*, and the *Shepherd* — 176

Apollo and *Minerva* turned *Phiſicians*. To Monſieur *Fontenelle* — 313

The *Aſs* — 98

The *Aſs* and the *Hare* — 207

The *Aſtrological Doctor* — 92

B.

Digitized by Google

B.

The *Bags* of *Fortune* —— Page 112
The *Beaver* and the *Ox* 233
The *Bees* —— 368
The *Birds* —— —— 133
The *Two Books* —— 305
The *Bonnet* —— —— 393
The *Boy* and the *Nuts* 150
The *Brier* and the *Gardiner* 104
Brutes turned *Players*. To Monsieur *Gillot* 331

C.

The *Camel* —— —— 320
The *Cameleon* —— 173
The *Cat* and the *Bat* —— 100
The *Cat* and the *Mouse* 303
The *Caterpillar* and the *Ant* 239
The *Cheese* —— 180
The *Child* of neither *Sex* 373
The *Clock* and the *Sun Dial* 223
The *Conqueror* and the *poor Woman* 268
The *Covetous Man* and *Minos* 138
The *Cray-Fish* —— 192
The *Crickets* —— —— 210
The *Crow* and the *Faulcon* 200

D.

The *Dogs* —— —— 290
The *Two Dogs*. To Madame the Marchioness *De Lambert* 265

The

Digitized by Google

The *Dog* and the *Cat* Page 354
The *Two Dreams* —— 155

E.

The *Eagle* and the *Eaglet*. To Monſiegneur the Duke of *Orleans*, Regent of the Kingdom. 75
The *Eclipſe* —— 183
The *Elm* and the *Nut-Tree* 170

F.

The *Fine Lady* and the *Looking Glaſs*. To the King 1
The *Fiſhes* and the *Fire-Works* 384
The *Footman* and the *Scholar* 386
The *Fox* and the *Cat* —— 87
The *Fox* and the *Lion* —— 363
The *Fox* turned *Preacher* 350
The *Friends* too much of a *Mind* 322
The *Frogs* and the *Children* 230

G.

The *Gods* of *Egypt* —— 136
The *Graces* —— 361

H.

Homer and the *Deaf Man* 356
The *Horoſcope* of the *Lion* 376
The *Horſe* and the *Lion* —— 328
The *Hunter* and the *Elephants* 389

Digitized by Google

I.

Jupiter's Lottery —— Page 122
Judgment, Memory, and *Imagination* 256

K.

The *King* of the *Beasts.* To Monsiegneur the Bishop of *Frejus* —— 281

L.

The *Lion's Feast* —— 347
The *Lion,* the *Fox,* and the *Rat* 249
The *Linx* and the *Mole* —— 152
The *Two Lizards* —— 116
Love and *Death* —— 277

M.

The *Magpie* —— 148
The *Man* and *Destiny* —— 308
The *Man* and the *Mermaid* 203
Mercury and the *Shades* —— 188
The *Mocker* —— —— 95

N.

The *Two Ninnies* —— 272

O.

The *Ox* and the *Maggot* —— 119
Opinion —— —— 287

The

Digitized by Google

The *Two Oracles.* To his moſt Serene Highneſs Monſieg-neur the Duke — Page 143
The *Oyſter* — — 197

P.

Pandora — — 299
The *Parrot* — — 85
Peace — — 324
The *Peach Tree* and the *Mulber-ry Tree* — — 285
The *Pelican* and the *Spider* 80
The *Phenix* and the *Owl.* To the Queen of *Pruſſia* 343
The *Picture* — — 294
The *Two Pigeons* — — 227
The *Plough-Share* and the *Sword* 261
Pluto and *Proſerpine* — — 252
The *Preſent* and the *Future* 380

R.

The *Rat* keeping *Open Houſe* 371
The *Roſe* and the *Butter-Flie* 165

S.

The *Sheep* and the *Buſh* — 247
The *Shepherd* and the *Ecchoes* 382
The *Sparrows* — — 340
The *Spectacles* — — 225
The *Two Springs* — — 236

The

Digitized by Google

The *Two Statues* —— Page 125
The *Stomach* —— —— 275

T.

The *Treasure* —— —— 317
The *Trees* —— —— 310
The *Turnip* —— —— 391
The *Tyrant* become *Good* —— 335

V.

The *Victim* —— —— 338
Virtue, *Money*, and *Reputation* 359

W.

The *Wasps* and the *Elephants* 243
The *Whale* and the *American* 365
The *Wine-Conners* —— 297
The *Witch*. To Monsieur *Coypel*, the Son —— 228

ERRATA.

PAGE 1. for *deareſt Hope?* r. *deareſt Hope*, p. 29. l. 10. for *Slave* r. *Share*. p. 92. l. 4. for *Apology* r. *Apologue*. p. 281. for *leading through* r. *leading him through*. p. 305. l. 13. for *are this Fable* r. *are this Table*. p. 381. l. 5 & 6. for *Name it. Tell me*, r. *Name it, tell me*. p. 304. l. 14. for *ſhe ſet her Paws*, r. *he ſet his Paws*. p. 395. l. 23. for *impertinent* r. *importunate*. p. 110. l. 15. for *ſome Authors* r. *ſome Authors again*. p. 272. l. 8. *ſhut up the Parentheſis after Son*).

TO

Digitized by Google

TO THE

KING.

The *Fine* LADY and the *Looking Glaſs.*

A FABLE.

Great Prince!

WHO are the Peoples Love, and deareſt Hope? A riſing Sun, whoſe early Dawn, and orient Glories, make *France* already taſte the ſweet Preſages of moſt happy Times: To You I

Digitized by Google

offer (and my Zeal entirely repoſes in Your Goodneſs) theſe diverting Tales *Apollo* himſelf dictated to me. They are indeed Fables in Appearance, but in reality the greateſt Truths. They are the Philoſophy of Your innocent Age. Should Morality approach You, Sir, with ſerious Looks, Language ſevere, and grave Deportment, ſhe might offend You. It is therefore but reaſonable ſhe ſhould deck her ſelf in Smiles, and gain You with a Thouſand little Pleaſantries.

In the following Work I've made her Gay and Airy. Another may, perhaps, do better, but till then, Great Prince, accept this ſincere and loyal Offering of my poor Endeavours; if they produce the Fruit I wiſh, I ſhall eſteem my ſelf moſt Happy, and give Heaven all the Glory. The Duties of Kings are here traced out, under ſomewhat more than beautiful and ſmiling Images. Nay, I'll go farther, if this be not enough, one Day Your Example ſhall ſpeak it more. However, do not neglect the other Points

Digitized by Google

Points I have directed to all Men in general: Nothing relating to Mankind ſhould You be a Stranger to. Great Kings are formed out of great Men.' Strive then to make Your ſelf a Man, and when that is done, the King with eaſe will come to meet him. To make a Man is an Object truly great; to make a King far leſs. But to bring to Perfection this important Work in You, what Men are choſen to give You all Aſſiſtance! Truth offers her ſelf to You, let it be Your conſtant Care to look upon her, admire and love her, and on her faithful Teſtimony lay the Foundation of all ſolid Virtues in Your Royal Heart. For when the Age of Inſtruction ſhall diſappear, perhaps this ſame Truth may ſhew it ſelf no more. This is a dreadful Word, but 'tis only what is uſual. All Kings are flattered. O mighty Prince! *now* is the Time; think *now* to fence Your ſelf ſecure againſt all future Accidents.

Digitized by Google

ONCE upon a Time there was a certain beautiful Lady (for I expreſly make Choice of Beauty, which goes Hand in Hand with Majeſty) This Lady ſitting at her Toilet, her faithful Looking Glaſs, like a Friend, told her more Truths than One. You are charmingly beautiful (ſays the Looking Glaſs) and I only do you Juſtice in telling you ſo. Nay, were one to examine Features you might *almoſt* vie with *Venus* her ſelf. I ſay *almoſt*, but you muſt correct (and a little Care will do it) ſome Faults I ſee in you, they are but ſmall, I own, mere *Bagatelles*; but they are notwithſtanding of the higheſt Importance to all fine Ladies to amend. To what Uſe is all that Red? Ask me why you alter thoſe Graces Nature has beſtowed on you? Soften a little thoſe Looks; that Smile, were it leſs ſtudied, would be much more agreeable. All this Advice the Lady approved of, and was reſolved to follow juſt at the Inſtant when a great Crowd

Crowd of Viſitors came to ſee her. She ariſes to receive them, and leaves her Looking Glaſs. The Apartments eccho with her Praiſes, all ſooth and flatter her; her falſe Complexion is moſt raviſhing, ſo are her Looks, her Smiles, ſuch Charms, and ſo many Graces, and nothing is wanting to form a perfect Beauty. In ſhort, ſo much was ſaid, that the poor Lady quite forgot the Advice of her faithful Mirror.

YOU plainly ſee, Great Prince, that the fine Lady is Your ſelf, and the Looking Glaſs more than a common Counſellor, who by happy Inſtructions is ſo indefatigably careful to form for us a perfect King. Heaven bleſs the Work. Whenever Flatterers approach You, only remember the kind Advices of the Looking Glaſs.

Digitized by Google

A DISCOURSE ON FABLE.

THE Publick, in my Opinion, do not underſtand their own Intereſt in Relation to Works of Wit and Ingenuity. When an Author has arrived to a certain Point in any kind of Writing, the Publick will be ſure to load him with Praiſes, and in that indeed they do him but Juſtice; ſuch an Author

thor is not otherwiſe well paid. But they do not ſtop at bare Applauſe, and eſpecially after the Death of an Author (for great Reputations are always Poſthumous) they are not contented to raiſe him above all Writers that went before him, but they exclude beforehand all thoſe who ſhall come after him from the Honours which are their due. They loudly declare that no one will ever be able to arrive at his Perfection; and that thoſe who ſhall attempt it muſt be looked upon as full of Raſhneſs and Vanity, and are ſure to receive a large Portion of Contempt for an Emulation which however ſometimes might be happy in the Event.

This Diſpoſition of the Publick is indeed but too proper to terrify a happy Genius called by Nature to purſue the ſelf ſame Cauſe: But who being diſcouraged by this imprudent Excluſion, deſiſts from running that Race at the Goal of which he is ſure to receive no Lawrel; he is forced to open new Ways where he cannot travel ſo happily, and it is the Publick, by thus frighting

Digitized by Google

ning him, which has deprived him of the Means of doing better.

However, if any Author preſumes to follow his own Bent or Inclination, and has the Courage to ſhew himſelf in any kind of Writing, in which another before him has already gained the general Approbation, the Publick, which ought only to be his Judge, make themſelves in ſome Sort a Party: They think themſelves then obliged not to diſguiſe this excluſive Applauſe given to the former Writer, and by pronouncing him inimitable, they conclude before hand that the latter has done nothing.

They rigorouſly compare the new Work with that which they are pleaſed to call its Model; where either they find the ſame Graces, and then it is looked upon only as a faint and timid Imitation; or elſe there appear different Beauties, but then they will not own that ſuch Embelliſhments are equally proper to ſuch kind of Writing, and therefore will have them paſs for ſomething odd, ſtrange and extravagant,

Digitized by Google

gant, and at laſt for very Faults and Blemiſhes. People will not give themſelves Time to reflect that there are many Beauties, which tho' not alike, may notwithſtanding be moſt agreeably diſpoſed, and make, tho' not the ſame, as fine a Tiſſue.

I ſhould be unwilling to have it thought that this Reflection is altogether the Effects of Vanity, it might properly enough have been made in this Caſe, tho' I had omitted it. I do not pretend to be skreened from its Surprizes, but I only conſider this Reflection in itſelf, without making any particular Application.

La Fontaine has made a Collection of the fineſt Fables of Antiquity, and wrote them in ſo ſimple, yet elegant a Stile, that he has entirely engroſſed the Suffrages of all Mankind, and I am ſatisfied will always have as many Partiſans as Readers.

I flatter my ſelf, that I am as ſenſibly touched with the Charms of that Author as any one; and his Merit (to the beſt of my Judgment) ſhould rather

Digitized by Google

ther deter me than his Reputation: Insomuch, that I should not have ventur'd to write Fables, had I believed a Person ought to be absolutely so excellent as himself to be suffered after him; but I thought that there were very honourable Stations, tho' lower than his; and I should be too happy could I obtain this moderate Approbation, which excusing me for wanting the Beauties of LA FONTAINE, might do me the Honour of owning what I have been so happy in, in relation to Original.

Nor, at the same Time, would it be any Thing more than Justice, in recompence of the Beauties I want, to allow me at least the Merit of Invention, which my Predecessor did not propose to himself?

It is true he has given the Fables of the Antients such delicate and agreeable Turns, and so New withal, that most commonly we do not know to whom we are most obliged, either the Inventor or Imitator. For the most part the Embellishments are so exquisitely

Digitized by Google

ſitely beautiful, that they entirely engage our Attention from regarding the Symetry and Proportion of the Body he ſo finely dreſſes up: But for all that, the Body is none of his. His Wit had only (if I may ſay ſo) but one ſingle Thing to act on, and being of Conſequence quite diſengaged from the Care and Trouble of the chief and principal Invention, he entirely exhauſted his fine Genius upon Ornament and Decoration, which in reality are no more than acceſſary Invention.

For my part (and that ſhould intitle me to ſome Favour and Indulgence) I have propoſed nothing but Truths entirely new. To Eight or Ten Ideas, which only are mine by Additions, or the moral Uſe I make of them, it was neceſſary for me to invent Fables to expreſs the Truths I made choice of, in ſhort, to be either entirely an ÆSOP or a LA FONTAINE; but as undoubtedly this was too much for me, ſo would it not be juſt to expect I ſhould equal either of them; and the Publick ought to reſt well ſatisfied, in my Opinion,

Digitized by Google

if I don't ſtray too far from either.

Now as in this Work I neceſſarily make a great many Reflections on Fable, and ſince thoſe Authors who have gained Reputation in this kind of writing, have however neglected to treat of it, I am perſwaded I ſhall be thought to have ſome Inclination of communicating my Notions thereupon, which though they may not perhaps be exact, or profound enough, will at leaſt give the Readers an Opportunity of thinking of them; and there are ſome People who need no other Maſter than Attention.

I ſhall therefore ſay ſomething of Fable, as well in relation to the Invention of Facts and Images, as the Execution of the Deſign, and the Ornaments which may be made uſe of. And to this I ſhall add ſome Judgments that have been made on the moſt celebrated Authors in this kind.

OF

OF THE NATURE OF FABLE.

FABLE is nothing but Inſtruction diſguiſed under the Allegory of an Action. It is a ſmall Epic Poem, which is no way inferior to a great one, but only in its ſmallneſs of Extent, and which being leſs conſtrained in the Choice of its Perſons, may, according to its Humour, chuſe in Nature,

Digitized by Google

what it pleaſes to have acted and ſpoken for its Deſign; and may even make Actors on Neceſſity, that is, make Perſons of every Thing it imagines.

According to this Notion, or Idea of Inſtruction diſguiſed under the Allegory of an Action, Fable ought to pleaſe in all Times and Countries, as in effect it really has; for which there are Two natural Reaſons. 1. Self Love is managed by Inſtruction; (this Reaſon regards at leaſt thoſe Fables which are addreſſed to particular Perſons:) And, *2dly*, The Mind is exerciſed and employed by Allegory: This Reaſon is abſolutely general. A Treatiſe could not better be recommended to Men than by theſe Two Titles. They do not love Precepts that point directly to them. Too proud to be inſtructed by thoſe Philoſophers who ſeem to command what they teach, they are willing one ſhould inſtruct them with Humility, and they would not be corrected at all, if they thought that to ſuffer Correction implyed Obedience: Tho' otherwiſe the Mind

Digitized by Google

Mind has a certain Activity which muſt be ſatisfied. It loves to ſee a great many Things at once, and to diſtinguiſh between the Relations they have to each other; it pleaſes it ſelf in this ready Penetration, which knows how to diſcover more than was repreſented at firſt View; and thus by perceiving what was hidden under a Veil, it fancies in ſome manner to have, as it were, formed and created what was thus concealed from it.

The Life we have of Æsop paſſes for fabulous, but for all that it is a good Fable in all Reſpects, and admirably proves what I have been advancing.

It will be ever looked upon to be the Effects of a happy Fancy and Imagination, in making the Inventer of Fable a Slave, and his Maſter a Philoſopher. The Slave was to manage the Maſter's Pride; he dared not ſpeak to him of ſome certain Truths but with Precaution; and the good Æsop had no other way to joyn Sincerity with his Deſign, and the Reſpect he owed

Digitized by Google

his Maſter, but by Apologue and Fable.

On the other Hand, his Maſter would not have acted like a Man, had he looked no farther than the Surface; he was from the Fictions of his Slave to extract thoſe Inſtructions he had ſo ingeniouſly covered. He was to be pleaſed with the reſpectful Artifice of Æsop, and forgive him the Leſſon for the ſake of his Addreſs and Genius.

By this may plainly be ſeen what we Fabuliſts *, and our Readers, are in Relation to each other. We are the Slaves, who are willing to inſtruct them without making them Angry; they are our intelligent Maſters, who willingly receive the Truth, ſince we partly leave them the Honour of finding it out.

---

* *This Word, tho' it may ſeem new, was yet coined by* La Fontaine.

Digitized by Google

OF THE TRUTH WHICH FABLE Ought to lock up.

IN the first Place, some certain Truth must be proposed which we design should be perfectly understood; and this is an Advantage peculiar to Fable, to force (if I may use the Expression) its Author in this Respect. In a great many other

Digitized by Google

Works a Man may determine himſelf, the Facts being either agreeable or moving, and may only treat of them becauſe there is a Neceſſity of doing ſo, without any View of covering over any uſeful Inſtruction. But it would be a Thing entirely monſtrous and unnatural in Fable, to imagine it could ſubſiſt without a Deſign to inſtruct and improve. Its very Eſſence is ſymbolical, and conſequently is to ſignify ſomewhat more than what it litterally imports.

This Truth ought to be moſt commonly a moral one; that is, uſeful and ſubſervient to the Conduct of Human Life. Fable is nothing elſe but Philoſophy in Diſguiſe, which only makes it ſelf Gay and Airy that it may inſtruct, and in reality, always ſo much the more is inſtructive, the more it is diverting and amuſing.

A Train of Fictions conceived and ranged in ſuch a Light, would compoſe a Treatiſe of Morality more preferrable, perhaps, than a Diſcourſe the moſt methodical and direct. The De-

Digitized by Google

Definition of Virtues and Vices is nothing more than a plain and ſimple Speculation which no way moves the Paſſions. We only dryly learn, that Liberality, for Example, keeps the middle Rank between Prodigality and Avarice, and we ardently imagine our ſelves Philoſophers, becauſe we know how to define Good and Evil.

Now Fable does not encumber it ſelf with this dogmatical Retinue; but in painting Vice and Virtue in their true and natural Colours, inſpires in us an Averſion for the one, and an Inclination for the other, and makes us be ſenſible of our Duties, which undoubtedly is ever the beſt manner of knowing them.

Socrates had likewiſe a Deſign to preſent the World with a Courſe of Morality, enlivened with gay Examples, which were ſo many Precepts, the Beauties of which ſupported (if I may ſay ſo) their Solidity. And this Deſign was well worthy a Philoſopher, which was called the *Midwife* of the Thoughts of others. For my Part, I ſhould

Digitized by Google

ſhould very willingly give the ſame Name to Fable, which is indeed the Midwife of our Sentiments and Reflections, ſince by thoſe ingenious Images it preſents us with, it expands in us that ſeminal Maſs of Right and Juſtice which Nature has ſown in us, and which we too often ſtifle by our Paſſions.

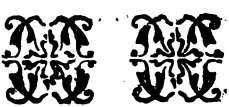
A Fabuliſt ſhould diſdain thoſe trifling Truths which eſcape not the Vulgar and the moſt Stupid. It would be a Thing very ridiculous indeed, to invent a Fable to prove that we are all mortal: But it would be a very ſenſible one that ſhould tell us, that Death is almoſt always ſudden, and unprovided to Perſons of all Ages whatſoever. And the Old Man that lived a Hundred Years, and complained that Death ſeized him unawares, is to us a ſeaſonable *Memento*, and tells us how imprudent we always act, as if we were never to ſubmit to it.

I might range amongſt theſe trifling Truths thoſe which have been dreſt up in Fable, were they not happily repreſented

ſented under beautiful Images; it is true, this might be a Reaſon to touch them over again, and place them in their true Light; as for others, they by no means deſerve our Conſideration.

But there is no middle Road for an Author to travel in, he muſt either invent or improve: For to what Purpoſe would it be under the vain Pretence of ſome ſmall Differences, to ſay over again what others have ſaid before.

Thoſe Heaps of Writings which only multiply Words, and not Things, are a Shame and Reproach to Learning, and the Publick will always pay with as juſt Contempt thoſe empty Authors, who only rob them of their Time under the falſe and chimerical Notion of ſomething entirely new.



OF

Digitized by Google

OF THE MORALITY OF FABLE.

AFTER one has made choice of a Truth, it is neceſſary to cover it over with Allegory, and that to its utmoſt Rigour, which ſhould by no means be diſplayed either at the end or beginning of the Fable.

It is the very Buſineſs of Fable to beget Truth in the Mind of thoſe who hear it; without this, Inſtruction would be

Digitized by Google

be direct and open, contrary to the very Intention of Allegory, which is to veil and cover it. For Example, when Æsop told the People (who were rejoycing at the Wedding of a Tyrant) the Fable of the Frogs, that were ſtruck with the utmoſt Conſternation when they heard that the Sun was going to be married; if one Sun, ſaid they, ſcorches us ſo much now, how ſhall we be able to ſuffer the Heat of Ten or a Dozen Suns, his Children? This was without more ado, at once, to make the People ſenſible of the wiſe Judgment of the Frogs, and to correct a ridiculous Joy, founded on an Event which rather ſhould have alarmed them with Apprehenſions moſt frightful and amazing: But as for us who propoſe our Fables to Men of all Ranks and Conditions, we muſt make uſe of them after a quite different manner.

For as we have to do with all Sorts of Readers, we might be too high for ſome, whilſt we are too plain for others, and of Conſequence muſt find it a Thing impoſſible to proportion

one's

one's ſelf all at once to every Body. We ſhall therefore act the moſt juſt Part in marking out the Fruits and Productions of Fable, and that enough too for thoſe who are leſs penetrating, tho' at the Danger of doing too much for thoſe who are more, and who for that very Reaſon will pardon ſuch Superfluity.

But otherwiſe, as our Readers, for the generality, are not in the Circumſtances pointed out by the Fables they read, their Intereſt does not ſufficiently awaken their Attention, they are not enough determined to make an Application of the Image to themſelves; and therefore there is undoubtedly a Neceſſity, by a clear and diſtinct Reflexion, to ſupply that which had eſcaped them by their Indifference.

All this, I think, more than enough proves, That the Moral is much better placed at the end than at the beginning of the Fable. If you put it at the Front, you raviſh from your Readers the Pleaſure of the Allegory; I can in that Caſe only judge of its Juſtice, but

can

Digitized by Google

can by no means have the Honour of penetrating its Senſe, and I am vexed that you did not imagine I had Capacity to do ſo.

But on the contrary, if you reſerve it for the Cloſe, my Mind through the whole Fable has all the Exerciſe and Employment it is capable of, and I am pleaſed at the End of it to meet you where I ſhall think my ſelf obliged to you in making me apprehend better than I thought I could.

La Fontaine begins the Fable of the Husbandman, the Lark and her young ones, with this Proverb, *Mind no Bodies Buſineſs but your own:* This Maxim was what Æsop deſigned to prove by this very Fable; Now after this Preparation, when the young Ones told their Dam, That the Husbandman had given Order to his Son to get their Friends or Relations to cut down all the Corn next Day, I ſee before hand, without any difficulty, what Anſwer the Lark will make to her young; and the Preliminary Maxim has already advertiſed me, That neither

Digitized by Google

ther the Friends nor Relations of the Husbandman will come; whereas, had he referred it to the opening of the Fable, I ſhould have had till then the pleaſing Amuſement of Suſpenſion, or what is more agreeable, the Merit of foreſeeing what muſt happen. The Wit of Man is jealous of all the Proofs it may give it ſelf of its Penetration, and it cannot, without ſome Uneaſineſs, ſee it ſelf deprived of ſuch Occaſions that may do it Honour. The grand Art is to manage it as much as poſſible, and then we may depend on its grateful Acknowledgments; it will eſteem us ſprightly and ingenious proportionably as it receives from us an Opportunity of being ſo it ſelf.

Digitized by Google

OF IMAGES.

THE Choice of an Image, under which one would cover a Truth, requires ſeveral Conditions. It muſt be Juſt, that is, without Equivocation, to ſignify what we deſigned ſhould be underſtood by it. It muſt be one, that is, the whole ought entirely to tend to one principal End. It muſt be natural, that is, founded on Nature, or at leaſt upon Opinion.

Theſe Conditions are taken from the very Nature of our Mind, which cannot endure to be embarraſſed, de-

Digitized by Google

ceived, or led out of the Way: Tho' I cannot hinder my ſelf, at the Peril of a Digreſſion, from making one general Reflexion on this Subject.

It is the Nature of our Mind to expect we ſhould find out Rules; and theſe were not the Effect of Caprice or Chance, but were founded at firſt on the Experience of what had pleaſed, in expecting one ſhould diſcover why the Things which had pleaſed ſhould do ſo; a Diſcovery which confirms and eſtabliſhes Rules with much greater Certainty than Experience; for Experience is faulty and defective, and as one does not ſufficiently ſeparate ſuch particular Circumſtances which have an Influence on the principal Effect, we are for that Reaſon too ſubject to be deceived in Relation to the Cauſe, whether it be that we do not entirely comprehend it, or not prizing it according to its Value, or often taking one for another; whereas, the general Reaſon of the Agreement of Things, taken from the Relation they have to our Underſtanding, is a Principle as inva-

Digitized by Google

invariable as the very Nature of our Mind, and which puts us in a Condition of using ever with Ability particular Circumstances to the Advantage of the Design we propose to our selves.

An Image offends against Justice when it does not distinctly enough present us with a Truth. Æsop tells us that a Lion tore an Ox in pieces: A Robber comes and asks for his Slave, which was refused him. A Traveller, on the contrary, dared not come near him, and the Lion threw him half. Who would ever imagine that this is the Image of Moderation; and the Recompense it deserves? Does this Idea well agree with the Fright of the Traveller? I believe those who tack'd the Moral to this Fable, were not well pleased either with it or the Inventor, who gave them so much trouble to find out his Sense, and which has induced them, for want of a better, to give a Moral so ill represented by that Image.

An Image offends against Unity, when all the Lines do not reunite

Digitized by Google

themſelves at one certain Point of the Sight. Two Pidgeons loved one another like Brothers. One had a mind to travel, contrary to the Inclination and Advice of the other; he really did ſo, he met with a Thouſand Dangers on the Road; the ſolitary Pidgeon, tho' at home, ſuffered all the Danger he was afraid his dear Friend might undergo. At laſt our Traveller returns, after having eſcaped Death Twenty Times at leaſt, and now behold both our Pidgeons entirely happy.

Now I cannot tell which is predominant in this Image, either the Danger of the Voyage, or the Reſtleſſneſs occaſioned by a Friend's Abſence, or the Pleaſure of his Return after ſo long and tedious a Separation, and I remain unſettled in the midſt of ſuch abundance of Ideas which I cannot reduce into one. If, on the contrary, the travelling Pidgeon had met with no Dangers, but fooliſh and inſipid Pleaſures at that diſtance from his Friend, and that he returned to him only through the anxious Deſire he had

Digitized by Google

to ſee him, all would have terminated in this one Idea, That the Preſence of a Friend is the ſweeteſt, and moſt delightful Pleaſure in the World.

An Image offends againſt Nature, when it bears no Conformity with the Ideas we have of Things. The Lion was travelling in Company with the Heifer, the Goat, and the Sheep. They agreed to divide the Booty amongſt themſelves. They took a Hart, which the Lion divided in four Parts, and of which he took three Parts on the different Prerogatives he alledged, and threatned him who ſhould dare to touch the Fourth. This Society is not natural. The Lion made an ill Choice of his Fellow Hunters. His three Companions could not be any wiſe ſerviceable to him, and they were of too fearful a Nature to join themſelves with a Hunter, whoſe Prey they themſelves were.

But the following Image is yet much more faulty. A Lion falls in Love with a young Woman, he deſires her in Marriage, and to obtain her, conſents

his

Digitized by Google

his Paws ſhould be pared, and his Teeth pulled out; an Imprudence which coſt him his Life. The Suppoſition of this Amour is ſo much the more ridiculous, becauſe the Inventor lay under no manner of neceſſity of making it; for it is certain, that Neceſſity might juſtify in ſome ſort, a raſh Attempt, but here in this Caſe, far from being reduced to a Neceſſity of feigning ſo abſurd a Prodigy to point out the Folly and Imprudence of Lovers, he might have made Choice of a Thouſand other Symbols that would as well have repreſented ſuch Truth without contradicting of Nature. Nature will ever furniſh us with a ſufficient Number of juſt Allegories for the different Occaſions of Morality, without being obliged to do her any Violence on that Account; and Art conſiſts in meaſuring its Fictions with Wit and Ingenuity.

I ſhall now, on the contrary, propoſe an Image which fully ſatisfies theſe three Conditions which I believe are abſolutely neceſſary.

A

Digitized by Google

A young Mouſe takes his Leave of his Mother to travel, and ſee the World. He does not go very far before a ſudden Fright makes him return home. He tells his Mother, That he had met a Creature whoſe threatning Air had almoſt frightned him out of his Wits, and hindred him from becoming acquainted with another between whom and the Mice there ſeemed to be a ſtrong Sympathy.

After this Picture which he drew of the Cock and Cat, his Mother diſabuſes him, and lets him know, That the Creature which had ſtruck him with ſuch panick Fear would never do any hurt to any Mouſe alive, whereas, that other which he was ſo much delighted with, was their inveterate and irreconcileable Enemy.

This Image is juſt; for what elſe can it ſignify but that one muſt not judge People by their outſide? It has Unity, for all the Circumſtances are ſubordinate to the falſe Judgment of the young Mouſe. It is natural; the Characters of every Animal being exactly

Digitized by Google

actly drawn. In short, it is in all respects the Model of a true Fable, and its very Simplicity gives it new Merit and Advantage.

I have hinted above, That it was sufficient that an Image was founded on Opinion; and I must here add, that it must be on such Opinions as have been received. The Fabulous in this Respect has all the Advantages of Truth. A Fabulist will be never reproached with the melodious Airs of the dying Swan, provided he knows how to make a good Use of them. There is no body believes the Fact, but every body knows it was once believed; and it is another Species of Fact which pleases the Learned; as long as in relation to them, and others, the celebrated Reputation of such Opinion supplies the Place of Reality, and acquires it self all the Privileges of the Truth of Symbol, and pure Comparison.

Digitized by Google

OF THE ACTORS OF FABLE.

IN relation to the Actors of Fable, it is certain, Animals at firſt preſent themſelves to our View: They even appear to ſome People to be the only Perſonages eſſential to it, or at leaſt ſufficiently qualified for it, and the only Word, Fable, awakens in them the Idea of Animals endowed with Speech.

It

Digitized by Google

It is true, Animals are very good Actors in this kind of Allegory; they act in a Species so near our own, that to make them like us would require scarce any Thing else but to furnish them with the Power of Talking. Every Thing they do carries with it such an Air of Understanding, that it has in all Times been judged that they had Knowledge. Nothing but bold intrepid *Carteſianiſm* could make it a Matter of Diſpute; but it is, perhaps, a depraved Way of Reaſoning that could dare to make them meer Machines, or pieces of Clock Work.

Æsop therefore did very well to take the Reſemblance, and make Morality be played by ſuch Actors that were ſo proper for that Purpoſe. As for our part, we own we have a great Diſpoſition of making uſe of Fiction on this Subject.

When the Actions of Animals are very true, the Sentiments and Diſcourſe we give them appears to us ſo too. We think, almoſt, we have nothing elſe to do but tranſlate their Language,

Digitized by Google

guage, and that we only want to underſtand it to verify every Day what they are made to ſay.

But I muſt beg leave here to prevent a *Chicane* made hereupon, and which perhaps is deſigned only for me.

When Æsop publiſhed the Fable of the Crab, which reprimanded her Daughter for not going ſtrait, and to whom her Daughter made this Anſwer, *Go Strait your ſelf and I'll imitate you:* People did not tell him that the Fable was ill choſen of counſelling a Mother to give her Daughter a good Example; and that the Compariſon was not juſt, ſince a Mother of our Species could change her Conduct, whereas the Mother Crab could not move ſtrait. People did not then preſs the Compariſon after this manner, they contented themſelves with the firſt Aſpect of the Reſemblance they ſaw of the two Mothers.

However, ſome People have been pleaſed to make as frivolous Objections againſt me; but they ought to know, that we give the Proprieties of Ani-

Digitized by Google

mals, though neceſſary and unchangeable, for the Image and Repreſentation of our Inclinations the moſt free; and that they have no manner of Right to reproach us with the Compariſon, provided we only make it on that ſide where there is a Similitude or Reſemblance.

But though Animals may be Actors never ſo proper and convenient in Fable, they are, however, not the only ones that have Right thereto. Let us without the leaſt ſcruple, make uſe of thoſe which Æsop has tranſmitted to us. Let us introduce, if we like them, Gods, Genii, and Men; make Plants and Animals ſpeak; make Perſons of Vices and Virtues; and animate, as we have Occaſion for them, every Species of Beings. So that, if there is a Neceſſity for it, the Spring may complain againſt its Stream; the File laugh at the Serpent; the Earthen and Iron Pot diſcourſe with each other, and ſwim in one another's Company.

Thoſe

Thoſe Actors that are leaſt made uſe of, and the moſt extravagant, become natural, and ever deſerve the Preference of others, ſince they are the moſt proper, either through Juſtice, or their Analogy to repreſent the Truth we would diſcover. Beſides this, Diverſity gives us Room and Opportunity to vary our Images, and to lead the Imagination from Objects to Objects while the Mind proceeds from one Truth to another.

Digitized by Google

OF THE STILE OF FABLE.

WHEN an Author has once imagined his Fable, has furniſhed himſelf with his Truth, his Images and his Actors, he has then nothing more to do but in its Execution to beſtow upon it all the Graces it is capable of, and to enrich and embelliſh it with all the Particulars and Sentiments the Foundation can bear: For there

Digitized by Google

there is not any Foundation but may be ruined in the Hands of thoſe who do not underſtand how to manage it, or neglect to give it its beſt and moſt advantagious Figure.

The ſame Juſtice which Neceſſity required ſhould preſide over the principal Invention, muſt with a curious Attention take an uncommon Care to range every Part in proper Order, that the whole may become entirely new, in that Meaſure and Proportion we would render it. It is not enough that every Part be in its place, it muſt be with that Proportion and Beauty as are agreeable to it, in relation to the whole; and nothing elſe but this continued Care of Particulars can give any Work a conſtant Merit and Reputation; or, if one may uſe the Expreſſion, an ever blooming Beauty.

The predominant Thought borrows almoſt always its Effect from the acceſſary Thoughts which accompany it, and will altogether compoſe that fine Set of Furniture which we call Force, Beauty, Elegance, and which

Digitized by Google

by an ill Choice are likewiſe the Source and Fountain of contrary Faults and Blemiſhes.

The *Familiar* is the general Tone, Stile, or Language of Fable. As Animals were the firſt Actors, it was believed they had ſufficient Education for that Employ, by having beſtowed on them our Language tho' the moſt ordinary; and People thought themſelves obliged to make them ſpeak as ſimply as they acted. When other Perſons accidentally came in, the manner of Speech was already taken; People were willing to keep it up, and even the Gods themſelves, in ſpight of their Majeſty, where forced to follow in this Caſe the general Rule.

And in reality there was a great deal of Reaſon for maintaining Fable after this manner. The familiar Stile is much more proper for Inſinuation than the elevated: The latter is the Language of Meditation, and Study, the former the natural Language of the Thoughts. We ſtand upon our Guard againſt the one; we never think of defending

Digitized by Google

fending our ſelves againſt the other; and Inſtruction will always exerciſe her Power on us with ſo much the more Certainty the leſs jealous ſhe appears. A compoſed and formal Garb and Air does greater Prejudice than Service to her Regal Government and Authority.

But this familiar Language required in Fable does by no means exclude its proper Elegance, and notwithſtanding the eaſy Air which gives it its Character, its Beauties are perhaps more difficult to find out than thoſe of the elevated: This by a great deal is not ſo liable to offend as the other.

We perceive Things much better in a Language remote from the vulgar Language, than we do in it, if one has made a happy Choice for the Occaſion one uſes it in; and yet it is on this happy Choice all the Charms of the Familiar likewiſe depend. Elevated Expreſſions impoſe upon and ſeduce us, tho' they are not the beſt choſen, whereas the Familiar cannot gain any Reſpect but through Juſtice and a happy Application.

Let

Digitized by Google

Let therefore the Author of Fables be very attentive to the Choice of his Expreſſions and his Turns; that under the pretence of Familiarity he never ſuffer any Thing careleſs or inſipid; let him propoſe to himſelf through the whole a plain and ſimple Elegance, and let him work after that manner as if what he ſays might ſeem to have coſt him nothing.

And thus the familiar Stile of Fable has different Degrees, according to the Subjects it treats of, and the Perſons it employs. It may even happen that the Subject may abſolutely reſiſt ſuch Stile, and in that Caſe one muſt be a little Rich and Magnificent in Expreſſion: For after all, every Thing muſt be decided by Convenience and Agreeableneſs, to which Art, as to their proper Judges, ſubmits her Rules.

Together with this conſtant Choice of an ingenious familiar Stile, let us carefully endeavour to animate and enliven our Tales with what is moſt merry and agreeable, and to find out the Art of engaging the Mind to the loweſt Ob-

Digitized by Google

Objects, not by rich and ſtately Ornaments, but only by pleaſant and amuſing Repreſentations.

One Species of the merry Stile in Fable, is to transfer to Animals thoſe extrinſical Denominations we make uſe of one to another, as Goſſip Crow, Goodwife Hawk, his roaring Majeſty, &c. this playing with Words finely managed is very fertile and extenſive.

And as I apply to Animals theſe Human Denominations, ſo in like manner do I give them all that belongs thereto. Their Species is a Commonwealth, an Aſſembly of many, a Diet, a Convention, a Senate, having their different Inſtincts, Regulations, Laws, Decrees. An ingenious Maſquerade which does not tend to conceal them from our Knowledge, but only in them, the better to repreſent and ſhew us to our ſelves, and which preſents all at once to the Imagination, both the Animal and the Man played under the ſame Character.

Ano-

Digitized by Google

Another Species of the *Merry* is ſometimes to apply the greateſt Compariſons to the ſmalleſt Things. Beſides, that kind of Burleſque, or Traveſtie, under which may be couched the *pretended Sublime*, there is yet a certain kind of philoſophical Gaiety in reproaching that which we moſt admire with that which appears the moſt contemptible; and in making us perceive at one View the ſtricteſt Analogy between the *Little* and the *Great*. As for Example.

Deux Coqs vivoient en Paix
Une Poule ſurvint
Et voila la guerre allumee
Amour, tu perdis Troy!

Two Cocks, both Friends, together liv'd in Peace;
Came by a Pullet with a charming Air,
Friendſhip no more, a bloody Fray enſues.
O Love, thou ruin'ſt Troy!

The

The Author seems to look on these two Events with the same Eye; I see, with him, the essential Parity of the two Facts; and I laugh at the false Grandeur I before applied to one of them.

Many Occasions of the agreeable Stile will likewise offer themselves; and Descriptions especially are its ordinary Employ. One should never be wanting to throw out these in Fables as much as the Subject can allow of them, but always with this Caution, not to let one's self be so much carried away with the pleasure of describing, as to make the Description run into a perfect Digression. That which is the finest of this kind is, when the Description is the very Fact it self, as in the Fables of the Bramble and the Oak, and that of *Boreas* and the Sun.

But it is not enough to make use of the common and reigning Descriptions which less able Authors have been no Strangers to; a Genius ought to have recourse to others which he may inter-

sperse

Digitized by Google

ſperſe through the whole; he may, as he goes along, pourtray every Thing that offers it ſelf to him, and very frequently one ſingle Epithet well choſen is a ſhort Deſcription, the Beauties of which are ſo much the more lively and engaging the leſs they are attended; and which without delaying us in the leaſt, keeps us (if I may ſay ſo) Company in the Action we are willing to follow.

If I have not confounded the *Merry* with the *Agreeable*, which very often are taken one for the other, it is becauſe (as I think) one ſhould make ſome difference between them: The *Merry* receives its Character by its Oppoſition to the *ſerious* and *ſorrowful*; whereas the *Agreeable* oppoſes it ſelf to that which is diſagreeable and ſhocking.

Reflexions are likewiſe very great Ornaments to Fable; but they ought by no means to take an imperious Tone, but be as natural in their Expreſſions, as brought in naturally by the Subject. La Fontaine ſays,

Cer-

Digitized by Google

Certaine Fille, un peu trop fiere,
Pretendoit avoir un Mari.
Jeune, bien fait & beau, d'agreable Manier,
Point froid & point jaloux notez ces deux points ci.

A certain Girl ſomewhat too haughty grown,
Would have a Huſband of her own.
Young, beautiful, well ſhap'd, agreeable:
Not Cold nor Jealous; Theſe Two Points mark well.

This Reflexion, for it is one, tho' it be not diſplayed at its full length, and the Author only made it in telling us we ſhould make it one; this Reflexion, I ſay, pleaſes by its natural Turn, for far from being forced, entirely ingenious as it is, it almoſt neceſſarily ariſes out of the Fact; and thoſe Two Conditions the Girl required, preſent of themſelves to ones Mind the Oppoſition they have to each other.

Digitized by Google

Add to this, that ſuch rapid Reflexions, reſembling (if I may dare to ſpeak poetically) thoſe Nymphs who ran over the Ears of Corn without bending of them, gives no Torture in the Narration; and one might ſay, that inſtead of being interrupted thereby, it rather becomes more eaſy and lively; theſe kinds of Touches throw Senſe and Solidity into a Fable; and without doing any manner of Prejudice or Injury to the whole and eſſential Truth, diſplay other ſupernumerary Truths which the Reader is very well pleaſed to gather up by the way; an Acquiſition ſo much the more agreeable the leſs it was expected.

I would wiſh an Author of Fable no more, unleſs it be this, *viz.* That he be faithful to his Sentiment, and point it out with that Plainneſs and Simplicity that gives it its Character. For I dare make a Diſtinction between the *Natural* and the *Simple*. The *Natural* includes an Idea more undeterminate, and in general is oppoſite to what is forced and far fetched; whereas the

Sim-

Digitized by Google

Simple is peculiar to Reflexion, and belongs only to Sentiment.

The *Sublime*, according to this Idea, may be ſimple. The Anſwer of old *Horatius* to the Queſtion put to him in relation to the Conduct of his Son; What would you have had him done againſt Three? *Have died.* This Anſwer, I ſay, is ſimple, for it is a plain down-right naked Expreſſion of the Sentiment of that *Roman* who preferred the Death of his Son to Shame and Ignominy. He does not preciſely anſwer what was asked him; he only ſpoke what he thought.

But in the following Verſe, Reflexion ſucceeds Simplicity.

Ou q'un beau déſeſpoir alors le ſecourût.

Or that a fine Deſpair then gave him Aid.

In theſe Words he reaſons, in the former he only gives his Sentiment.

The Occaſions of the Simple are perhaps moſt frequent in Fable, and

Digitized by Google

one of the chief Encomiums of La Fontaine is, that he never wanted them.

In the Fable of the Milk Pot, the Diſcourſe he puts into the Mouth of the Milk Maid, is a Maſter Piece of Plainneſs and Simplicity, and is the more ſingularly and remarkably ſo, becauſe under the Appearance of the moſt common way of Reaſoning, the Sentiments ſhew themſelves with all their Force and Energy, or to ſpeak better, in all its Luxuriancy.

Digitized by Google

OF IMITATION.

AS to what remains, it is most certain, that it is not by a too close and servile Imitation of a Writer one shall be able to arrive to the Perfection of orderly ranging these Beauties. One must only be careful to imitate Nature; an Imitation which only makes Originals, but is quite different from that which most Authors lay upon themselves. When an Author is resolved to write on any Subject, he studies those who have excelled therein, and that which he

Digitized by Google

he unhappily calls ſtudying, is nothing but obſerving, and imprinting in his Memory, their Phraſes, their Expreſſions, and their Turns; this is to give a Stile an Attention purely grammatical, without conſidering that this Stile is a certain Choice, and a certain Order of Ideas, a neceſſary Conſequence of the manner in which the Writer perceived and thought of Things.

He would have done much better to have thought on the Character of the Mind that produced this Choice, and this Ranging of Words, than on the very Choice and Ranging of them, which offer'd themſelves, on the like Occaſions, to any one who thought as the Author did, who makes uſe of them.

A good Taſte is not acquired by theſe ſervile Remarks, and mere Trifles, it muſt be formed by reading the beſt Writers, as Politeneſs is learn'd by converſing with Perſons of Rank and Quality. No body in this Caſe propoſes preciſely to imitate the Carriage of any particular Perſon; thoſe

Digitized by Google

thoſe who have done ſo never arrived at any Thing but a ridiculous and clowniſh Affectation: But by the Force of beholding with Satisfaction and Pleaſure with what nice Behaviour and Deportment polite and well bred Men approach each other, one may arrive at that general Politeneſs, which is nothing but a quick and ready Sentiment of Civilities, and which every one differently makes uſe of, according to his Humour and perſonal Character.

There is nothing more dangerous than to deſire to be what one is not, and it very often happens, that in ſuch a Caſe a Man is neither he that he would be, nor himſelf. He ſtrips himſelf of his proper Character, which being judiciouſly managed, might perhaps have had its Beauties, and he does not know how to put on the ſtrange Character which he has looked upon, and is not made for him.

My Sentiment then is this, That when any one deſires to write in any kind, he muſt form to himſelf a juſt

Idea

Digitized by Google

Idea of the different Beauties it neceſſarily requires, to habituate himſelf to think on them, and be perfectly acquainted with them, to exerciſe the Bent or Inclination of his Genius therein, and then without any View of particular Imitation let himſelf be drawn on to his Subject; in a Word, to write copiouſly with good Taſte and Thought without captivating his Genius to any body.

This in general is what I have ſaid relating to Fable. I could deſcend to be more particular, but it is fit to leave the Reader ſomewhat to do, to make this Treatiſe a complete one, muſt be owing to his Reflexion.

It only remains now, that I ſpeak ſomething of the moſt celebrated Writers of Fables (Fabuliſts) and I ſhall begin with the Inventor of it.

ÆSOP.

ÆSOP.

ÆSOP is in Poſſeſſion of this Title, and without examining whether there were others before him, it is ſufficient to know, that he made of this Art a very ingenious Uſe, inſomuch, that he had the good Fortune to have every Thing of his Predeceſſors forgot, and that the beſt Things that ever were penned in this kind go under his Name.

Thoſe who have tranſmitted down to us his Life, are pleaſed to exaggerate the Form of his Body. We learn the Spirit of Fable from what theſe Authors have written of him; and per-

Digitized by Google

perhaps they have given him ſuch a monſtrous Body, only to make him, with the Beauty of his Wit, and the Uprightneſs of his Heart, the greateſt *Contraſte* in the World.

To follow the Idea which his Works give us, it is certain that he compoſed his Fables according as thoſe Occaſions offered. He was an allegorical Cenſor, who preſenting to every one his proper Image, gave him an Opportunity of thinking what the other did not expreſly ſay. Content to encloſe the Leſſon in the Image, he left his Audience the Pleaſure of finding it out.

He ſtudied, in all Appearance in Animals, that which every one of them had peculiar to themſelves, that he might form as many Symbols as he afterwards employed according to the Circumſtances of Things.

He is ſo true and faithful to Nature in moſt of his Fables, that I dare not impute to him thoſe that are forced and extravagant. Theſe are perhaps ſome ill Preſents which ſome have made

made him out of a design of doing him Honour; but these liberal Persons did not reflect that they impoverished him out of a desire of making him richer than he was.

He is, through all his Works, Precise to an excess, ever neglecting the Occasions of Description, running rather than walking to the Fact, and knowing no middle between the *Necessary* and the *Useful*. In a Word, I see in Æsop a Philosopher who stoops himself down that he may be within the Reach and Comprehension of the most Plain and Simple, and taking Things on their right side, I see in him a modest Genius, who did not make his Inventions with a design to give them Embellishment and Decoration.

PHÆ-

PHÆDRUS.

PHÆDRUS was a Slave as well as ÆSOP. He was made Free before him, but he had the Advantage of Education, which ÆSOP wanted. He had great Care taken of him in his Youth, whereas ÆSOP, to all Appearance, had no Master but his own good Genius. In ÆSOP the Taste of Fable was a Gift of Nature, in PHÆDRUS it was the Fruit of an Emulation of Honour. PHÆDRUS would be the ÆSOP of the LATINS, as VIRGIL would be the HOMER, TERENCE the MENANDER, and HORACE the PINDAR.

ÆSOP

Æsop ſeems to have had his own Reputation leſs in view than the Profit of others; he does not ſpeak one Word of himſelf. The Suffrages of Poſterity are nothing to him, and his Fables have ſwelled into a Book only, becauſe thoſe who came after him took the pains to collect them.

Phædrus, on the contrary, intended to make a Volume. One ſees in his Compoſitions a continued care of Elegance; and though he is plain and eaſy, he is for all that never the leſs poliſhed, nor has leſs of Number. Æsop, as I ſaid, was a Philoſopher, Phædrus an Author.

Being uneaſy at the Reception his Works met with, he complains of the Injuſtice of Envy, and marks out himſelf what Portion of Reputation was his due. Some pretended to aſperſe him, by ſaying he did nothing elſe but copy Æsop; upon which he aſſures them that he invented more than he took. Others accuſed him of having ſpoiled the Original; he boaſts that he has brought it to the higheſt Perfecti-

Digitized by Google

on; and if at any Time malicious Criticiſm lays any Obſtacle to his Reputation, he fortifies himſelf with a ſtoical Patience, waiting the return of Peoples Praiſes, of which he ſeems not to make any manner of doubt.

Prejudice in favour of the Ancients is very antient it ſelf. Of this there were timely Complaints, and PHÆDRUS tells us it prevailed in his Time. The Sculptors uſed to put the Names of PRAXITELES and PHIDIAS to their Statues, to make their Works valuable, which would not have been ſo good, had they not been thought to be the Labour of theſe great Maſters.

He makes uſe, he ſays, of the ſame Stratagem, to put the Jealouſy of thoſe of his Time to a loſs, and he ſupported with the Name of ÆSOP ſeveral Things which were never borrowed from him, on purpoſe to draw from them that Reſpect of which antient Names had been long in Poſſeſſion. But it is very ſhameful for us to give into thoſe Notions, and that our Judgments be determined by Things ſo mean and trivial. PHÆ-

Digitized by Google

PHÆDRUS does not make his Fables of much extent, but take him altogether, he is prolix in comparison of ÆSOP. His Brevity is however very florid. He paints them out with suitable Epithets, and his close Descriptions very often are compriz'd in one Word; nor does he omit to embellish his Works with such Beauties that were entirely unknown to the Inventor; Beauties however necessary to Fable, the end of which is Instruction.

One reads over indeed a dry Allegory which is void of Dress and Ornament, but one thinks of it no more, and the Instruction it contains quickly escapes: Whereas particular Beauties often call it back to the Reader's Remembrance, and the Impression of its Foundation renews it self every Time it is perused.

PHÆDRUS was not afraid with his Fables to interweave a History of his Time. He knew very well that Fable did not consist absolutely in Fiction, but in a Collection of Circumstances which concurred together to make

Digitized by Google

one Truth understood. The History it self then became an Allegory, People did not take it for a real Fact, but only as an Image, and as the Occasion of an important Reflexion.

I can only reproach PHÆDRUS for having put the Moral at the beginning of his Fables, and sometimes one that is too remote, and which does not distinctly arise from the Allegory.

Let us, however, do him the Justice he deserves. He set off with a great deal of Art the Simplicity of ÆSOP. He engages with a pleasant and delightful Elegance, which he always contains within the Bounds of his Subject. But according to the Ideas which I have given of Things, I find in him more Politeness than Genius, and less of the *Merry* than the *Agreeable*, and more of the *Natural* than the *Simple*.

PIL-

PILPAY.

PILPAY must come in this Place, if not for the Merit of his Fables, at leaſt for their Fame and Renown; and as he is an Inventor, we muſt not have that Eſteem for him as for thoſe who have been guided by Models: However, the Merit of Invention makes always amends for a great many Faults.

He governed *Indoſtan* a long while under a mighty Emperor; he was nevertheleſs a Slave, for the chief Miniſters of thoſe Monarchs are no leſs ſo than the meaneſt of their Subjects. And thus we ſee always Slavery confirmed

Digitized by Google

firmed in the Honour of begetting Fable.

PILPAY, in his Fables, lock'd up all his Politicks; it was a Book of the State and Diſcipline of *Indoſtan*. A King of *Perſia* charmed with the Beauty of his Maxims, ſent on purpoſe to gather up this Treaſure upon the ſpot, and made PILPAY be tranſlated by his Phyſician.

The *Arabians* have alſo done him the Honour of Tranſlation; and he remains in Poſſeſſion of all the Suffrages of the Eaſt.

However, I would rather quote him as an Example of Blemiſhes than a Model of Beauties. His Fables, very often, have neither Juſtice, Unity, nor Nature; he makes ſome of them contradict others, and ſometimes they contradict themſelves. He makes his Animals ſpeak ſuch long and ſerious Things, and withal ſo rational, that one looſes ſight of them in their Diſcourſe; and there is often ſomewhat worſe in their Actions which are not the ſimilitude of any of ours, but ſtrictly our own.

Be-

Digitized by Google

Beſides, his Fables are not diſtinct and ſeparate enough; he crowds up one within another: The Actors of a Fable tell News which yet is again interrupted by other Matters; and the Collection of his Fictions is an extravagant Romance of Brutes, Men, and Genii, compoſed after his Way, as *Cyrus* and the baniſhed Men, where the Adventures grow upon you every Moment, which always look'd to me an Art very importunate.

In ſhort, excepting ſome Places, where PILPAY appears to me ingenious and ſolid, I find him in all other Reſpects, at firſt View, very childiſh and ſerious, diffuſed and dry, uſeleſs in relation to Inſtruction, though laviſh and prodigal of Morality, the Reaſon of which is becauſe, beſides the Contradictions which deſtroy it, he does not ſupport it for the generality with Allegories ſufficiently juſt

Digitized by Google

LA FONTAINE.

LA FONTAINE is our ÆSOP, PHÆDRUS, and PILPAY. He made Choice of what he found best in all Three, and having moreover enriched himself with whatever he could elsewhere collect of such like Allegories, he compiled that large Collection of Fables which has done such Honour to *French* Poesy. What he has left us to glean after him is scarce worth the while, and he has reduced all Authors that would succeed him in his way, to the necessity either of Invention, or of treating of the same Subjects: I say *treating*,

Digitized by Google

treating, not to make them better, for alas! who could hope to do so? It would be Time entirely loſt. Let him undertake the Task who will; for my part, I have rather choſen the Toil of Invention, as frightful as it firſt appeared to be, but which I dare no longer to believe ſo difficult, ſince I have accompliſhed it.

LA FONTAINE had been long accuſed of too much *Narration* in his Tales, which in reſpect of the manner, have as much Conformity to Fables as they have Oppoſition in reſpect to their Foundation and Morality; but it appears by his Fables as if he had a mind to reſtore that to Morality which he took away by his Tales.

He was a Man of Thought, of a Plainneſs agreeable and engaging, rather ſimple than modeſt; for Modeſty ſuppoſes ſome Reflexion, and he acted, ſpoke, and writ nothing but from the Abundance of his Heart.

But as much an Original as he is in his way, he was notwithſtanding an Admirer of the Antients, even to Prejudice,

Digitized by Google

judice, as if they had been his Models.

Brevity, says he, *is the Soul of Fable, and it is needless to give the Reason why, it is enough that* Quintilian *says so.*

Pursuant to this ingenious Admiration he believed himself to be much inferiour to PHÆDRUS; but one of the greatest * Men of our Age has told us, this ought not to be drawn into Consequence; and that LA FONTAINE thus yielded to PHÆDRUS in nothing but Self-conceit: A pleasant but solid Expression, and which firmly pourtrays the Character of a superiour Genius who was ignorant of it, for no other Reason, but because it did not look on it self attentively enough.

The Publick more just in his Favour than himself, gives him (against himself) the Preference. In reality he has collected in his Stile all Sorts of Beauties. In every Line one perceives what is most Gay and Airy in the

---

* *Monsieur* FONTENELLE.

Merry,

Digitized by Google

Merry, what moſt Attractive in the *Agreeable*. He makes the *Familiar* elegant and new by an ingenious Uſe he knows how to make of it; and to the whole adds the Freedom and Eaſineſs of the *Natural* with all the Poignancy of the *Simple*.

I would reproach him with nothing, but that he did not always know when to end where he ought. For Example, the Fable of the *Milk Pot*, which ought to have ended at the ſpilling the Milk, but to which he adds the cold Circumſtances of the Milk Woman's being beaten by her Husband, and then related the Adventure called the *Milk Pot*.

I would now premiſe ſomewhat to the Publick in relation to this preſent Work; but it does not belong to me to teach them what Opinion they ought to entertain of my Fables; on the contrary, it is their Judgment will teach me what I ought to think of them my ſelf. I ſhall therefore only premiſe Two Things.

Digitized by Google

I have embelliſhed (or at leaſt I have pretended to do ſo) a great many of my Fables with Prologues. I believed by thus interrupting the continuity of Narrations, I ſhould by this Method interſperſe my Treatiſe with an amuſing Variety; and that the Reader may paſs with Pleaſure from plain Recitals to Reflexions ſomewhat extenſive, and oftentimes profound withal.

I have, however, in theſe Prologues endeavoured to give a certain Air and Gaiety to what I inſtance as moſt Serious; and if I ſoar a little, it is on account of the Senſe, and without doing the leaſt Prejudice or Injury to the familiar Turns, which I always manage, to preſerve through the whole Work the ſame Air and Tone.

I ſometimes ſpeak of HOMER with a little freedom, but not at all with any Intention to raiſe new Diſputes, or revive antient Quarrels. Such a Deſign would appear to me very ridiculous, ſince the Subject is quite exhauſted, as well as odious, and ſince my Adverſaries at preſent do me the Honour to be my

Friends;

Digitized by Google

Friends; but yet I believe, without breaking the publick Peace, one ſhould always ſpeak plainly what one thinks, and diſguiſe ones Opinion ſo much the leſs, the more one is uncapable to preſcribe it as a Rule.

I doubt not but my illuſtrious Criticks will be the firſt to paſs by my Gaieties on HOMER. They know very well that Diverſity of Sentiment is the Soul of Life, and the very Seaſoning of Friendſhip, as I mention it in my Fables. In a Word, I do not wiſh or deſire from the Publick a greater Indulgence for my Faults than I dare hope from them.

However, I expect Criticks of all Kinds. The familiar Turns which I frequently make uſe of will give them too great Occaſion for Cenſure; I ſhall ſubſcribe to it with all my Heart in thoſe Places where I ſhall deſerve it; but I know that even in thoſe Points, wherein I ſhall be moſt happy, I ſhall however not be able to avoid its Injuſtice.

Digitized by Google

For as the Shades which in this way of Writing distinguish the *Familiar* from the *Low* are not sufficiently determined, and 'tis only a delicate and experienced Sight can discover them; Ignorance easily confounds them, Prejudice looks on them as after the manner it will look on them, and Insincerity qualifies them as it pleases.

Digitized by Google

COURT FABLES.

BOOK I.

The EAGLE *and the* EAGLET.

FABLE I.

To Monſeigneur the Duke of ORLEANS, *Regent of the Kingdom.*

YOUR Royal Highneſs, I know, fears nothing but being praiſed, and I muſt own, I love to praiſe Heroes. How then ſhall we agree? I can ſcarce contain my ſelf. Let me ſay what I will, I know the great Man I am now ſpeaking to, is the moſt Mo-

Digitized by Google

deſt in the World; what Method ſhall I then make choice of to entertain him with a recital of his glorious Deeds? His Words, his very Actions have their Charms. I know I ſhall make him uneaſy, but then Reaſon makes Anſwer, that he is on that very Account ſo much the more worthy of our Praiſes.

And here I muſt entreat your Royal Highneſs to call to mind your younger Years, a Time when we ſerved our Apprenticeſhips, I that of an Author, and you that of Heroes. *Apollo* kindly looked on me and ſmiled to ſee how I ranged my Words, while *Mars* inſtructed you in the great Art of War; under theſe great Maſters we were diſciplin'd, I in Diſcourſe, but you in Actions. *Sulli* at that Time entertained you, while *Campra* pleaſed you with his Airs, and I thought my ſelf moſt Happy in furniſhing him with the Words. But as ſoon as you ſaw your Name at the Front, a noble Red flushed in your Face. Praiſe even then ſeemed almoſt to affront you. I repreſented that you ought to ſubmit to the publick Applauſe; and that when one knows how to do well, one muſt let the World ſay ſo: In ſhort, Sir, no one can be a Hero with Impunity. This is an inconteſtable Maxim, nor can you, I know, diſallow it.

And

And since a Thousand Virtues have made you yet more worthy of our Praise, and I am capable better than ever to pay this Tribute; I dare to make use of these Advantages, and with Pleasure sing aloud and celebrate those glorious Talents you are Master of, your high Wisdom and renowned Exploits ——— But here you interrupt me, and command my Silence; and why, Great Prince, do you thus enjoyn me? But you will have it so and I must obey, though is it just to force me to oblige you in this Respect without thanking me? Well, what will you have? I'll tell you Sir, *Apollo* has dictated to me a Hundred Fables, which I dedicate to the young King, and I am told they will be useful; to make them more agreeable I think there should be a Hundred Copper Plates*. They are, remember Sir, for *LEWIS*, and therefore must be beautiful: What will they cost? Two Thousand Crowns: A very slender Reward for not praising you, and o'my Conscience I shall loose by it; but I plainly see I must do every Thing to be at Peace with you.

* *The first* French *Edition was in a fine Quarto with beautiful Cuts.*

AND now will your Royal Highneſs ſee a Specimen of my Tales and Morals. Once upon a Time there was an Eaglet, an Orphan of the Royal Race, who was to ſupport the Glory of a mighty Name. A Thouſand Eyes were turned on him, a Thouſand Tongues bid him grow, and wiſhed a few Years might haſten on his glorious Deſtiny. You are the King of Birds; to you it belongs to give either Peace or War. *Jupiter* reckons you amongſt thoſe who eat at his Table, and you muſt bear his Thunder *.

But that you may arrive at this, ſome generous Wing muſt guide you to the Skies. Fly ſwiftly up, and with intrepid Eye look ſtedfaſtly on the Sun. This Diſcourſe enflamed him, and he tried his tender Wings. His Eyes yet trembling turned themſelves towards *Phœbus*. To ask more would be to abuſe him, he muſt ſtay till he has required greater Force and Vigour.

---

* *The Eagle was* Jupiter's *Bird, and carried his Thunder-Bolts, as the Poets feigned.*

Some

Some Time after he ſees an Eagle tow'ring in the Air, almoſt loſt in the vaſt Expanſe, and who with firm intrepid Looks ſuſtained the radiant Glories of the Day. At this Object the Eaglet took freſh Courage, and immediately making magnanimous Efforts, as a bold Rival of the Eagle, ſoars up and attains the ſame Perfections. Thus Reading may begin but 'tis Example muſt accompliſh all.

Your Royal Highneſs ſees already who is this ſoaring Eaglet; tell me what Eagle 'tis I here deſcribe.

Digitized by Google

The PELICAN *and the* SPIDER.

FABLE II.

BEASTS have their Univerſities; their Graduates, Doctors, and Licentiates, ranged in their Order, with their Hoods and Furs, and for general Inſtruction make Harangues and Declamations; every one preaches Morality according to his own Syſtem, and every Species is Judge of ſome Point of Doctrine; for which Reaſon Aſſes themſelves have taken here their Doctor's Degree. A doughty Philoſopher in this Claſs not long ſince received his Cap.

SOCRA-

Digitized by Google

SOCRATES * ſtudied in this Univerſity, and took his Place accordingly, and became it. The *Phrygian* † Slave went through an entire Courſe.

LA FONTAINE, the worthy Heir of this laſt Sage, made here a large Commentary on his Works, and embelliſhed them with a Turn, Beautiful tho' Plain, Sublime and yet Familiar, Solid but Merry and Agreeable. But ſuch a Copiſt may well be ſtiled an Inventor.

I likewiſe have paſſed my Courſe, and taken my Degrees in this ſame Univerſity. I am indeed but a new Doctor, and conſequently not of ſo great Credit; however, I entertain Mankind with Things entirely new. Yes, Gentlemen, it is for your ſakes this is done. We may all of us, whoever we are, find ſomething here to correct our Faults, and from Diſciples of Animals learn to become Men.

---

* SOCRATES *was a Philoſopher of* Greece, *and was believed to have compoſed Fables.*

† *Æsop, who paſt the greateſt part of his Life in Slavery.*

THE

Digitized by Google

THE ſolitary Pelican placed his Neſt at the bottom of an old withered Tree. Providence had beſtowed on him a numerous Iſſue, whom he took care to feed, and like a tender Parent delighted in doing ſo. One Day he was ſo unfortunate as to return home without any Food for his Young, and the whole Neſt cried for Hunger. In this Calamity, what alas! what can the Father Bird now do? He does not hesitate, but generouſly plunges his Beak into his own Breaſt, and feeds his hungry little Ones with his Blood.

What are you doing of there? ſays Madam *Arachne* * his Neighbour, a ſlender legged Lady, looking thro' her Window. I feed my Children, replies the Pelican, tho' at the Expence of my Days, who otherwiſe would pine away and die. Thou ſilly old faſhioned Fool, ſays the Spider, And

* Arachne *was excellent in making Tapiſtry, and imagined ſhe could out-do* Minerva *at that Art, and had even the Raſhneſs to challenge that Goddeſs.* Minerva *excelled her, and* Arachne *in Deſpair hanged her ſelf, whom* Minerva *afterwards changed into a Spider.*

why

Digitized by Google

why will you pay ſo dear for this ridiculous Tenderneſs? Would it not be much better to have no Iſſue at all, than thus to die for the vain Satisfaction of leaving Children behind you? You ſhall never catch me at ſuch Fooleries. You ſee I have a whole Nation, and all my own Children; I am delivered of Four Hundred at a Birth †, and I ſhall devour them all if God ſpares my Life; my Table will always be well covered as long as the Brats live; and I ſhall munch them up as faſt as they come.

The Pelican ſhuddered at this dreadful Language, and almoſt fancied he ſaw the Sun run back, as once it did at ſuch an Entertainment *. Peace, ſays he, thou deteſtable Step-Mother, Nature is aſtoniſhed at thy monſtrous Appetite, devour thy Children! horrid! I tell thee Wretch, Death is infinitely more welcome to me, ſince I've thus ſaved my little Infants, than Life would be in your Circumſtances.

---

† *The Spider devours its young, ſhe brings forth at one Time Eight Hundred, according to the Obſervation of Monſieur* de Reaumur *of the Academy of Sciences.*

* *The Poets feign that the Sun ran back, when at a Feaſt* Atreus *entertained* Thyeſtes, *who to revenge himſelf cauſed his Son to be ſerved up for one of the Diſhes.*

KINGS

Digitized by Google

KINGS and Rulers of the World, we are your Children, choose now whether you would be Spiders or Pelicans. *Codrus* * saved his People at the Expence of his own Life, and *Nero* † set *Rome* on Fire for his Pleasure. Which of these Two Princes have you a desire to imitate? To hesitate would be to choose.

* Codrus *was King of* Athens. *He caused himself to be killed in Battle, having been told by the Oracle, That his Army should never conquer till after his Death.*

† Nero *set* Rome *on Fire through a Motive of pure Curiosity, more naturally to represent the Flames of* Troy.

The PARROT.

FABLE III.

A Certain Man had buried his Wife, and was resolved to have a Parrot to supply her Place, and that might comfort him with his prittle prattle, for you must know he was full of the good Woman. Away he runs to the Bird Man's; scarce had he entered the Room but he was agreeably entertained with an infinite Variety of beautiful Feathers and delightful Songs. There was a great Number of Nightingales, Larks, Linnets, Gold Finches, Canary Birds, and abundance of Parrots. The worst of them was very ingenious, and could talk prettily, call for a Cup of Sack,

Digitized by Google

and a Quaker a Quaker a Cur; one would Cough, and another run over all the City Cries.

But while our good Man was doubting with himſelf which to chooſe, he perceived one that ſaid nothing, ſquatting down upon a Table; Ah! ſays he, Mr. *Unſociable*, what, you ſay nothing? Are you afraid to be troubleſome and impertinent? *I think the more*, ſays the Parrot like a Bird of Gravity. Slidikins, a wiſe Head this, ſays the Buyer. Well, Mr. ——, what is the Price? So much. There, take it. I thank you, Sir, you are very Wellcome.

Away hies the Man home with his Bird, and promiſed himſelf Wonders, but, alas! notwithſtanding all his Care, and continual Inſtructions, all that he could get from the wiſe Parrot (and that too only once a Month) was, *I think the more.* The Devil break thy Neck, ſays he, thou art a meer Fool, and I am a Thouſand Times more for paſſing my Judgment on thee for ſpeaking one Word only.

Digitized by Google

The FOX *and the* CAT.

FABLE IV.

TO make Animals ſpeak, was not the chief Art of ÆSOP. In his Fables he diſcovers to us their ſeveral Appetites and Inclinations, with their unequal Inſtincts. And indeed in ſuch like Relations one muſt always keep faithfully up to Nature; One muſt not make the Wolf marry with the Sheep, nor *Philomela* * warble out her Song after ſhe has hatched her young.

* Philomela *was the Name of a Princeſs, who after great Misfortunes was changed into a Nightingale, and the Poets have continued to give this Name to that Bird.*

Digitized by Google

And as we ſay of a Picture, if the Pourtrait reſembles the Original, that it is the Perſon himſelf in all Things but in Speech; ſo in our choice of Animals, we muſt take particular Care ſo to expreſs their reſpective Actions, that the Reader may ſay, 'tis he himſelf I think, and if he does not ſpeak I think I ſee him.

For Fable will have nothing in it forced and extravagant; for Example, I own I am pleaſed with *Reynard*, who ſaid, the ripe Grapes were ſowr and fit only for the Black Guard, when he could not reach them; but then he falls ſhort of his natural Grace in the Affair of the Head * without Brains. His Expreſſion, I own, was excellent, but another ought to have made it.

And will you never be in the wrong? No doubt I ſhall, but then my Satyre will fall on my own Head, and it may juſtly be applied to me. It muſt not be imagined I can write without Faults, it would be ridiculous to think ſo; who would turn Author on theſe Conditions?

---

* *The Fable of the Fox that came into a Carver's Shop.*

THE

Digitized by Google

THE Fox and the Cat were travelling together, and to ſhorten the tediouſneſs of their Journey entertained themſelves with many a moral Diſcourſe. O! what a fine Thing it is to do good, and act upon Principles of true Honour and Conſcience! Well, this Juſtice is an excellent Virtue. What do you think my Dear? O! no doubt of it, Couſin, anſwers the Fox, I'm charmed with it. I would not hurt any Thing in the World, God knows my Heart, I would not tread on a Worm. And thus they went on, and in their Turns extolled the Excellence of their ſound Morality, when all of a ſudden Sir *Martin Wolf* (a Perſon of an antient Family, and a great Hunter) ruſhed haſtily out of the Wood, and falling in upon a Flock of Sheep, whips away one of them, and devours him in an inſtant in ſpite of his Prayers and Tears.

Ah! Couſin Reynard, cries the Cat, what a villanious Act is this, how unjuſt? how cruel? What makes him devour ſo greedily that harmleſs innocent Creature, that never did Harm to any Soul in his Life? Why could not this treacherous Glut-

Digitized by Google

ton have dined upon ſome Shrub or another, or have been contented with his Belly-full of Acorns? I'm ſure ſuch Diet is not only innocent but much more wholeſome.

Barbarous to the laſt Degree! ſays the Fox, I never ſaw the like in my Life. What has that poor Sheep done to looſe his Life after this manner, and come to ſuch an untimely End? Could not this rapacious Devil of a Wolf live by his Induſtry, like a good Chriſtian, tho' he may be of never ſo good a Family, rather than ſpill innocent Blood? For my part, dear Couſin, I wonder at ſome People; I thank Heaven I never was ſo much left to my ſelf as to be guilty of ſuch Wickedneſs, I'm ſure I would rather die firſt. Ay! my Dear, and ſo would I too, 'tis a burning Shame. And—

Here a Milk White Pullet ſtep'd gracefully out of a Farmer's Yard into the Road, which Sight ſo ſurprized our grave Doctor Reynard, that (to ſhew he could practiſe Morality as well as teach it) he ſeized on the poor Innocent and eats her up, juſt at the ſame Moment as the conſcientious Cat was ſatisfying her Hunger with a little plump Rat that ran out of the Barn.

Bleſs me! and croſſed her ſelf, ſays Madamoiſelle *La Spider*, who lived hard by, and ſaw all that paſſed from her Web. What's here-

Digitized by Google

here to do? And made the ſame judicious Reflections as they had on the Wolf, when a poor unguarded Fly fell into her Snare, and underwent the ſame Misfortune.

HENCE we may learn, That we too often condemn others for thoſe very Faults, which, when Opportunity offers, we our ſelves readily commit.

The

Digitized by Google

The Aſtrological DOCTOR.

FABLE V.

SONS of *Galen* † (pardon the Apology) There was a Phyſician who was (and that is worſe) an Aſtrologer, who caſt the Nativity of *Colin* his Servant (a briſk, freſh, vigorous, young Fellow) and according to his Scheme, found plainly, that he and his Man ſhould both die in one Day.

† Galen *was a famous Phyſician in the ſecond Century, whoſe Method of Practice moſt Phyſicians follow.*

He

Digitized by Google

He calculated it a Hundred Times, and tumbled over many a learned Folio, and ſtill their Deſtiny was the ſame; he ſcarce ſhould live an Hour after his *Colin*. Now judge you, if *Colin*'s Health was not dear to the Doctor. He was alwys with him, and never let him ſtir a ſtep out of his ſight. How is it Child? How fares thy Health? May Heaven long continue it to you. Nay, he would ſee him eat, and filled out his Wine for him; and if he ſlept ill he was ſure to give him betimes in the Morning an *Anodyne* Clyſter.

By this exact Regimen the learned Doctor did ſo much to poor *Colin*, that partly by Diet, partly through Vexation, the Flower of his Youth and Vigour withered away. At laſt the poor meagre Boy was attacked by a ſlight Cholick, the Doctor opens a Vein, a Fever enſues, then he muſt be vomited; his Malady redoubles on a ſudden, and he grows Light-headed, and through too much Care poor *Colin* is in his Grave.

The Doctor is alarmed, his Blood freezes in his Veins, he has but one Hour longer to breathe, he ſends for the Attorney and makes his Will; in ſhort, the fatal Hour paſſes away, then a whole Day and Night; nay, a whole Week, and ſtill the Doctor lives. Experience, at laſt, opens his Eyes, and he

Digitized by Google

he abjures the Doctrine both of *Cardan* * and *Hippocrates* †, being convinced that both Arts are founded on Error and Folly. Happy for him to be cured at once both of Physick and Astrology.

---

* Cardan *was a Physician that ran mad with Astrology, tho' his Predictions very often deceived him.*

† *Commonly called the Prince of Physicians.*

The

Digitized by Google

The MOCKER.

FABLE VI.

STAND Reader, and give the Word, tell me true, are you a Party, or do you envy what is Good? Or, if by chance it ſhould ſo happen to me to preſent you with ſomething new, lively, and ingenious, are you not reſolved before hand to find fault with it, and ſay 'tis bad, becauſe you will ſay ſo?

If this be the Caſe, I diſpenſe with you, and you may go on, I don't write for you; go, give your haughty Cenſures on *Corneille*, *Boileau*, *Racine*, or *La Fontaine*. Theſe are Writers worth exerciſing your excellent Talent on, for my part, I am not worth your

Digitized by Google

your while, you would gain but very little in humbling me. I would, could I chooſe, have ſuch an equitable Reader, who in his Cenſure would not take notice of what in effect is deſpicable; who would blame me when I deſerve it, and when he finds any Thing that is good read it with pleaſure; ſuch a ſociable Reader I admire, but for thoſe ill-natur'd Things, who form their own Puniſhment from the Talents of others, may there appear Works Divine, the ſhining Merit of which will give them ſufficient pain: From me they would at moſt receive but a ſmall ſhare of Chagrin.

NATURE is very fertile every where, and full of Variety. In a certain Country of the new World, where a Thouſand Species of Birds unknown to us inhabit, there is One moſt beautifully feathered, but ſo unfortunate as not to ſing, his whole Talent conſiſts to imitate the Notes of others.

Lord Mocker (for that is his Title) as ſoon as *Aurora* riſes in the Eaſt, is ſtill attentive to the Notes of his Rivals, who ſa-

lute

Digitized by Google

lute the orient Day. The beautiful Railer tires them with his luſcious Quavering, no one eſcapes him, he imitates them all in their Turns. From one he takes a Cadence, from another a falſe Treble: He changes the moving Notes of an amorous Complaint into Sounds of an inſipid Sorrow, and ſprightly Warblings into an impertinent Whiſtle. In ſhort, every Thing that he counterfeits carries an Air with it of Ignorance and Imperfection.

But while he was thus, by his *critical* Eccho, treating theſe Choriſters with Contempt, one amongſt them ſteps up to him, and in the Name of the reſt, ſaid to him, Very well, Sir, we know our Songs are imperfect, but let us have a Specimen of yours.

Digitized by Google

The Ass.

FABLE VII.

NDER what unfortunate Planet am I born? said a certain Ass as he lay on the Ground in a Stable, I could give to the Devil, with all my Soul, that ungrateful Master my hard Destiny has allotted me. How many Services have I done him? And how many Injuries must I still undergo? A long while before it is Break of Day I must trot, carry Garden Stuff to Town, run from Door to Door, and afterwards, at my return home must carry his Dung to Field, or bring my Load of Faggots from the Forrest, ever employed, and continually on the Hoof.

When

Digitized by Google

When Sunday comes, or a Holiday, I carry him to Church or the Fair, with his *Margery* on my Crupper, and perhaps *Molly* and *Tommy* each in a Pannier. His curſed Monkey jumps upon my Head, and if I go a little out of the way for a morſel of Thiſtle, or ſo, I am ſure to be rubbed down with an oaken Towel in an inſtant, while Pug, that capering Jack-a-napes, lives free and eaſy without thought or care, tumbling, and ſhewing his Backſide, taring every Thing to pieces, dines at the Table, and is commended for every Folly he commits: Plague take this cruel Maſter, and may God confound him!

Patience, good Friend, ſays an Ox of profound Judgment that lay next him, contain your ſelf, Curſing is a mortal Sin. The Maſter the Fates have allotted you is no worſe than another, for know, that in this lower World a Buffoon is more valued by great Men than an uſeful Servant.

Digitized by Google

The CAT *and the* BAT.

FABLE VIII.

LET us take all the Care we can to feign nothing in vain. Truth ought to riſe out of Fable. What ſignifies a Story without any Deſign in it? It is nothing but an idle Heap of uſeleſs Words jumbled together, for which a Man ſhould be corrected. However, all Truths notwithſtanding do not pleaſe. A Thing that is common and inſipid, tho' never ſo true, is of no manner of Advantage.

What ſignifies it to tell me a long impertinent Tale, in order to prove to me, that Two and Two make Four? Or that we muſt

Digitized by Google

muſt all Die? All this I knew before. By this Method no one learns any Thing. For my part, I am for Truths more refined, that may be acknowledged as ſuch by every body, and which notwithſtanding may make us wonder. Such Truths, the Seeds of which every Mind has in it ſelf, which we do not cultivate, but are ſurprized to find them ſo when we think of them.

Leave off then your Fictions, perhaps, now may a difficult Critick ſay to me, Do you think you are capable of giving us any Inſtruction? No, indeed Sir, I do not pretend it, you are too knowing already; but there are Readers of an inferior Rank, and thoſe Fictions which do not inſtruct you, may, notwithſtanding, be inſtructive to them. We muſt let every body live.

A CAT, the greateſt Glutton that ever was born, knowing no Friend ſo dear to her as her own Belly, ſeized one Day on a Linnet, and without having any regard to her Song, ſtrangled her, and eat her up. The Cat and the Linnet, you muſt know, lived under the ſame Roof, and had

Digitized by Google

the ſame Maſter. Scarce was the Murder of the poor Bird perceived, but the whole Houſe was in an Uproar, every one vowed the Death of the Traytor, and not a Soul but what would have been glad to be the Executioner.

The Aſſaſſin heard all, and trembled for his Skin. Vows, we know, are the Children of Fear, and Puſs accordingly made one. Oh! could he but only eſcape this Danger, he would endure patiently the rudeſt Attacks of the moſt violent Hunger; as for Birds, he renounced them for ever, and would not eat one to ſave his Life. He calls the Gods to witneſs, and begs their Grace; and as if it had been an effect of his Devotion, the Maſter forgot his Rage, and in a little Time grew calm and quiet.

Our grave Piece of Formality having thus eſcaped the Storm, about two Days after met with a Bat, and ſeized upon her. What ſhall he do now? He remembred the Solemnity of his Vow, which counſelled him to act with Diſcretion, and let his Priſoner go, but his craving Stomach had other Sentiments. This was a nice Point, and there aroſe many Difficulties, however, the Cat very judiciouſly decides it. As you are a Bird, ſays he, I'll have nothing to ſay to you, but as you are a Mouſe, I eat you up.

Can

Digitized by Google

Can Heaven be angry at this? No, by no means, ſays this good Apoſtle to himſelf.

THE Cat's Caſuiſt is ours, meer Intereſt, which out of one Word can form an Argument. That which we forbid as unlawful under one Denomination we permit under another.

The

Digitized by Google

The BRIER *and the* GARDINER.

FABLE IX.

SAYS the Brier, one Day to the Gardiner, Hark ye me, honeſt *John*, one Word with you for Heavens ſake, What is it I have done to you, that you ſhould uſe me after this manner? Do you think now (and prithee ſpeak freely) that I am in my right Place? What is the matter that I muſt not have the ſame Reſpect and Treatment

ment as the other Fruit Trees here my Sisters? O my Conscience, *John*, you don't use me with common Civility. No Christian Soul alive would bear this.

Why now, what signifies it for me to stand staring up in a Hedge, as if I had nothing else to do but (marry come up) to be a Porter to your Enclosure? No, no, prithee put me into your Garden, for I thank my Stars, tho' I say it, that should not say it, I have as good Blood in my Veins as any finical Plant of 'em all, though they hold their Noses so high. Do as I bid you, if you have any regard to the Interest of your self and Family. You'll never know what Advantage it will be to you, only try for once, and I solemnly promise you on my Word and Honour, as I hope to be saved (and I would not tell a Fib for the World) you'll gain by it ——— But what signifies talking, I hate many Words.

Besides, I require the least Attendance of any Plant alive; why, Man, thou hast nothing to do but to water me now and then, and cover me a little from the North Wind, or so, and I'll engage to reward your Care with Fruits of most excellent and delicious Flavour; and then for Flowers, your Roses and Lillies must not pretend to go beyond me. I could say a great deal more, if Modesty

deſty would permit me, but I hate to praiſe my ſelf, only make the Experiment, and I am well ſatisfied in a little Time you'll come and tell me that my Words bear no Proportion with my Actions.

In theſe Terms the Pride and Self-Love of a uſeleſs Plant exhaled, and poor *John* was ſo ſilly as to give entire Credit to every Syllable, for you muſt underſtand in theſe Times, when Plants could ſpeak, Gardiners were not ſo cunning as they are now.

Well, the Brier was tranſplanted, and ſpread out againſt a Wall, and watred three or four Times a Day at leaſt, for *John* was big with Expectation of mighty Things, and therefore would not truſt to the Dew; in ſhort, the favourite Brier was the Gardiner's only care; and indeed, ſhe was as good as her Word, for ſhe grew to a Miracle, ſpreading wide her Root and Branches.

But alas! theſe prickly Branches were Deſtruction to the neighbouring Plants, every Thing within their reach withered away, Fruits and Pot Herbs expired, and the gayeſt Flowers drooped, and hung down their Heads and died. Poor *John* was then convinced of his Folly, and would never afterwards give credit to any Plant whatſoever on her own bare Word.

HENCE we may learn, Never to hearken to thoſe who commend themſelves, and boaſt of their own Excellency and Perfection. Such People are but too frequent. In Words they do Miracles: **Let them alone they ſpoil every Thing.**

The APES.

FABLE X.

ONCE upon a Time the People in the Apes Country had a mind to chuſe them a King, and they were reſolved Merit ſhould be the only Qualification, and he amongſt them who deſerved moſt ſhould wear the Crown: And indeed, in this they acted prudently, for Dependance grows uneaſy when we have no manner of value and eſteem for thoſe who are our Governors, and from whom we receive our Laws.

The

The Diet, or Convention, was held in the open Fields, where every one ſhewed Feats of his Ability, they leaped, danced, and caper'd; for the Scepter, as I told you before, was to be adjudged to the Ape of greateſt Merit. Now you muſt know, that there hung an Apple on a pretty high Branch, and he amongſt them that could be ſo nimble as to ſnatch it away was to mount the Throne.

What will not Ambition, and the Hopes of Glory, prompt Mortals to? The Signal being given, the boldeſt advanced and jump'd, but to no purpoſe, they only ſhook the Fruit; one came ſhort of the Bough, and another over ſhot it, and graſping only the Air retired in Diſcontent.

The Contention was long, but after many and many a fruitleſs Eſſay, and when the Fruit (the Branch having been ſeverely ſhaken) was ready to fall where the Wind blew it, there came up two Pretenders who had not yet made any Attempt, one of whom was very nimble, the other a little heavy; they both ſtarted together, and the Fruit, by chance, fell juſt into the Mouth of the laſt. The nimble Ape was diſappointed, all his Addreſs availed him nothing, and he might value himſelf on his Perfections as long as he pleaſed.

Digitized by Google

The fooliſh Senate ſmiled, and loudly declared, He that had the Apple was their King, and to him only would they pay their Allegiance; Long Live the King was a Thouſand Times repeated, and their ſilly Shoutings and Huzza's even pierced the Clouds.

O'my Conſcience this is very comical, a very pleaſant Deciſion truly, ſays a venerable old Ape that ſate by and obſerved every Thing, and ſmiled. How fooliſh and ridiculous are we? But this comes of our ſo cloſely imitating Men: WE JUDGE BY EVENTS.

SOME Authors who have written the Hiſtorical Collections of the Kingdom of the Apes, have varied in the Relation of this Election. For my part, I am in doubt what ſide to take, but in either Caſe the Moral is abſolutely good.

Some Authors will have it, that the old venerable Ape being weakned with Age, ſat down at the Root of the Tree, and being an Animal of much Knowledge and Experience in the Affairs of the World, and foreſeeing, that

Digitized by Google

that after the Branch had been ſo much ſhaken the Fruit would ſpeedily fall off, very dexterouſly catched it as it fell, and that the People for his good Senſe and Addreſs accordingly adjudged him the Sovereignty. INDEED NO ONE IS A KING BUT BY WISDOM.

Digitized by Google

The BAGS *of* FORTUNE.

FABLE XI.

FABLE, in my Opinion, is a delicious Morſel, which, beſides the Moral it has an indiſpenſable Neceſſity to lead us to at the Concluſion, very often encloſes another Truth, the whole being underſtood without breach of Unity.

To let us wander about through fertile Vales, and gather in our Progreſs Fruits and Flowers, is a Task only of an able Genius, and the Fabuliſt's Maſter-piece. Be as good as your Word and give me what you promiſe. In an elegant Stile furniſh Morality to the laſt.

Happy

Digitized by Google

Happy! O Happy! that fertile, that luxuriant Fable, that informs me of ſomething before it has told its all! Far, far then from hence ye cold and languid Performances, ye frozen Tales, where the unhappy Author deals out nothing to us but a dry and wretched Abundance, where we grow tired before we reach the Moral. The Reader will not buy Fruit too dear.

This Advice certainly is very good, be it ſpoken without Vanity. But have I always followed it? I'm not ſo vain to think ſo; for *we ſpeak better than we know how to do.*

A MAN is never well when he would be better. There was a certain Man who being diſcontented with his own Condition, caſt his Eyes on the happy State and Fortunes of other Men. He continually bewailed his own Wretchedneſs, and every Day was plaguing the Gods with his importunate Complaints.

On a Sun-ſhiny Day *Jupiter* took him up into Heaven, and led him into his Cabinet of Rarities, where amongſt other Things were ſealed up by the Deſtinies in a vaſt num-

Digitized by Google

ber of Bags that were ranged by each other in good Order, all the Eſtates and Conditions of Human Life.

Look there, ſays *Jupiter*, thy Fate is in thy own Power, we will content a Man once in his Life. It is true, thou art not worthy of this, thy impious Murmurings rather deſerve my utmoſt Rage than Benefits; however, as Heaven does not weigh with the ſame Ballance as wretched Mortals do below, we will paſs it over. Here are all the States and Conditions of Men, weigh them well, and chuſe thy Fortune. But to regulate thy Choice know, that thoſe that are the happieſt weigh the leaſt.

Ten Thouſand Thanks to my good Lord *Jupiter*, ſays the Man, ſince it is ſo, let us be Happy; with that he began to lift the firſt Bag, which was the Bag of Government and Sovereign Power, and covered, with a pompous Show and glittering Outſide, the moſt cruel Cares. Soh! ſays the Man, this Bag is bloody heavy, it makes me ſweat, what Mortal can carry this confounded Load? No, no, lye ſtill there for me, I'll have nothing to ſay to you I'll promiſe you, and ſo proceeded to the ſecond.

Now this was the Bag of Great Men in Authority, as Stateſmen, Privy Counſellors and Judges, *&c.* This contained continual

La-

Labour and Toil, and racking of the Brains, and profound Thinking, a reſtleſs Deſire of growing Greater, and dreadful Fears and Apprehenſions of being diſgraced, and good Counſels baffled by meer Chance and Hazard. Thrice wretched thoſe, ſays our good Man, that are in love with thee and thy heavineſs, Heaven keep me ever from thee, and take thee they that will.

He ſtill went on, and lifted a Thouſand and Thouſand more, but he found them all too heavy; theſe were crammed full of ill Looks and ſad Complaints, and thoſe with unbounded vaſt Deſires, others with Envy, Jealouſies, and Fears, and ſome few with Satiety of Pleaſures. Ye Gods! and is there then no eaſy Condition to be had? ſays our diſcontented Seeker. But why do I complain now I think on it? What I have already does not weigh near ſo heavy as this.

It would weigh much leſs, ſays *Jupiter*, if he that enjoys it was not ignorant of what it is: It is this Ignorance only that gives it weight. I am not ſuch a Fool neither as that comes to; let me keep what I have, I entreat your Divinity, ſays the Man. Well, be it ſo, ſays *Jupiter*, 'tis your own ſtill. Farewel, and learn henceforward never to complain of your Condition.

The

The Two LIZARDS.

FABLE XII.

IN a Corner of a Wood along the River ſide, Two Lizards (ſworn Friends) were basking in the Sun. My Dear, ſays one to the other, How mean and contemptible is our Condition! Is there any Thing like it in the World! For my part, I think we are the unhappieſt Mortals alive. Indeed we breathe (and we may make the moſt of it) but that's all; ſcarce any Body knows us. No Rank, no Diſtinction. Thrice curſed Deſtiny, that gave me no other Fate than to crawl and creep about the World like a Worm.

Beſides, as People ſay, there are in other Countries (beyond Sea) Lizards of prodigious

Digitized by Google

gious Size, Crocodiles * I think they call them, had I been born one of them 'twould have been ſomething like, I might then have had my ſhare of Honour and Reſpect. I would then have brought up the old Faſhion, when Mankind received their Laws from the River *Nile*: Then ſhould I have been adored in Clouds of Incenſe like a *Pagode* †, and have preſerved the Dignity of my high Rank and Station.

My dear Friend, ſays the other Lizard, what is the Cauſe of all your Uneaſineſs? Why do you thus complain? Do you count it nothing to live at Liberty, free from Care and Trouble? The Air, the whole Country, the Water, the Sun, are all our own. Let us therefore enjoy them, nothing need trouble us here. But you will ſay, Man deſpiſes us, and what then? Don't we know how to repay that proud Animal as he deſerves? Let us deſpiſe him too.

O! you have a very mean Soul, replies the ambitious Lizard. No, no, my obſcure way of Living makes me diſtracted; I would attract the Eyes of the whole

* *The* Crocodile *is ſhaped like a* Lizard, *and was in old Times adored in* Ægypt. *Some of them, as Travellers report, are Forty Feet in length.*

† *An Idol adored in the* Indies.

World,

Digitized by Google

World, and be gazed at and admired. Ah! how I envy the Stag with his haughty Mien, and those threatning Horns that strike us with such Terror and Amazement. How often have I seen that happy Creature look himself in this clear River, admiring his various Beauties, while I for meer Spite and Rage have been ready to drown my self. And then——

The discontented Lizard was going on, but was interrupted by the Noise of the Hounds and Hunters, and the poor Stag wearied with the Chace fell down just before them a Victim to the Dogs, and in Tears expired. At the loud Noise of the Horn which sounded his Funeral, the whole Company came in, but neither Men nor Hounds took any Notice of the Lizards, while the proud Beast had his Entrails delivered to the hungry Hounds, and *Rockwood*, *Spring*, and *Fuller* with their Companions devoured their Prey.

As soon as this bloody Adventure was over, Well, my Dear, says the wise Lizard, What think you now? Have you a mind to be a Stag? Alas! says the convinced Fool, who would have thought it? Well, happy, for ever happy, be a private Life. We are little Folks 'tis true, but then our Dangers are so too.

The

The Ox *and the* Maggot.

FABLE XIII.

WHAT is Man? *Ariſtotle* tells us, He is *a rational Animal*. For my part, I can by no means acquieſce in this Definition of the Philoſopher. We muſt give of him a deeper Definition. He is then an *Animal fooliſh, proud,* and *miſerable.* Every Man is pleaſed with his own Nothingneſs, and grows big in his own Fancy and Imagination. This thinks himſelf a Giant when he is not a Foot and half High. *Ariſtotle* then has not hit upon our right Name. Pride and Littleneſs mixed together. This is all the Compoſition, I think, which Man is made up with. And is this then what we call Reaſon? But be that as it will,

Digitized by Google

I preſent you with your true Reſemblance. For every Man almoſt is in effect a Maggot.

MOnſeigneur the Ox was weary of living in the Country, and left *Auvergne* for *Paris*. Monſieur *le Maggot*, the ſlendereſt Creature living, who had a great deſire to ſee the World, took hold of this Opportunity, and very dexterouſly takes his Place upon one of the Horns of the Ox.

Scarce had he taken his Lodgings, but he began to pity the poor Ox, and judged by his mournful Air that he thought himſelf over-burdened with his Charge. But no matter, he was reſolved to continue his Journey; for alas! without this favourable Opportunity, how could our young Traveller ſatisfy his Curioſity? For the Ox would ſupply him with every Thing, he would be both Carriage and Inn, Bed and Supper, and it was abſolutely neceſſary, as Times were, to give the Ox this Fatigue.

They therefore ſet out on their Journey. They travelled through many a Foreſt, and over many a Plain, when the Ox ſtop'd and took Breath. Lord, ſays the Maggot, he is

Digitized by Google

is very uneaſy, what Pain I give him! And if by chance, through the violent Heat of the Seaſon (for it was in the Dog Days) the Ox made the Woods eccho with his Bellowings, our Atom upon the Horn ſhrugged himſelf up through a compaſſionate Vanity to make himſelf the lighter. And for fear of making the Ox too lean he only took a ſlender Repaſt. Come, come, ſays he to himſelf, *'tis good to be Merry and Wiſe*, as the ſaying is, *Soft and Fair goes far*. I muſt eat ſo as my Proviſion may laſt out; I ſhould not weaken him too much; he will not then be able to perform his Journey.

However, at laſt they arrived at *Paris*. Monſieur *le Maggot* coming ſafe and ſound to his Journey's end, humbly begged pardon of the Ox for having tired him as he believed. Who is that there above that ſpeaks to me, ſays the Ox with a hearſe Voice? 'Tis I, ſays the Maggot. Pray who are you? Look here, ſays the Maggot, and ſhews himſelf. 'Tis very well Friend, ſays the Ox, but who a Devil knew you were there.

I ſhall leave the Fable juſt naked as it is, ſince ſomething greater than a Maggot may ſee himſelf in it. *Whoever grows big in his own Opinion believes himſelf Something when he is Nothing.*

Digitized by Google

Jupiter's LOTTERY.

FABLE XIV.

JUPITER once upon a Time had a great Mind to pleaſe (if poſſible) Mankind his Servants, and accordingly, in a ſolemn Proclamation by *Mercury*, publiſhes a large Lottery, abounding with Benefits of all kinds. Every Ticket was black, but then every Ticket was a Prize, and you were not obliged to give Six *p. Cent.* for prompt Payment, for you muſt know there are no Stock-jobbers in Heaven.

The higheſt Prizes were Pleaſures, Riches, Honours, Government and Empire, but the great Prize of all was WISDOM; the greateſt Number were made up of HOPES at leaſt, of attaining what one deſires.

The

Digitized by Google

The Price of these Tickets were Sacrifices, and Altars the Shops where they were to be bought. *Jupiter* received all that came, Goats, Sheep, Heifers, Pigeons; nay, even little Cakes and farthing Pyes, and some brought nothing but their Vows; but *Jupiter*, who loved Mankind as his own Children, and judged Men by their Intentions, would not have the most miserable Wretch excluded the Benefit of his gracious Lottery.

But I forgot to tell you every God had leave to put in, which soon filled the Lottery. When the Time of drawing came the Tickets were thrown into the Wheel and turned about to some Purpose. Well says the Son of SATURN *, let CHANCE appear, I'll have her draw it, for being Blind there can be no manner of suspicion of Partiality.

CHANCE accordingly drew, and *Mercury* book'd down the Prizes, their Names and Numbers. HOPES came out of the Wheel by Millions, and now and then between these would appear some of the high Prizes, as Fortunate Lovers, Riches, and Kings, but very seldom true Friends, for there

---

* Jupiter *was one of the Sons of* Saturn.

Digitized by Google

were the feweſt of that Sort in the Wheel.

At laſt comes the great Prize, called WISDOM, N°. One Thouſand—— That's mine, ſays *Minerva*. At this the Gods grew joyful all of a ſudden, and all Heaven rung with Acclamations: While on the contrary with Man, there was nothing but Murmurings, Vexation, and Sorrow. This is very pretty truly, *Jupiter* has ſhewn himſelf a fine Father of a Family, not a bit of Partiality, but he can contrive we ſee to give the great Prize to his own Daughter *. P'ſhaw ſaid others, a Bite, a Bite, *Jupiter* has tricked us all, that's certain.

Now to quiet and puniſh this impious Inſolence, what Method do you think good *Jupiter* invented? Why, inſtead of WISDOM he gave Mankind FOLLY, and that pleaſed them full as well. There were heard no more Murmurings and Complaints of Injuſtice, *For the greateſt Fool in the World believes himſelf wiſer than his Neighbour.*

---

* Minerva *was born from* Jupiter's *Brain, and called the Goddeſs of Wiſdom.*

Digitized by Google

The Two STATUES.

FABLE XV.

IN a certain great City in old Times, the People were resolved to set up the Statue of *Pallas* upon the Top of a magnificent Temple. To this great Work the whole City contributed, and the Two *Phidias*'s * were pitched upon to make each of them one, and he that made the best was to have the Price, which was no small one. The People were to judge. One only was to have the Money, and consequently the Honour, and the other nothing.

---

* Phidias *was an excellent Sculptor of* Greece, *and made the Statue of* Jupiter Olympus, *which was reckoned one of the Wonders of the World.*

Digitized by Google

Well, to work they went with all poſſible Expedition, and the hopes of Gain and Reputation had ſo fired our Two Artiſts, that in a little Time their Work was finiſhed and brought to the Porch of the Temple; the whole Town ran thither, and Judgment was ſoon given for one of them, and the other treated with Contempt. Well, this was a beautiful Piece, it had a Thouſand Graces; how ſoft and delicate were the Lines and Features, the Limbs round and lively; nothing could poſſibly come up to it, and Criticiſm it ſelf (and that you'll ſay is much) could find no fault with it.

The other Statue was nothing but a rough, ſhapeleſs, piece of Marble, nothing finiſhed, the Features big and ugly, the Limbs monſtrous, and Shape frightful. Well, we muſt ſend this back again that's certain: This Man is only a Learner we ſee, a meer Novice, the other a perfect Maſter, and he muſt have the Money.

They were going to give it him, when the deſpiſed Statuary ſteps up, Hold, Gentlemen, ſays he, this muſt be tried, Do you think I made my Statue for the Porch? Let them be both put on the Top of the Temple, as they were intended, and then you'll ſee which is moſt perfect.

This

This was done, but with a great deal of grumbling at the unneceſſary Expence. But, alas! how Things then were changed? The Statue ſo much before admired loſt all its Charms, they entirely vaniſh'd at ſuch a diſtance, which gave the other all thoſe Beauties no one imagined it could have when they ſurveyed it near. So true is it, that *We muſt look at every Thing in its proper Place.*

The

Digitized by Google

The WITCH.

FABLE XVI.

To Monſieur COYPEL *the Son.*

COYPEL, thou worthy Heir of a new APELLES *, who collecting his ſublime Induſtry, gives thee thy part of his Pencil as a pure Earneſt of a rich Inheritance. What Progreſs ſoever his curious Art might make, he muſt fear, one Day to be equalled by you in Knowledge. For my part, it is a Pleaſure to me that I believe you have already arrived to ſuch Perfection; Na-

* Apelles *was a famous Painter of* Greece, *and the only one of his Art that* ALEXANDER *the* GREAT *would ſuffer to draw his Picture.*

ture

Digitized by Google

ture has raviſhed thoſe Honours due to Morality.

Joyn then thy Labours here to mine; and repreſent all what I here recount. My Stile looks well to me (and every one thinks thus of his own) but the readieſt Impreſſion of a Picture re-unites in one Moment, that which Diſcourſe muſt ſucceſſively explain. Collect all the Beauty, Life, and Vigour of this Work in thy exquiſite Draughts; paint the Language in the Face and Air of thoſe for whom I intend it, and let thy Pencil moralize before me, and if after thee I become almoſt uſeleſs, ſo much the better.

'Tis done —— and this pleaſing dreadful Picture elevates my Tale into real Action. Every Particular ſpeaks what you've painted, and he who has ſeen the Picture has read my Fable.

THE Night had given Repoſe to the whole World, a profound Silence reigned over univerſal Nature, and the obliging *Morpheus* * for every Creature had

* *The God of Sleep and Dreams.*

made

made his Bed of Poppies. Then 'twas that a Sorceresſs of *Caria*, an old *Medea* *, a ſecond *Canidia* †, skillful in the Art of enquiring Dooms, came (in order to exerciſe her daring Science) into a ſhady Wood that trembled at her approach.

In the centre of a large Circle ſhe laid the Scene of her ſeveral horrid Enchantments; on the Altar in Flames triangular burnt hallowed Vervain, whilſt ſhe pronounced thoſe dreadful ſovereign Words that command all Hell. For a Sacrifice to the black God of the infernal Strand, ſhe blows from her baleful Lips blue Peſtilence into the neighbouring Folds, and makes the innocent Cattle loſe the Taſte of the tender Herb and droop away and die.

PLUTO, the immortal Vaſſal of this grand Art, ſends to the Sorceresſs a Legion of Shades from the dark and gloomy Realms of Sorrow to appear before the magick Altar. But this is not all, the Moon was to be forced from Heaven, and come down to the enchanted Wood, and Lo! at a Word ſhe deſcends from her Silver Chariot.

---

* *A Witch famous in Fable for her Crimes.*
† *Another Witch* Horace *ſpeaks of.*

In

In vain the poor * *Carians* ſhriek and beat their Drums, in vain their brazen Clarions ſound, they call her back in vain, ſhe cannot ſtir, and why? I'll tell you in a Moment. When they all had thus obeyed the Witches Charms, Tell me, ſays ſhe, How I can find my little Dog I have lately loſt.

How! And is this all, ſays *Hecate* †, muſt you trouble the Order of Nature for your Dog? Alas! ſays the old Hag, what if I do, provided I looſe nothing?

HOW many People have there been in the World, that if they had the ſame Power as this Witch would act more juſt and reaſonable? For a Thing of no moment they would put the whole World in Diſorder and Confuſion; If their Caprices be but

---

* *When the Moon was eclipſed, the* Carians *believed ſhe was tormented by ſome Magician, and endeavoured to deliver her by their Cries, and other Noiſes, as of Drums,* &c.

† Hecate *had a Threefold Divinity, ſhe was* Proſepine *in Hell,* Diana *upon Earth, and the Moon in Heaven.*

ſatis-

Digitized by Google

fatisfied 'tis enough, and they are pleaſed, tho' all beſides themſelves are miſerable and undone.

This does not exceed the Truth, it is no *Hyperbole*; for my Fable is built on a Fact well known to all Mankind, for ALEXANDER out of a Humour put the whole World in Chains.

The

The BIRDS.

FABLE XVII.

ONE Morning, upon a high Oak that grew at the bottom of a Mountain, were aſſembled a Thouſand Birds, which hopp'd from Bough to Bough, and with their various Notes gladded the neighbouring Plains. Thus without Care or Trouble they ſung their Joys or tender Sufferings, waiting the Hour of their Repaſt, or rather Appetites.

While they were thus employed a Green Finch arrives, Gentlemen and Ladies, ſays he, Do you know what o'Clock it is? Surely it is now Dinner Time: And, wou'd you think it? No farther than about a Mile off there is the rareſt Entertainment in the

Digitized by Google

World (which *Jupiter* himſelf, were he a Bird, would be glad to partake of) Wheat, Oats, and Barley, and the Lord knows what, in abundance; Ladies why ſtand ye ſo? Come, I'll ſhow the Way, and ——

I hope you won't be ſo weak (ſays a Lark that ſat liſtning all the while) the People only have a mind to take you, that's all. I'll allow there may be Grain of all kinds, as this Green Gentleman here has told you, but then there are ſuch Things too as Trap-Cages which the Birdman has ingeniouſly placed for your Ruin. And may I be reckoned amongſt the leaſt of Birds, if —— The poor Lark was another * CASSANDRA that was not believed or heard, and our winged *Trojans* provoked by Hunger (and alas! what will not Hunger do?) followed the Green Finch towards the Corn.

Here, don't you ſee what I ſaid was true? ſays he, and alighted firſt, the others followed, and according to his Example began to eat; but alas! the Trap-Cage cloſed, and our poor *Indiſcreets* were now impriſoned. Some of them were enraged, while

* CASSANDRA *was Daughter to* Priam *King of* Troy, *who having received from* Apollo *the Gift of Prophecy, often foretold the Deſtruction of* Troy, *which the* Trojans *would not believe.*

others

Digitized by Google

others haſtily picked up the Grain, ſome Comfort ſtill (tho' angry) to abound. Well, ſays the Lark, who only eſcaped the Trap and hovered without, I foretold the Danger, and have I deceived you? No, ſays one within; But *we ever believe what we wiſh, and always know we are in the wrong when it is too late.*

Digitized by Google

The GODS *of* Egypt.

FABLE XVIII.

HEretofore in *Egypt* every Beaſt was a God, ſo much on the other Hand was Man become a Beaſt. That poor Animal which otherwiſe had neither Houſe nor Home had its Temple and Holiday.

One Day in the Cats Temple they made a pompous Sacrifice of a Milk White Rat without ſpot or ſtain. The next Day was a Feſtival ſacred to the Honour of the God Rat, for it ſeems every God had its Day; and to make him propitious nothing leſs than a Cat muſt bleed at his Altars.

Well, Puſs marched very gravely along, crowned with Flowers and Ribbons, attended by a ſolemn Proceſſion of Prieſts, who ex-

Digitized by Google

extolled to the Skies the Praiſes of the great God Rat. There was Chaunting enough, Hymns and Anthems in abundance, Baſe, Treble, and Counter Tenor, and ſuch Quaverings as you never heard the like.

Every one entreated the Rat to take care of his Farm. Do not puniſh us, dear God Rat, with the Inſults of theſe wicked Cats, and may the Blood of this here revenge thy Cauſe.

He a God! cries the Cat; you cannot think ſo, what then am I that eat him? It was but Yeſterday you ſacrificed to me, for me your Cenſers ſmoked; why do you thus paſs from one Extreme to another? I was a God and am now a Victim.

This was ſuch a Reproach that gave no ſmall Trouble, however, one Stroke of the Hatchet ſolved the Difficulty.

WE are all of us *Egyptians*, and act like them, and as ridiculouſly Idolatrous. What are our Paſſions but our Gods, which as Occaſion ſerves we ſacrifice the one to the other?

Digitized by Google

The Covetous MAN *and* MINOS.

FABLE XIX.

OF all the Vices Man is guilty of Avarice is the moſt ridiculed. Indeed it is the fooliſheſt of all. It would be but juſt to toſs it in a Blanket; for my part, I'll lend a helping Hand, and would *Apollo* but permit me for once to ſupply his Place, I'd arm every Author againſt this ſtupid Vice, not a Soul of *Parnaſſus* but ſhould inveigh againſt it.

But perhaps it may be ſaid, That the Subject is quite worn out, for in what Age and Climate has it not been laugh'd at? What will you ſay? Or rather, What will you not ſay? I'll tell you, Paint the Miſer in

Digitized by Google

in his foolish Penury, Belzebub's infamous Hermit, the Devil's Fryer, who has made his Vows upon his own Gold to renounce it; who treats himself at his own cursed Table like an impudent Parasite, whom he would dismiss with a stinking Dish.

For when Vice is obstinate and stubborn Satire must be so too. Go then and laugh at it from Theatre to Theatre till you have put it out of Countenance, and sufficiently corrected it. But do not make use of the stout Arm of *Hercules* *, that would be superfluous, the Features of *Momus* † will suffice. Surely Avarice can be no more when it sees it self ridiculed. Does not the Miser see this? Is not the Picture well drawn? Will he be ignorant (when it is clearly shewn) of this Truth, that by depriving himself of all Things for fear of future Want, he really brings on himself those Evils he so much stands in fear of?

But let one never so much laugh at him. I see he is insensible, and if he is not moved at any Satire 'tis because he cannot get a Farthing by it. And ——— But where

---

* Hercules *was* Jupiter's *Son and conquered many Monsters.*

† Momus *was the God of Railery and Satire.*

am

am I going? The Cure of this Distemper is impossible, for a Vice that is without Shame can never be corrected.

AFTER having heaped up an immense Treasure a certain Miser died of Want, and carried nothing along with him but a Penny *; which yet was begrudged him, for such is the Humour of all Heirs, leave them Mountains of Gold they will scarce allow the Dead either Coffin or Bier.

The Soul of our Miser came to *Styx* †, at the very instant that *Charon* ‖ (like a *Dutch* Ferry-Man) was gathering his Passage Gelt, and pushing back those who had not wherewith to pay their Fare. Our Miser, who was so much in love with his Penny, did not care to part with it, but was thinking how to cheat the Ferry-Man, and accordingly, in the sight of the old Fellow, throws himself into the River. He might cry as long as he

* *The Antients put a Penny into the Mouth of their Dead to pay their Passage into Hell.*

† Styx *was the River of Hell.*

‖ Charon *Hell's Ferry-man.*

would

would the Miſer never heeded him, but ſwam on till he came to the other ſide.

Cerberus * when he ſaw him barked three Times, which dreadful Howling rouzed the three Black Siſters †, who in a Moment came to ſeize this hardy Ghoſt who had thus cheated his infernal Majeſty of his Cuſtoms, and brought him before Lord *Minos*, one of *Pluto*'s Juſtices of the King's Bench.

The Caſe was new, and gave the Court much trouble. His Lordſhip's Brain was at work in conſidering of the Nature of the Crime, and what Puniſhment was due to it. Does the Soul of this miſerable Wretch, ſays he, deſerve the Torment of *Tantalus* ‖? Or that of *Ixion* §? Or ſhall we ſend him to relieve *Prometheus* ¶? Or help *Syſiphus* *

---

* Cerberus *was a Dog with three Heads that kept the Gates of Hell.*

† *The three Furies* Alecto, Tiſiphone *and* Megæra.

‖ *He was put into the middle of a River, and tormented with a burning Thirſt which he never could quench, becauſe as he ſtoop'd to drink, the Water continually ſlid away from him.*

§ *He was condemned to be turned round for ever on a Wheel of Serpents.*

¶ *He was continually gnawed by a Vulture.*

* *He was to roll a great Stone up to the Top of a high Mountain till it ſtopt, which was never to be, ſince it was decreed it ſhould continually tumble down again.*

to

Digitized by Google

to roll his Stone? Or would it not be better to oblige him to fill the Tun where the deteſtable Sifters † for ever labour in vain? No, continues his Lordſhip, he muſt be puniſhed more, the Torments here are nothing. Let him return to the World: Open the Gates there, I condemn him to ſee what Uſe his Heirs makes of his Money.

† *Theſe were the* Danaides, *who for having killed their Husbands on the Wedding Night, were condemned to fill a Tun that had Holes in it.*

COURT

Digitized by Google

COURT FABLES.

BOOK II.

The Two ORACLES.

FABLE I.

To His moſt Serene Highneſs Monſeigneur the Duke.

My Lord,

I Eſteem it nothing to give you the Title of Valiant, for Valiant and CONDE' are the ſame, and I ſhould be aſhamed to make an ill Repetition of the ſame Senſe. It is a noble Candor, an heroick Integrity I celebrate in you. O! how *France* loves

Digitized by Google

loves to see CONDE the TRUE, entrusted with the mighty Charge of forming for her a King!

LEWIS will know in you, that his Courts must be the Temple of Truth; and if Falsehood shall have the Impudence to appear there, the insolent Thing must expect to be treated like a Traytor. From your sincere Mouth he will often hear that he is only King for our Good. And Heaven in your Heart has taken care to pour out all that must regulate his.

Watch therefore over this Soul committed to your Care; may his Virtues encrease with his Years, and may Flattery, banished from him for ever, seek Refuge in other Courts. There she'll be sure to find A safe Asylum. Kings suffer her too much, which is their greatest Fault. She corrupts, in short, the best of Princes. But take you care at least (by sending her elsewhere) never to let her lodge with our King.

ONCE upon a Time a certain King of *Greece* attended by all his Nobles, went to the Temple of *Delphos* to consult the Oracle.

He

He had a mind to know ſuch Friends whoſe Fidelity he need not doubt of; but the greatneſs of his Station is an Obſtacle to this ſure Judgment. For how to diſtinguiſh the Friend of his Perſon from the Friend of his Crown, Zeal from Intereſt, and real Love from what only appeared ſo, was what troubled the Heart of this Monarch.

In this Perplexity he went alone into the Temple, and asked *Apollo* by what Mark he ſhould know one that was worthy of that fine Title of a *True Friend*. And have you a deſire, ſays *Apollo*, to have ſuch a one? He is your *True Friend* who ſhall dare to tell you the *Truth* be it never ſo diſagreeable. That is your Man, make much of him. Adieu.

The King came out, but took no notice what had been told him. Immediately the whole Court went in, and every Soul of them asked the Oracle how they might make a Friend of their Maſter. By Flattering always, ſays the Oracle, in every Thing he ſays or does: Falſe Praiſe pleaſes, and Pride ſeconds it. Don't ſpeak Truth whatever you do, for if you do, you are undone.

This God knew very well what People he had to deal with. But how did this double

Digitized by Google

Oracle end? You ſhall hear preſently.

Every one being thus warned came to the Feaſt to which the Prince, who deſigned to prove on them his Deſtiny, had invited them. My Friends, ſays he to them, juſt as they began to be Merry; let Liberty reign, your Friendſhip. I ask no more, we are all equal. But to begin, pray tell me my Faults.

If you have any, my Leige (ſaid they all in a Chorus) 'tis becauſe you believe we can find them in you. And then the Glaſs went merrily about, *Vive le Roy*, Huzza! But there was one old Courtier (of the Queen's) that did not ſpeak one Word. Well, ſays the King, and what are you dreaming of? I dream of your Honour, ſays he, every one here flatters you; I don't like it; you have a hundred Virtues to embelliſh Hiſtory, this I own with Joy, and I know their Value. But I am afraid one Fault has eſcaped your Memory, and that is, your Laurels wither; you love Wine too much, and ſometimes you are fudled; and, let me tell you, that takes off a great deal of the Majeſty of your Face.

Inſolent! ſays the King, there, take the Reward of your audacious Folly, and threw his Javelin at him that pierced him through. Well, Sir, ſays the dying Lord, I ſee at laſt my

Digitized by Google

my Friendſhip has drawn on me your Hate; I conſulted the Oracle, and it foretold me certain Death if I *dared* to tell my King *the Truth*. Hurried on by an Exceſs of Zeal I could not hold my Peace, and — thus — am — puniſhed.

What have I done? ſays the King, pardon ye angry Gods, reſtore my Friend; I acknowledge his ſincere Zeal, he truly loved me; and will you leave me up to this cruel Troop of Flatterers? To whom his faithful Friend made this Reply, I die content if you make a good uſe of this Reflection.

Digitized by Google

The MAGPYE.

FABLE II.

A Farmer of the King's Revenues had a Deputy, the Deputy a Footman, and the Footman a Magpye. And though they were every one of them Friends to Rapine, yet of the Four the Magpye was the leaſt.

For in the firſt Place the Farmer robbed the King, in the ſecond Place the Deputy robbed the Farmer, the Footman cheated his Maſter, and the Magpye made a hand of the Gains of the Footman. And thus their whole Life was nothing but a Circle of cheating one another.

However, the Footman miſſing every Day ſome of his Pieces, What is the meaning of

Digitized by Google

of this? ſays he, What Rogue is it that thus cheats me? I am ſure no Soul comes here but the Magpye. Upon which he watched her, and alas! caught her in the very Fact. He ſaw Mrs. *Margaret* jump upon the Table, and caſting an Eye looking towards the Door, whips up a piece of Money in her Beak, and very genteelly hops up with it into the Garret, for there, you muſt know, ſhe kept a ſtrong Box, heaping up Riches without enjoying them. But others do ſo beſides her.

So, ſays the Footman, ſurprizing her, I've found you out and my Money too, you are a very pretty Creature truly, I ſhall cheat my Maſter for you, ſhall I? And you have all the Profit and I the Pains!

At theſe Words he pronounced Sentence of Death, at which Mrs. *Margaret* after her way fell down on her Marrow Bones; Take pity upon me, ſhe cried, a little more Compaſſion, for in reality I have done nothing but what you all do. Either through Juſtice or Mercy grant me the like. Pardon as you your ſelves would expect.

This Petition was very reaſonable, but the inexorable Footman put an end to her Diſcourſe by twiſting off her Head. Thus little Rogues are puniſhed firſt.

The Weakeſt goes to the Wall.

Digitized by Google

The BOY *and the* NUTS.

FABLE III.

O! How I am in love with a ſimple Image, which in Appearance ſeems only a Leſſon for a Child, and yet encloſes in it an important Precept, and is inſtructive to the wiſe.

The greateſt Truths charm us under this Diſguiſe, we do not give much Attention, and yet one ſees them on a ſudden. This Surprize gives them Strength and Vigor. Give us an Example ſay you. Well, I will, but to ſpeak like a Philoſopher to you, Be contented with the middle State; it will not coſt you loſs of Reſt, or Money, you may enjoy it without much difficulty.

But

Digitized by Google

But I ſee your Mind is agitated with a thouſand Projects, your Deſires have no Limits; all Fortunes are too little for you, you would have every Thing, and therefore every Thing flies from you.

Theſe are fine Leſſons indeed, but Man purſues his reſtleſs Appetite; what muſt I do to make him come to himſelf? Why, I'll e'en tell him a Fable, and that will do it.

A Certain Boy (I borrow this from *Epictetus* *) half a Glutton and half a Fool, put his Hand into a Pot where were a great many Figs and Nuts, he graſp'd as many as he could hold, and would have pulled his Hand out, but the narrowneſs of the Neck hindred him. Upon this he burſt into Tears, and ſadly bemoaned himſelf: He would have them all but could not get his Hand out.

One that ſtood by (and I ſay the ſame to a Man) only graſp half the Quantity my Boy, and you'll have it.

---

* *A Stoick Philoſopher who lived under* Nero, *and left behind him great Leſſons of Morality.*

The

Digitized by Google

The LINX *and the* MOLE.

FABLE IV.

HEretofore in the Age of Fables, in the Time when there were *Sirens* *, *Sphinxes* †, *Centaurs* ||, and the like, lived one S. *Timothy Linx* §, the very *Argus* ¶ of Animals, whose Sight was so piercing

---

* *Mermaids, or Sea Nymphs, half Women half Fish, renowned for their Singing.*

† Sphinx *was the Name of a Monster partly Eagle, Woman and Lion, and famous for the Riddles she proposed.*

|| *Half Men half Horses.*

§ *An Animal that can see (as they say) through a Stone Wall.*

¶ Argus *sent by* Juno *to spy into* Jupiter's *Love Intrigues, and who was supposed to have a hundred Eyes.*

that

Digitized by Google

that it never found any Obſtacle. He could ſee through a Stone Wall with more eaſe than the Sun Beams pierce a Cloud.

One Day as he was ſitting under a Hedge whetting his Teeth, and waiting for his Prey (for you muſt know he was a profeſſed Hunter) he chanced to ſee a Mole lurking in her Hole under Ground. Ah! ſays he, poor Soul, how I pity thee, what haſt thou to do with Life? Poor Creature, thou haſt no Eyes. *Jupiter* certainly was no better than a Fool when he made thee, to take away from thee the Light of the Day which rejoices the whole Creation. You do very well to hide your ſelf under Ground; for my part, I take you to be half dead, and 'twould be a Kindenſs, methinks, to eat you up.

As to that, indeed Sir, I muſt ask your pardon (ſays the Mole) I am very ſenſible I am entirely alive. It is true I have no Eyes, but what then, muſt one blame *Jupiter* for that? O'my Soul now, and I would have you believe me, I think he has done very well by me. Has he any need of our Advice? He has been ſo gracious to beſtow upon me an Ear, which is more valuable to me than Eyes, and ſerves me to all Intents and Purpoſes as well. Hark, for Example, it hears this Moment, while I am ſpeaking

to

Digitized by Google

to you, a ſtrange Noiſe behind you, and I am afraid to your Prejudice. Haſte away and avoid the Danger.

And what was this? But the drawing of a Bow-ſtring, whence flew an Arrow which with mortal Stroke ſent our *Argus* to the Realms of eternal Night.

HENCE learn, all ye indiſcreet Deſpiſers of other Men, that you know nothing. The Gifts of Heaven are juſtly divided, and every one has what is proper for him;

The

Digitized by Google

The Two DREAMS.

FABLE V.

VARIETY, to thee I have vowed my Heart, and he that has loſt ſight of thee, tho' but for a Moment, falls into a kind of languid Heavineſs. No Thing continues long to charm; thou only canſt delight and pleaſe for ever. I pity the Reader when thou with-holdeſt thy Graces from the Author.

Preſide then over my Tales, preſide over my Images, paint thy ſelf in my Landskips. Let us change our Objects and our Climate. Lead me in my Works from Earth to Hell, and from Hell to Heaven; Nature is ſcarce fertile enough, every Thing has been ſaid, and all grown common.

Con-

Digitized by Google

Conquerors would have a new World. 'Tis in the Power of Authors to make one for themſelves. Always Birds and Beaſts, Woods, Plains, and Rivers, continually in the ſame Horizon! This Confinement is no other than a Priſon, but how to remedy this, is a Queſtion.

The Graces are Companions of Variety, on which account, in my Works, I'll dreſs up Reaſon in a pleaſant Garb, make her Gay and Airy; I'll bring upon the Stage a Maggot that believes himſelf a Perſon of Importance. After that, *Jupiter* from his ſhining Throne ſhall gratify Mankind. Thence I deſcend to the infernal Realms (where ſtern *Minos* ſits as Judge) and give Language to the dead. To Day I am in the North, to Morrow ſhall be in *Africa*; this Day I am an *Iroquois*, the next entirely *Perſian*. Gay, Serious, Gallant, or Political, I will be every Thing as far as is conſiſtent with Truth.

Come then my Muſe, put on the Turbant, and paint me out the Dreams of a Grand Seignior.

Digitized by Google

TWO Dreams, great Liars, one Black and Melancholy, the other White and Red like Coral and Alabaſter, went out one Morning together from the *Seraglio* *.

The White Dream took a Slave for his Domeſtick, and the Black would be contented with nothing leſs than the GRAND SEIGNIOR.

Some Time after in the duſk of the Evening they met each other. Well, ſays the White Dream to the Black, have you ſufficiently tormented your Man? Yes, that I have, ſays the other. Twenty Times, at leaſt, I made him ſtart out of his Sleep; ſcarce had he compoſed himſelf again to reſt, but a more dreadful Scene enſued. He fancied he ſaw his Brother delivered out of Priſon by a Traytor *Janizary* †, and himſelf thrown violently from his Throne and ready to be ſtrangled: He awoke all troubled and in Tears. I waited till he began

* *The Grand Seignior's Palace.*

† *A Soldier of the Sultan's Guard, they are very numerous, and formidable when they revolt.*

Digitized by Google

to ſleep again, when immediately I transformed my ſelf into a ſecond *Tamerlane* ||. I attacked his Highneſs, and ſurprized his Capital, and all Things ſubmitted to my Power: I made a terrible Slaughter of his Children, and like another *Bajazet* put him into a Cage.

At this he gave new Starts, and as ſoon as he had repoſed himſelf again upon his Pillow, I raiſed new Phantoms ſtill more dreadful. In ſhort, I tortured him as I could wiſh. This was my Task every Night. I corrupted his *Viziers* *, the *Muſti* † declared againſt him, his Guards revolt, and a Sultaneſs ſtabs him to Death with her Poignard. Theſe were my little Pleaſures. I made the Nights ſo dreadful and horrid that the ſucceeding Days could not efface their Terrors.

Ay, ſays the White Dream, but I ſerved my Man quite otherwiſe, all my Skill was to make him Happy, and to refreſh his Spirits. Scarce had he laid himſelf down on his poor Matreſs, and entred into his firſt

---

|| *An Emperor of the* Tartars *who conquered* Bajazet *the Sultan, and put him into an Iron Cage, who afterwards beat his Brains out againſt the Bars.*

* *The Chief Miniſters of State to the Grand Seignior.*

† *Chief Prieſt in the Law of* Mahomet.

Sleep,

Digitized by Google

Sleep, but I made him a Sultan in a Moment. He mounted the Throne and assembled the *Divan* *, made Laws, declared War, and added Conquest to Conquest till he made himself Lord of the Universe, and the whole World *Mahometan*.

Then to divert himself after the glittering Cares of Royalty, he went from one Sultaness to another, talked to them a thousand soft Things of Love, examined particularly their Charms, and having well considered each Beauty, cast down the welcome Handkerchief †.

I pleased his Sight with nothing but the beautiful Pictures of the *Albani*, *Raphael*, and *Michael Angelo di Buonarota* ||. Every Night through my Skill and Address I placed him in *Mahomet*'s § Paradise.

---

* *The Grand Seignior's Council of State.*

† *The Grand Seignior by throwing down his Handkerchief to the Sultaness he most fancies, gives her to understand she must be his Bed-fellow that Night.*

|| *The most famous Painters of* Italy.

§ Mahomet *promised nothing in the other Life but sensual Pleasures.*

Digitized by Google

OH troubleſome Probleme! Oh thorny Queſtion! Which of theſe two Conditions ſhall we chuſe? A Life is often Happy or Unfortunate by thoſe Circumſtances we do not ſee. An ambitious Man in queſt of Honours and mighty Power is haunted with the ſable Dream. *We envy the State of the Great, becauſe we only ſee their Pomp, but never know their Sorrows.*

The

Digitized by Google

The APES *turn'd* SAILORS.

FABLE VI.

A Ship laden with a Colony of Apes from the Foreſt of *Nerſinge*, dropt Anchor in a certain Port. The vent of this Commodity was very certain in this Country, for the King loved them mightily. But whether in this he had a good or bad Taſt Authors are not determined. The People however had the ſame Inclination, for the People are ever conformable to their Lord, and take Example from the Court.

If the Prince has got a Cold, the Courtier coughs, and the Faſhion runs over the whole Kingdom in a Moment.

Our Merchant went aſhore to inform the Town of their Lading, while the whole

Digitized by Google

Crew went to drink, and not a Soul was left on board but the Apes. Their Preſident (a very able Perſon) riſing up, Gentlemen, ſays he, I am thinking of ſomething for our Advantage, Let us free our ſelves from this Slavery, Fortune now ſmiles on us, let us haſten our return. You have obſerved what Management governs the Winds and Waves, let's try our Skill, I'll be the Pilot and you the Mariners.

Huzzah, cry'd the whole Company, and threw up their Caps, Liberty, Liberty, my Lads.

Upon this they weighed Anchor, the Sails were unfurled, and the Ship went merrily on before the Wind. There you might have ſeen many a nimble little Powder-Monkey skipping from Yard to Yard, and climbing up the Maſts; while the old Ape planted himſelf very gravely at the Helm, affecting all the Grimaces of a careful Pilot. You would certainly have taken him for another *Tiphis* * by his demure Phiz.

My Lads, ſays he, there's a Storm a coming, I ſee an ugly black Cloud yonder,

---

* Tiphis *was Pilot of the Ship* Argo *which carried the* Argonauts *to* Colchis *for the Golden Fleece.*

the

Digitized by Google

the Sky begins to look a little Greaſy *, the Sea too ſwells and blackens, we ſhall have ſtormy Weather that's certain, but fear nothing.

Indeed as to the Storm he made a right Judgment, but it was another Caſe in reſpect of his Art, for the Winds in a Moment diſplayed their Rage, and repeated Thunders with their horrid Roar frightned the poor Crew out of their Wits, and they thought themſelves every Moment within two Inches of Deſtruction.

This made them do at all Adventures what they ſaw the Sailors, but very fooliſhly, and every Thing quite wrong, for when they ſhould have furled the Sails they did the contrary, and inſtead of avoiding a Rock as they intended, their skilful Pilot ſteered directly upon it. And as they had obſerved on the like Occaſion that the Sailors would Swear and Curſe and make Vows, ſo did our Apes, they ſwore, and prayed and vowed. Thus Curſing, Swearing and Praying, they did as well (or rather as ill) as they could.

But alas! what ſignified all their blind Induſtry and unskilful Toil? The Veſſel

---

* *An Expreſſion among the Sailors when a Storm is gathering.*

touched

touched on a Rock and ſplit in a thouſand Pieces before their Eyes, and the whole Crew were ſwallowed up in the Deep.

TAKE Warning, all ye Imitators of other Mens Works, by my Apes: You'll certainly ſplit upon a Rock, your Art will not poſſibly bring you off.

Digitized by Google

The ROSE *and the* BUTTER-FLY.

FABLE VII.

WHAT is become of that Age when Nature continually ſmiled on Human Kind? That Golden Age the Picture of which ſtill pleaſes and delights us? This is a ſweet tho' vain and fruitleſs Wiſh.

But I do not here recall thoſe ſerene Days, and calm and happy Nights, when Nature was moſt gay, beautiful and charming; when FLORA had more Variety of Flowers, more Fruits POMONA. This is not what gives me the leaſt Chagrin or Uneaſineſs; no, I regret other Delights than theſe; naked Faith, and ſimple Candor. Virtues that poſſeſſed the Heart, and even an

Digitized by Google

an Ignorance of what was criminal and vitious.

Yes, these were the Treasures of this happy Age, when Discourse was not dress'd up with designing Art, nor Words and Thoughts fatally separated by an eternal Divorce. And what? will some one say, Were these Creatures Men? So singular in their Conduct, and so different from us!

Yes, this was certainly the Case, these good honest People were our Fore-fathers. And can you believe Gentlemen that you are their Posterity? That you are descended from such sincere Ancestors? Now a-days you give Lessons of continual Falshood, every Thing is deceitful and corrupted. Oaths and Promises are meer Songs; he is an Ass that trusts to the one, and a Fool that keeps the other.

To see our selves in this unhappy State, makes us at present regret no more the Golden Age. No, it would be too much to wish for the return of those blest Hours. The utmost of my Wishes is to have the Brazen * Age return, for at that Time flourished my beautiful Coquet.

---

* *The Poets said there were four Ages of the World, the Golden Age, the Silver Age, the Brazen Age, and the Iron Age.*

ONCE

Digitized by Google

ONCE upon a Time there was a Roſe growing in a fine Garden full of beautiful Flowers, which had an eager deſire to triumph over all the blooming Flowers of the Spring.

A youthful Butter-Fly with gay ſhining, painted Wings, fit to be her Favourite, at the riſing of the Sun ſighed out to her his tender Paſſion. The Roſe bluſhed and ſighed. In thoſe Days it was not ſo as with us, no room for long Delays, they ſoon ſtruck up the Bargain.

I am yours, my Soul, ſays he, and I am always yours, ſays ſhe, my Dear, my Life, my All, and ſwore for ever to be true.

The contented Butter-Fly left her for a Time, and did not return at Noon. And are all your Flames ſo lovely, ſo ſincere, ſo ſoon grown cold and languid? It is an Age (it was about three or four Hours) ſince you have paid your Vows to me the ſworn Miſtreſs of your Heart.

I've ſeen you, ungrateful as you are, in this very Place, wandring from Flower to Flower, and beſtowing thoſe Bliſſes which I claim my own. How have I ſeen you kiſs the Violet, the lillieſt

Digitized by Google

fillieſt and moſt aukward Flower alive, a Wretch no Soul regards in this Encloſure; but, ſwarthy as ſhe is, it ſeems ſhe has her Charms.

Nay, you've careſſed the ſenſleſs Tulip; paid your Devotions to that yellow faced Gill-flirt the Jonquille, and the Tuberoſe with her ſtinking Breath. Is it thus you betray me, perfidious Creature? And are you pleaſed in doing ſo?

My young Maſter the Butter-Fly anſwered her in the ſame Stile. You do well, Madam, Coquet as you are, thus to condemn my little Airs; but I have only done like you. For I muſt tell you, I am not ſuch a blind Fool, but have taken Notice of your volatile Amours.

With what exceſs of Pleaſure have I ſeen you ſmile at the endearing Breathings of the amorous *Zephire!* This indeed I could excuſe. But not content with that, I've ſeen you wonderfully pleaſed with the eager Kiſſings of the Bee. This ſweet Gentleman had no ſooner taken his leave, but like an Inſatiate, you admitted the rude Embraces of the clowniſh Hornet; nay, you have proſtituted your ſelf to every little ſcandalous Fly. In ſhort, you refuſe the Homage of no Chriſtian Soul. Every one is very wellcome it ſeems in his Turn.

PRO-

Digitized by Google

PROVIDENCE in Love has ſo ordered it, that Juſtice ſhould proportionably be diſtributed to every Body, it is therefore but highly reaſonable that a Coquette ſhould ever find a wandring and inconſtant Lover.

Digitized by Google

The ELM *and the* NUT-TREE.

FABLE VIII.

UPON the Brow of a high and lofty Mountain Lord of the neighbouring Plain, lived an Elm hard by a Nut-Tree. They were very good Friends, and frequently converſed together.

Says the Elm one Day to the Nut-Tree, Truly, my dear Friend, I have Reaſon to complain of my cruel Deſtiny; I am indeed very Tall, Green and Strong, but very Barren withal, no Fruit, let me do what I will; I ſhall never bear any that's certain; Nature has done me a great deal of Wrong: I make a fine Shade and that's all, and this vexes me to Death.

His

His Neighbour, the Nut-Tree, comforted him as well as ſhe could. I know it makes you uneaſy that you cannot have Iſſue like me; I have too much of what you want. But what would you have? Heaven beſtows its Graces as it pleaſes, not as we would have them. Why now, you are Higher than I by twenty Foot, this is Heaven's Gift to you, it has beſtowed others on me. I have undoubtedly, in all Reſpects, the better Fortune. Fruit certainly looks well upon us; and in my Opinion, a Tree that cannot bring forth Fruit is but half a Tree and no more. Comfort your ſelf then, my Dear, you will never get any Thing by Murmuring againſt the Gods; in ſhort, one muſt be content with what Nature has allotted us.

The babling Nut-Tree would have went on, had not a Company of Boys interrupted her Diſcourſe, and cruelly engaged her with Sticks and Stones. The poor Creature had not one Nut but coſt her a Wound at leaſt, for ſhe received a Hundred at a Time. Adieu now Fruit and Leaves, happy was he who could ſecure the moſt in his Pockets; but this was not all, without any Ceremony they climbed up, and unmercifully broke down her Branches and ſtripp'd her entirely.

Digitized by Google

At laſt, laden with Nuts, they retired under the Shade of the peaceful Elm, where they fell a cracking of their Prey, which they ſoon devoured. The Elm looked down and ſaw all; Well, ſays he, like a ſage Philoſopher, 'Tis a Misfortune sometimes to be too Useful.

Digitized by Google

The CAMELEON.

FABLE IX.

TWO of those Sort of Gentlemen who would see every Thing, tho' they travelled over all the World, who for the sake of saying, *I have seen it and ought to know it*, have (if you'll believe them) traversed the whole Globe.

In short, two Travellers (no matter for their Names) were once upon a Time trotting on in the Plains of *Arabia*, and discoursing of the Nature of the *Cameleon* *. A wonderful Creature this *Cameleon!* (says one of them) and very particular! I never saw

* *What is said here of the* Cameleon *has been asserted by Travellers.*

the like in my Life; his Head ſhaped like a Fiſh, his little Body perfectly *Lizard*, with his long Tail, his four little Paws with three Fingers, his Motion ſo ſlow, he can ſcarce travel a Foot in a Month's Time, and above all, his Colour deep Mazarine Blue and ——

Hold there I beſeech you, I muſt here beg your Pardon indeed Sir, for it is a beautiful Green; I have ſeen him with theſe two Eyes of mine very plain, and as long as I pleaſed; he was then basking in the Sun with his Mouth wide open, ſucking in the pure Air for his Dinner.

Don't be angry, replies the other, he is Blue, I obſerved him at better Advantage than you did, for he was then in the Shade. He is Green, I ſay. Blue, I tell you. You lie. And ſo they went to it, when there came by a Third. Hey Dey, Gentlemen, ſays he, what a Devil are you both Mad? Stop a little, and let me know the Cauſe of this Difference. With all my Soul, ſays one of our Combatants, and be you Judge of the Quarrel. Our Diſpute was about the *Cameleon*, and what Colour he was of. *Monſieur* here ſays he is Green, and I ſay he is Blue. Now, pray Sir ——

Agree, agree, ſays our grave Judge, for to tell you the Truth he is neither, he is Coal

Digitized by Google

Coal Black. Laſt Night, I am ſure, I examined him very carefully, and here I have him in my Handkerchief.

No, no, that is impoſſible, ſays one of the Contenders, he is Green, I'll give you my Word and Honour. He is Blue, by G———, ſays the other, and I'll lay my Soul on't.

* *Gentlemen, are you not a couple of very ſilly Fellows,* when I know he is Black, and to confute you both look here, and opened his Handkerchief, and the poor Creature, to the Aſtoniſhment of both Judge and Parties, appeared as White as Snow.

Get you about your Buſineſs, ſays the *Cameleon,* like Three childiſh Creatures as you are. You are all right, and all in the wrong. Believe henceforward there are Eyes as good as your own. Speak your own Sentiments, but don't be ſuch Fools as to imagine you can make every Man's Judgment ſubmit to yours.

To Man the whole Creation is a Cameleon.

---

* *Words a learned Perſon is very fond of in his Advertiſements.*

APOLLO,

Digitized by Google

APOLLO, MERCURY, *and the* SHEPHERD.

FABLE X.

MAN is ungrateful, it is his predominant Vice, he ſolicites a Benefit as a Grace and Favour, as ſoon as he has received it, it ceaſes to be ſo, 'tis then an Act of Juſtice.

When a prime Miniſter of State is made, his Palace muſt be enlarged for his Flatterers, but as ſoon as he ceaſes to be the Diſpenſer of high Poſts of Honour and Profit, he is left in a wretched Solitude, and deſerted even by his own Servants. The Crowd preſſes on where there is ſomething to be had, but when one has no more to give the Hurry is over.

This

Digitized by Google

This is the Way of the World, but is it juſt? Thoſe Pleaſures and Advantages which we receive from a gracious Hand, demand at leaſt our hearty Acknowledgment, to retain this Debt is to rob our Benefactor.

But let us, without any Views of Intereſt, oblige Mankind. Let the bare Honour and Reputation of ſerving them pay that Service. Virtue in this reſpect ſupplies the Place of Avarice, and pays her ſelf with her own Hands.

APOLLO the moſt obliging God alive, and *Mercury* the moſt waggiſh, laid once a Wager. People adore me for my Bounty, ſays *Apollo*, and me for my Ill-Nature, ſays *Mercury*, and I am ſure, for that Reaſon, to have more Votaries and greater Reputation. Come, let us make trial of our Authority, and he of us Two who has the firſt Sacrifice ſhall win the Wager. To this *Phœbus* readily agreed.

Apollo at that inſtant ſpied a Shepherd (who awakened the Ecchoes with the Sounds of his chearful Pipe) and threw a Preſent in his

Digitized by Google

his Way; this was a Stone, whereon were written theſe Words, *viz.*

In this Place lyes a Treaſure, APOLLO *tells you ſo.*

Is it poſſible? ſays the Shepherd, throwing by his Pipe. O Heavens! What Luck is this? Immediately he turns up the Stone and found the Treaſure. He looked at it with Eyes of Joy, and told it over. This Sum, ſays he, makes me Happy for ever, I'll buy an Eſtate, and ſet up a ſplendid Equipage; Adieu for ever my poor Flock, Adieu, *Colin* is no more your Man.

While he was in this Soliloquy, drunk with his good Fortune, his Thoughts wandred, and his Eyes roved, *Mercury*, the malicious God, ſtole it away in a moment.

Colin recalled his wandring Sight, and would once more have the Pleaſure of viewing the Golden Maſs before he removed, but, alas! it was no more. Juſt Gods, ſays he, and was this a Dream? No, I am awake, my Eyes are open, here is the Hole and the Stone too I juſt now turned up.

This ſaid, he looked a little nearer, and ſaw theſe Words inſcribed.

APOLLO

Digitized by Google

APOLLO *gave it you, and* MERCURY *has taken it.*

O Heavens! has *Mercury* taken it away? O cruel Deſtiny! At this poor *Colin* fell on his Marrow Bones. Take pity on me, dear God *Mercury*, ſays he, ſighing as if his Heart would break. Calm your Rage propitious Deity? I'll offer you the fineſt Lamb in my Fold.

He no ſooner ſaid this but it was done, and with Tears in his Eyes he ſets Fire to the Wood and the poor Beaſt expired.

Mercury laughed aloud in Heaven, and without troubling his Head with the Shepherd's impertinent Sacrifice and Prayers and Tears; Camerade, ſays he to *Apollo*, I've won the Wager by *Jupiter*.

Intereſt always prevails, Gratitude never.

Digitized by Google

The CHEESE.

FABLE XI.

TWO Cats had by ſome Means or other (no matter how) got a Cheeſe between them, to which they had undoubtedly an equal Right. Diſputes (as they often happen on ill gotten Goods) aroſe between them how to make an equal Dividend, and to end the Controverſy they mutually agreed Dame *Juſtice* ſhould decide it.

Well, away theſe Contenders go to a Monkey, a Neighbour of theirs, who was chief Clerk to a Judge that lived in the Village, and whom one would take for my Lord himſelf, eſpecially when he had his Furs and corner'd Cap on.

The

Digitized by Google

The Cheeſe was brought into Court before my Lord *Pug*, who ſitting on the Bench, with a very ſerious and demure Countenance (you muſt think) coughed, put his Thumbs into his Girdle, and commanded Silence.

This done, he very gravely divides it into two Parts, and holding up the Scales with one Hand, puts in the two Pieces with the other; We ſit here to do Juſtice, ſays he, and therefore let us weigh this Matter with Circumſpection. Let Equity always prevail, ſay I. So; but —— a —— this Piece here out-weighs the other a little methinks; and bites off a large bit.

O'my Conſcience, ſays he, I believe now it will do, but it happened the other Piece drew down the Scale. Cod-ſo, ſays he, now this Piece is the heavieſt, but I'll make both equal by and by, as you ſhall ſee, for I love to do the Thing that is right, and bites off another Piece for the ſame weighty Reaſon.

When he had made a third Trial one Scale only juſt drew down the other. 'Tis mighty well my Lord now, ſaid the Cats, pray give it us, we are very well ſatisfied.

Satisfied! why ay, you may be ſo indeed, quoth the Monkey, but if you are ſatisfied, Juſtice is not. You are a couple of ignorant Fellows (Lord, how was I miſtaken?) why now can you imagine that we will let Things

Digitized by Google

be decided after ſuch a groſs manner as you would have it. No, no, this is a nice Point, and we may perhaps direct a ſpecial Verdict (and began gently to nibble away from the larger Piece what he thought it might exceed the other in) and thus by ſtrict Rules of Juſtice he had pretty well devoured good part of both Pieces.

The two Antagoniſts ſeeing this, deſired however that they might have the reſt for their Share. Soft and fair, good Gentlemen, ſays the Monkey, you may retire if you pleaſe, for what remains belongs to me for my Fees. For we muſt do Juſtice to our ſelves as well as other People, ſo you may go about your Buſineſs, and thank God it is no worſe.

Could any Lawyer in the World have judged more *a propos*.

Digitized by Google

The ECLIPSE.

FABLE XII.

FAR from our Tales be mighty Energy; we leave the lofty Stile to thoſe daring Souls, who fired with heroick Ardor, celebrate the famed Exploits of Gods and Demy-Gods.

I, who write of Brutes, a ſimple Fabuliſt, muſt write moſt plain and eaſy, and follow Nature in her Tracts. We know this well, ſuch are our Rudiments: But ſtill let us be careful to avoid the *Low*, which borders too near on the *Familiar*.

An Author oftentimes has a mind to be plain and ſimple without Addreſs, and happens to be dull. No trivial Turn, no low

Digitized by Google

Images, *Apollo* expreſly forbids it, he will have one gracefully Ruſtick, and elegantly Popular.

This is not ſo eaſy, I allow it, but what then, ſays the Reader, this is not my Buſineſs, get over this Difficulty your ſelf. If your Works do but pleaſe me I never trouble my Head what Pains they may coſt you; but then you may depend upon it, I ſhall commend you, and ſurely this Salary well deſerves to be purchaſed.

You ſpeak good Senſe, dear Reader, and I allow this ſolid Way of Reaſoning. An Author muſt chuſe whether he will pleaſe or diſpleaſe, to write with Eaſe or Care. It is by Labour that one hides the very Air of Labour, which in our Writings is ſo diſguſting. A plain, beautiful Expreſſion comes out of ones Head, and appears eaſy and natural when perhaps it has coſt ſome Time to find it.

But let us return to the Stile of Fable, which muſt be eaſy, without Pride and Ambition, and have only, as Occaſion requires, a higher Tone, and when it is moſt convenient to the Subject. We know every Rule has its Exception.

La Fontaine is ſimple and eaſy 'tis true, and yet La Fontaine calls the Wind that tore up the Oak by the Roots, *The moſt terrible*

Digitized by Google

terrible Child that till then the North Wind ever bore.

He did well, the Fact deſerved it. And now I am juſt in the ſame Condition, I raiſe my Voice a little, and can you blame me? Can I do leſs when I am going to paint the full Glories of the Sun.

THE Sun was one Day travelling over the azure Plains of Heaven in his glittering Car, preceded by the Hours, his radiant Glories pierced through the Regions of the Air, and from the high Realms of *Olympus* diſplayed the fineſt Day that ever the World beheld.

The Earth grew more beautiful, fertile and luxuriant; *Flora* * ſhone in every Climate in her Embroidery and Tiſſue, and *Ceres* † with her golden Treſſes diſplayed her Treaſures in the ſcattered Plains. A Thouſand young Suns ſparkled in the Water. In ſhort, all Nature ſmiled, and it

* *The Goddeſs of Flowers.*
† *The Goddeſs of Corn.*

Digitized by Google

ſeemed as if the whole World had a mind by her Beauties to engage him to look on and admire her.

Ah! Says the Moon, this is too much, ſo much Splendor offends my Eyes. Does the Sun pretend to have the ſole Dominion of Heaven, and reign Lord Puramount there? I muſt deſtroy that pompous importunate Luſtre; ſo much Glory is injurious to my Perſon. I have a Thought in my Head, which when executed will teach the World what I am: It has ever belonged to Us to make beautiful and pleaſant Nights; let us now, by right of Conqueſt, ſhew we can make fine Days too. The Sun gives too much Light, what I beſtow is juſt enough.

What ſhe had projected the ſilly Fool put in Execution, and went and placed her ſelf between Us and *Phœbus*; and gave him Battle. But alas! What was the event of all this Struggle? Did ſhe ſhine more for that? No, on the contrary, this Adventure, which ſpread a horrid Darkneſs over the whole Horizon, teaches us, that my Lady Moon was only an obſcure Planet, and only borrowed her Light from the Sun her Brother.

Digitized by Google

BY this may Mankind ſee their Folly and Imprudence. We very often endeavour to make our ſelves eſteemed by ſuch mad Ways as ſerve to diſplay our jealous Inſufficiency the more.

MER-

Digitized by Google

MERCURY *and the* SHADES.

FABLE XIII.

MERCURY * once upon a Time conducted ſome Shades to Hell. The firſt was a young Lady, the ſecond a Father of a Family, the third a Hero, and the fourth, in ſhort, —— what d'ye think? —— why? a Maker of Verſes, a Poet, and't pleaſe ye.

Theſe were all of a Company, and followed the *Caduceus* † very gravely, enter-

---

* *One of the Employments of* Mercury *was to conduct Shades (or Souls) to Hell.*

† *This was the Name of the Wand* Mercury *received from* Apollo *in lieu of the Harp he gave him.*

taining

taining each other on the Road after this manner.

Alas! ſays the young Lady Shade, bewailing her Deſtiny, How they grieve for me above! My Lover (I read it in his Thoughts) dies for Sorrow. He has told me a thouſand Times (and in ſuch a moving Tone one could not but believe him) that in my Abſence Life it ſelf were nothing worth. What Love! what dear enchanting Words! what Sighs! what Languiſhments! each Moment faſter tyed the am'rous Chain. To love me, to pleaſe me, was all his Pleaſure, all his Glory. And though I'm dead, I'm ſure I ſhall live for ever in his Memory.

As for my Part, ſays the Father Shade, I've left ſeveral Children above well born, and a good tender loving Wife, tho' I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it, and they all loved me as their own Souls. I am very well ſatisfied in my Conſcience that this very Moment they lament me as they ought: And upon my Word they'll think of me with Regret a long while, depend upon't. Poor Creatures! Heaven comfort them.

P'ſhaw, ſays the Hero, what are you? I died glorioufly, after a thouſand Battles. I am well ſatisfied that this very inſtant the Cries of the People make my funeral Oration.

Digitized by Google

tion. My Name will never die, but through the whole World beget Aſtoniſhment and Wonder.

Well, and what then? Says our Rhymer with a ſtern Countenance, what ſignifies it to mention *Achilles* * after *Homer* †, they are not to be named in a Day, People will read me all over, and get me by Heart. God knows, while I am ſpeaking to you the World laments my Loſs.

Hark ye me good Folks, Miſtreſs, Father, Hero, Poet, ſays *Mercury*, you are every Soul of you confoundedly deceived.

As for you, pretty Miſs, with your ſoft, languiſhing, killing Eyes, your Lover comforts himſelf for Loſs of you with another that has captivated his Heart, to whom he ſighs and whines as he did to you, and talks of Darts and Flames and Fires.

And then, Sir Father, your Children are together by the Ears in dividing what you left them, and your dear good natured Wife is cheating them too, as faſt as ſhe can, but the Devil a Word of you all the while; they are thinking on nothing but their Shares.

---

* Achilles *was the Son of* Peleus *and* Thetis, *and the moſt valiant amongſt the* Greeks *at the Siege of* Troy.

† *A* Greek *Poet who writ the* Trojan *War.*

And

Digitized by Google

And now, Noble General, I muſt ſpeak to you, prithee don't be uneaſy at what is done above, for I do aſſure you they have already named your Succeſſor. He is the Hero of the Day; and his Renown has made him far more famous than his Predeceſſor.

And, Laſtly, Mr. *Author*, who could not comprehend that any one could out do you, you muſt know that every Soul above ſays that Death did mighty well in taking you away, for you began to grow very dull and ſtupid.

THESE Shades deceived themſelves, and we do juſt the ſame. When People are dead, like abſent Friends, they are no longer thought of. When we die we leave the World as it is. To reckon on its regreting us, *is to reckon without ones Hoſt.*

The

The CRAY-FISH.

FABLE XIV.

WE Inventors of Fables have a Right and Privilege to ſet off our Works with every Thing that is probable, nay, even with what is falſe. We can if we pleaſe give you for certain Truths the Chimera's of paſt Ages. Let a Fact be falſe, 'tis no matter, it is enough that it was once believed.

The *Phenix*, *Sphinx*, and *Sirens*, are all at our command. Theſe Inventions ſit well in Fable, and the Truth they bring with them to the Reader looſes nothing by the way. But why, perhaps you'll ſay, may we not make uſe of modern Examples, as well as thoſe of An-

Digitized by Google

Antiquity? What were your *Plinys** heretofore? Our Moderns are, if you believe their Teſtimony, as good.

They know how to reject the common Opinion, which has no other Foundation than the Peoples Credulity. They'll look and examine Things a hundred Times over, and doubt of a Fact atteſted by all the World beſides. Every Thing muſt be thoroughly diſcuſſed.

It is therefore upon the ſcrupulous Teſtimony of theſe Gentlemen I preſume to introduce into my Works one of the moſt curious Facts in the World.

The Cray-Fiſh, it is ſaid, may have new Claws; that is, as ſoon as one is broken another is kindly ſubſtituted in its room by Nature. A Claw then is a Magazine of Claws. You may laugh now, and fancy this a falſe Relation, but you may depend upon it, it is an undoubted Fact.

But you muſt take notice (by the way) that theſe new Claws do not grow with the ſame facility. There are ſome Places more favourable than others, and when ſhe has accidentally broken her Claw at a Place leſs

---

* Pliny *lived under the Emperor* Veſpaſian, *and the moſt conſiderable of his Works is his natural Hiſtory.*

Digitized by Google

proper for the Production of a new one, ſhe breaks it again at a Place more convenient *. This is ſufficient to premiſe. Come we now to the Fable.

A Cray-Fiſh once upon a Time went to ſeek her Fortune, but as ſhe was travelling along upon the Road ſhe had the ill Luck to break her Leg. So many Accidents are there in this World common both to Brutes and Men! No one, alas! is free. We are all born to Miſery, Care and Trouble.

But to return to our Female Traveller, the Cray-Fiſh moved on with a great deal of Pain. In ſhort, ſhe could hardly draw her Legs after her.

In this deplorable Condition, at the brink of a River, up ſtarts a Lady Frog (a young aukward Creature all in Green) who fancied her ſelf a Wit, that is, had a little ſmattering of Railery, but generally made uſe of it out of Seaſon.

---

* *This is an Obſervation of Monſieur* Reaumur *of the Academy of Sciences.*

Lord,

Digitized by Google

Lord, Creature, ſays ſhe, methinks you don't walk regularly, ſometimes to the right, and ſometimes to the left, backwards and forwards, hobling to and fro, and I don't know how, o'my Conſcience good Woman, you ſhould ſtay at home.

Not as you know of, ſweet Madam, ſays the Cray-Fiſh, I ſhall walk yet very well by the help of God. I have Legs enow in ſtore. Ay, ſay you ſo, ſays the Frog, and where good now do you put them? and toſſed up her Noſe with a ſcornful Smile.

No matter, ſays the Cray-Fiſh, I ſhall find them when I have occaſion for them, and I am juſt now going to make a better, and immediately broke her Leg a little higher than before.

Is that your Remedy? ſays the Frog. Indeed it is, replied the Cray-Fiſh. Well, ſays the Frog, much good may it do you, but I think this is like plunging ones ſelf into the Water for fear of wetting ones Feet.

Stay only five or ſix Days, ſays the other, and you'll ſee, and accordingly in that Time (thanks to indulgent Nature) there grew out a new Leg.

Digitized by Google

REASON ſometimes does that which has been done by Inſtinct. There are ſome Evils very difficult of Cure. Remedies are oftentimes apparent Evils. *To diſcern the Times, and to make a good Uſe of them, is not the Part of ignorant Perſons, but the Maſter-piece of the wiſe.*

The

Digitized by Google

The OYSTER.

FABLE XV.

TWO Gentlemen had a mind to ſee the World, and accordingly went on Ship-Board, where for ſome Days they went merrily before the Wind. Our Travellers were charmed with the fair Weather; and ſurely there could be no greater Pleaſure in the World than going to Sea.

But as there is nothing in this World to be depended on, and every Thing ſubject to change; ſo it happened, all of a ſudden a violent Storm aroſe, and the poor Veſſel daſhed againſt a Rock, and our two Companions were thrown upon a wild and deſolate Iſland, where a freſh Danger attends them, I mean a dreadful Hunger.

Digitized by Google

To ſatisfy their craving Appetites was their only Care, they travelled here and there, climbing up many a craggy Rock, but could diſcover nothing but a horrid and frightful Landskip, a barren Soil, no Fruit, nor Beaſt, nor Herb.

In this Perplexity, which laſted three or four Days ſucceſſively, they were walking on the Shore, and grown deſperate were reſolved to follow their Companions ſwallowed up by the Deep, when by chance they diſcovered a great number of Oyſters taking the Air with their Shells open.

Codſo, ſays one, we ſhall be very much obliged to the Sea if theſe Things ſhould be good to eat; upon which he takes one up, and dividing the Shells, Heavens bleſs my Eye-ſight, ſays he, this is frightful Meat, and quite turns my Stomach, fogh! I had rather die a thouſand Deaths than let a Morſel of it touch my Lips. Hunger is not worſe than Poiſon; and threw it into the Sea.

He was as reſolute as he ſaid, and pined away, and died with Hunger.

The other, reduced to as great an Extremity, was not quite ſo ſqueamiſh: Hang it, ſays he, I can but die if I taſte this ſame ſlip ſlop, and ſo I ſhall if I don't, and ſwallows it down with a curſed wry Face. Ah! Ah!

ſays

Digitized by Google

ſays he, excellent Eating ifaith! what a fooliſh Blockhead was that dead Puppy yonder? I never taſted the like in my Life, it has an exquiſite Flavour: And ſwallows two or three more.

What pity it is Mankind does not know the Goodneſs of it? What delicious Taſte! How cooling and refreſhing! And at every Oyſter he devoured made loud Exclamations of their Excellency. Long live this ſavoury Liquor, ſays he, for my part, I could be contented to ſpend the reſt of my Days with ſuch Proviſion.

Dame Temperance ſeeing this grew a little importunate, and cried aloud that he had eaten enough, but he was deaf to all Advice. I'll eat only one more, ſays he; well, now I will eat but this one, but by one and one the imprudent Glutton ſo gorged himſelf that he burſt his Belly.

YOU ſee here a Specimen of Humane Extravagance. We ruin our ſelves by Exceſs. And *when Reaſon goes to Law with Pleaſure and Repugnance ſhe is ſure to looſe her Cauſe.*

The

The CROW *and the* FAULCON.

FABLE XVI.

A Sturdy young Crow, in the very Flower and Vigor of his Age, over Hills and Dales uſed to get his Bread. Not far from his own Habitation lived an old Crow, all bald and gouty with Years (you ſee in old Age People are but in an ill State of Health) This old grave Gentleman was ſo weak he could not budge one ſtep out of his hole, and every moment expected he ſhould die with extremity of Hunger.

The

The young Crow happened to ſee a charitable *Faulcon* * carry ſome Victuals to the antient Crow. So, ſays he, this is very pretty, while my old Brother lyes ſnug in his Neſt, and makes good Cheer without ſtirring a ſtep from home, I, poor Devil, can ſcarce get Bread to eat, though I work from Morning to Night every Day in the Week, not excepting Saints Days and Holy Days.

Well, ſince Providence has furniſhed us Crows with Purveyors and Clerks of the Kitchen, I ſhall depend upon theſe Gentlemen the good natured Faulcons for my Subſiſtence for the future. And he acted accordingly, keeping himſelf very cloſe and quiet at home, and indulged himſelf in Indolence and Eaſe, expecting to gratify his Palate with delicate Entertainment at free Coſt.

His Belly had often ſtruck Noon, but no Faulcon came, at which he was highly affronted, and began to complain of the Inſolence of thoſe vulgar ill-bred Birds; however, he was reſolved not to ſtir, and contented himſelf with bitter Invectives and Complaints.

---

* *This Fact of the* Faulcon *bringing Food to the Crow is related by* Pilpay.

After

Digitized by Google

After ſome Days paſt in this lazy, idle manner, he found himſelf faint at Heart, and had a mind to go abroad, but alas! he was ſo feeble he could not ſtand, and the ſilly Fool died with Hunger a little after.

HEAVEN tells us, We ſhould hope for its Aſſiſtance, but one muſt diſtinguiſh between Caſes. Do what you can do. *Providence is a common Mother, Truſt in her, but do not tempt her.*

The

Digitized by Google

The MAN *and the* MERMAID.

FABLE XVII.

WHAT ſtrange Species is Man! Poor unhappy Mortal, where are your happy Days? You are ever hoping and deſiring, ſigh and wiſh, and languiſh a long Time for Enjoyment, and when you have obtained the Sum of your Wiſhes (deareſt Fruition) you ſtill complain and are unhappy.

A Thouſand and a Thouſand Projects perplex your Thoughts; when ſhall I be this? Or, when ſhall I be that? If Heaven grants your Wiſhes, you ſtill ask more, and ſtill are diſappointed. But the Fault is not in the nature of Things but in your ſelves. By framing wrong Ideas only you are cheated and deluded. Every

Digitized by Google

Every Thing in the World has two Faces, one beautiful, the other deformed. How charming is that Object! How happy ſhould I be in its Poſſeſſion! Which when you have experienced, the Scene is changed; how frightful is it then! How ugly!

That which we wiſh we ſee through a Teleſcope, but when enjoyed we turn the other end of the Perſpective.

THERE was a young Fellow once upon a Time, that was ſo fooliſhly Amorous as to fall in love with a Mermaid. He was continually on the Sea-ſhore, and pouring out Prayers and Tears to *Venus* *. He ſighed as if his Heart would break, and could ſcarce prevail with himſelf to retire when Night came on.

When in Bed, he could take no Repoſe, for his Thonghts were ſtill employed in contemplating the Beauties of his beloved fair One. He ran over every Line of her Face, and every Feature had its peculiar Charms. The whole Night, and every Night, was

* Venus *is the Goddeſs of Love and Beauty.*

paſſed

paſſed after this manner, and with Vows and Prayers to the Sun to haſten his approach, and bring on the wellcome Day, that he might enjoy the ſight of his lovely *Sirene* *.

O what Eyes are there! ſays he, in a Rapture. What charming Shape! what delicate Limbs! What admirable Symmetry and Proportion! and then, ye Gods! What enchanting Voice! What Divine Muſick dwells upon her Tongue! Sure Heaven it ſelf contains no ſuch Miracle of Excellence and Beauty, endued with ſuch like moving Graces!

In ſhort, the young Fellow languiſhed, and pined away for Love. *Neptune* † ſaw and heard all from his Throne bedecked with Pearl and Coral, and took Pity on the wretched Inamorato. There, ſays he, unhappy Youth, the Mermaid's yours, and quench your amorous Flame.

They were accordingly married; and he at the height of his Joys; the Night was paſs'd in ſuch ſoft Careſſes, and rapturous Endearments, which only ardent Lovers know. But the next Morning inſtead of a

---

* *Another Name for a Mermaid.*

† *The God of the Sea.*

Digitized by Google

fine Woman he found a Monſter in his Arms.

UNHAPPY Man! thy Diſguſts grow on thee in proportion to thy Tranſports. Before Enjoyment, in the height of Expectation, you ſee nothing but the Head and Body, but after Fruition the Tail and Scales appear.

The

Digitized by Google

The Ass *and the* Hare.

FABLE XVIII.

SOME Ages past (a long while before our Time) there happened a bloody War amongst the Brutes; and, with Submission to Instinct, they often act as foolishly as Men.

The House of Commons had a mind to be the higher House, to extirpate the Lords, or to Rump it; or, what else you'll call it. They armed accordingly, and met well accoutred in the Field, being fully resolved to try their utmost Skill.

The fatal Day of Battle arrived, when the Ass and the Hare offered their Service to the Commons; not to fight, no, that was not their Business; but they said, their

Digitized by Google

Talents consisted in rousing up the Courage of other Folks. The Ass, a most excellent Trumpeter (you would have taken him, by his artful Sounding, to be *Misenus* * of *Arcadia*) was to inspire the Warriors with martial Fire, and with his loud intrepid Voice force on a bloody Battle.

The Hare † was the Drummer, and therein it seemed consisted his Excellency. Their Post was behind a Hedge, where beginning their warlike Symphonies, they succeeded according to their Wishes. The Attack was begun, an obstinate Fight ensued, and the Field covered with a Thousand slaughtered Foes.

But our Trumpeter and Drummer soon grew useless, for, alas! (who would have thought it of the Good Old Cause) the Lords Army was full of shining Heroes, their Camp glitter'd with many an undaunted *Ajax* ||, and valiant *Achilles* ||, which struck such Terror into the Army of the Commons, that they very fairly took every Soul of them to their Heels, and the Word

---

* *A Trumpeter celebrated by* Virgil.

† *They say one may easily teach a Hare to beat a Drum.*

|| *Two of the most valiant* Grecian *Captains at the Siege of* Troy.

was,

Digitized by Google

was, *The Devil take the hindmoſt.* But the Aſs, with his Companion the Hare (who did not know what to do with his Drum) were taken behind the Buſh.

Our two Scoundrels were ready to die for fear; they trembled like Aſpin Leaves, and you would have ſworn they had gotten a violent Fit of an Ague, for they were told their Execution would put an end to that important Day.

They did all they could to obtain Mercy; they kneeled down, and with demure, puritanical Looks, and humble Expreſſions, alledged to the Conquerors that they were no Soldiers; never ſtruck a Stroke, not they, nor handled a Muſquet, nor, indeed, advanced one ſtep.

That may be, ſaid a grave Lord, but you excited others, and ſo, like a couple of ſeditious Pultroons, you ſhall both ſwing in a hempen Nooſe, that's all.

IN my Opinion, This was a very juſt Deciſion. *For to incourage an evil Action is the ſame Thing as to do it.*

Digitized by Google

The CRICKETS.

FABLE XIX.

ONCE upon a Time two Crickets, both Aldermen of a City, took up their Lodging in the ſpacious Palace of a certain great Man, a Miniſter of State, who, for ſome Reaſons, ſhall be nameleſs. And though they both lived a conſiderable Time under the ſame Roof yet they did not know it; for one lodged, it ſeems, like a Lord, in the Cabinet; and the other like a Footman, in the Anti-Chamber.

Sir *Humphrey Cricket* one Day ſallied out of his Chimney corner, and trotted a long from one Room to another with a great deal of Satisfaction, in viewing the fine Furniture, of which he was a good Judge (for his Father was an Upholſterer) and was reſolved to,

Digitized by Google

to make the Tour of the whole Houſe, as large as it was.

At laſt he came into the Cabinet, where he heard the other Cricket ſinging *Chevy Chace*. Good Morrow, good Brother, ſays he, good Morrow to you, good Sir *Humphrey*, if you go to that, ſays the other. Your humble Servant, ſays the Knight. I am always yours, ſays the other, pray ſeat your ſelf there. O, no Ceremony, I beſeech you! I beg you would make no Stranger of me, for I am at home, I lodge but here hard by in the Anti-Chamber, where I have ſeen my Lord receive many a Petition. Well, he is certainly a very wiſe Man. How he edifies me with his Conduct (with that he turned up the White of his Eyes) no manner of Intereſt! So much Modeſty and Equity! In ſhort, he is every Thing that is good. It is a Pleaſure to have a Cauſe depending before him. Right is ſure to take Place before ſuch a Judge. Well, God bleſs and preſerve ſo precious a Man for the Good of his Country.

Friend, ſays my Lord Cricket (for he was a Lord Mayor), you are quite deceived in your Man, I know him to the bottom. You take him in the Anti-Chamber without for what he appears to be, now I ſee him here as Nature made him.

For

Digitized by Google

For the Rich he has his *Baiſe les Mains* *, for the *fine* Ladies his *fine* Looks and Ogles! for the Favourites at Court the greateſt Obſequiouſneſs and Complaiſance in the World. Theſe are the Books which employ the Studies of a treacherous deceitful Heart. But this is the way of Courts.

However, don't you no longer be cheated and deluded with meer Out-ſide and Shew; let the Vulgar, the Populace, the Crowd, be pleaſed with Maſquerade. For us, my dear Brother, Let us not confound Things. *Let us diſtinguiſh two Men in one, the Man in private, and the Man in publick.*

---

* *Theſe Words, in* French, *mean Compliments.*

MINOS

MINOS *and* DEATH.

FABLE XX.

LET us laugh, ſing and be merry, and crown our ſelves with Roſes. May gentle *Zephirs* blow and refreſh us with their cooling Breezes. Let us indulge our ſelves in every certain, ſoft Delight; double our Doſes both of Wine and Love. *Haſte then, let's away*, and let no Mirth or Joy eſcape us, *For to Morrow we die.*

But this is a very bad Concluſion, with Submiſſion to Maſter *Horace*, and the old Sage of *Theos* *. They every where, in all

* Anacreon, *a* Greek *Poet, very voluptuous.*

their

Digitized by Google

their Writings, lay down this as a Maxim, but I in a few Words muſt inſiſt to lay down quite the reverſe.

Let us lay all Pleaſures by. Let us think on Juſtice. The Moments we defer doing this are loſt to us; nay, they are gained to Vice. *Haſte then, let's away*, to do good, *For to Morrow we die.*

Theſe Gentlemen make uſe of this Affirmative founded on approaching Death, to enjoy their Pleaſures, which only viewing through the wrong end of the Perſpective, they talked, but never ſeriouſly thought of it. *For he who really believes he ſhall die to Morrow, thinks how he ſhall live to Day.* It would be juſt to *ſcruple*, and do every Thing by Weight and Meaſure.

Minos *, and his Brother Judges, make no Account of Pleaſures below; Virtue is what they conſider. But to come to the Point.

LADY Death came one Day to pay a Viſit to my Lord Chief Juſtice *Minos*, who received her with loud Complaints.

* Minos, *with* Eacus *and* Rhadamanthus, *judged Souls in Hell.*

Your

Your meagre Ladyſhip ſends us now-a-days, nothing but a Company of pitiful, perverſe Scoundrels. Do the Good defy your Power, and laugh at your mortal Bow? There has not come to theſe lower Regions a good Soul the Lord knows when; nothing but diſſolute Voluptuaries, perfidious Traitors, covetous Miſers, debauched Husbands, faithleſs Wives, cruel Parents, diſobedient Children, tyrant Princes and rebellious Subjects, fill our dusky Plains, and theſe deſcend to us in ſhoals, and the whole Time of the Court is taken up in finding ways to puniſh them.

Tartarus * is brim full of them. *Megæra* † is quite broke; her Stock of Whips and Scourges are entirely exhauſted; if there come any more down, What, in the Name of *Pluto*, ſhall we do with them? The *Elyſium* || Fields are grown a perfect Deſart, and the happy Shades harbour no new Inhabitants.

Here and there indeed ſtraggle a few ſolitary Sages on the Bank of the River, and

---

* Tartarus *is that part of Hell where the Wicked are puniſhed.*

† *One of the three Furies.*

|| *The bleſt Abodes of good Men after Death.*

Digitized by Google

I am afraid they'll grow melancholy and diſcontented for want of Company. Well, Hell is no more like the Hell when I knew it firſt, than ——— Beſides, what ſignifies flowry Meads, refreſhing Woods, and a delightful Country? I am ſure unleſs you ſend us a Recruit all's loſt. We depend on you.

For my part, ſays Death, I aſſure your Lordſhip upon my Honour, I let none I can meet with eſcape me. But what for, if *Minos* diſapproves of every Perſon that falls by my Sickle? What is it to me, if they are bad, is it my Fault?

Yes indeed is it, and your Ladyſhip muſt excuſe me if I am ſo plain as to tell you ſo. You wound them without ſhewing your ſelf; uſe them a little more ſeverely; pierce them with a uſeful Terror; cure them of that epidemick Diſtemper that affects almoſt all Mankind, the Hopes of a long Life, and you'll ſee a wonderful Change in a moment: Make an Experiment of this only for your Diverſion, and *Elyſium* will ſoon be filled with Inhabitants.

With all my Heart, ſays Death, and away ſhe flew haſtily into the middle of a City, where ſhe took up her Lodgings. Here ſhe began to ſhew her Power, and made the moſt undaunted quake and tremble.

Digitized by Google

ble. She ſhewed her ſelf to every Body, and let them dream of nothing but a Sword hanging over their Heads.

Feaſting was now no more, no more fooliſh Balls and Maſquerades; every Body where-ever they went fancied they ſaw a frightful Skeleton preaching to them their Duty and the Fear of the Gods. Every Thing had a new Face. The Magiſtrate was juſt, and the Prieſt grew religious, the Husband diſcreet, and the Wife faithful, and Children obedient.

It is true, Death's Arrow they were afraid of, but then that brought along with it Wiſdom.

By proper Means ſhe made her ſelf beloved. This City became like that in *Greece* which *Plato* * of old would model; here were no Crimes of any kind ſoever.

Minos was ſatisfied, and *Elyſium* filled with Citizens.

---

* Plato *was a Philoſopher very famous in Greece, and wrote a Book, wherein he gives us the Idea of a Commonwealth in Perfection.*

Digitized by Google

COURT FABLES.

BOOK III.

ACHILLES *and* CHIRON.

FABLE I.

To Monſeigneur the Marſhal De VILLEROI.

SAGE and Illuſtrious VILLEROI, the ſecond of that Name in this important Charge *, to which high Office your Virtue has raiſed you, to what as of Inhe-

* *The Father of Monſeigneur the Marſhal de* Villeroi *was Governor to* Lewis *the Fourteenth.*

ritance

riance became your due. You are going, of our young King, to make a Rival to the *Macedonian* * Hero.

Nay, you'll do more, you'll make him great, but much wiser; he'll never go to *India* to seek another *Porus* †. LEWIS will be always Master of his Courage, ALEXANDER was a meer Slave to his, and ——— no more. You, my Lord, will never suffer a base Alloy that might one Day sully all his Virtues.

Remember that in your Hands reposes all the Hopes of the People whom he must one Day govern; that your Instructions now sow the Seed of those Fruits they must hereafter reap. Thus much to promise us is in effect to give it us already. Enjoy this your self before-hand, and in admiring the Effects of your august Pupil prevent even Time; and may your Fore-sight give you the Success of happy future Times.

In the early Pity and Compassion that tender Prince shews to the miserable and wretched, behold another *Titus* ||, ready to

* Alexander *the Great.*

† Porus *was a King of* India *with whom* Alexander *the Great had a mind to engage in Battle, having heard of his Valour.*

|| *A* Roman *Emperor, celebrated for his Liberality and Bounty, and surnamed* the Delight of Mankind.

Digitized by Google

give Relief and Succour to the Unfortunate; of eaſy Acceſs, comforting the afflicted, and preventing all our Wiſhes. And, even bewailing thoſe Days whoſe ſetting Sun ſees from his Hands no Benefit beſtowed.

That Oracle, thoſe moving Words *, wherein the Soul of dying *Lewis* yet reſides, his Son would ever have before his Eyes, and whoſe Heart is entirely attached to this precious Treaſure. How many Virtues does this Action promiſe? Do not you foreſee, my Lord, that Reaſon, like a Sovereign Queen, ſhall drive from his Royal Soul all blind Paſſion? Shall we not hence preſage Peace without Luxury and unmanly Pleaſures, War without Ambition, Succeſs without Pride, its Reverſe without Weakneſs, and an entire Reign animated with Religion?

Yes, VILLEROI, this is the Maſter you are to educate. His Birth has begun, 'tis your Office to complete the Hero. *To know how to make a great King is as much as to be one.* Read this Fable and you'll find it true.

---

* *The laſt Words of* Lewis *the Fourteenth, which the King would have written in Letters of Gold, and hung up in his Chamber.*

IN

Digitized by Google

IN antient Times *Peleus* was married in Heaven to the beautiful *Thetis* *. Nine Months after the fair One brought a Son into the World, ſo well did Love manage his Time.

He grew apace, and Reaſon began to diſplay it ſelf, a proper Education therefore became abſolutely neceſſary. But who could undertake this mighty Charge? No leſs than *Chiron* was to educate a Hero, a Demi-god.

This Perſon was wiſe, noble, valiant, nay, more than that, he was Just †; this Word ſays all, Inſtruction belongs only to the *Juſt*. Such a one was the Governor of *Achilles*. *Chiron* took ſuch Care, that every Virtue in his Royal Soul ſhould have its proper Place, and, thus by his ſure and loyal Conduct, every Vice was exterminated, An-

* Thetis *was Goddeſs of the Sea, beloved by* Jupiter, *who being told by the Deſtinies ſhe ſhould have a Son greater than his Father, married her to* Peleus.

† *It was ſaid* Chiron *was the firſt that taught Mankind Juſtice,*

Digitized by Google

ger only excepted: This was innate in *Achilles*, otherwiſe he never offended againſt the Rules of Morality.

The Gods place the Virtues of Heroes to their Governor's Account. Vice was ever held ſhameful in a Prince. *Chiron* uſed all his Skill to cure this Evil, and therefore was himſelf enrolled amongſt the Gods. It is *Sagittary* * that yet ſhines amongſt the Signs Cœleſtial an eternal Monument: From whence we learn how we participate of the Virtues of others. Thoſe generous Efforts which we inſpire are accounted as our own.

But here, O VILLEROI, you muſt permit me to make an Obſervation on my Fable. *Achilles* had an incurable Vice, LEWIS, thank Heaven, has none; he offers up a Heart ſuſceptible of every Virtue, and Heaven has expreſly formed him for our Good. You are more valuable than CHIRON, He better than ACHILLES, and the Conſequence is eaſy. You muſt give him to us perfect, we'll bate you nothing.

---

* *One of the Twelve Signs of the* Zodiack.

Digitized by Google

The CLOCK *and the* SUN-DIAL.

FABLE II.

THE Clock one Day inſulted the Sun-Dial. Pray, Neighbour, ſays he, what is it a Clock? Now, you muſt underſtand, the Sun did not ſhine. I cannot tell you, ſays the Dial. Why, what do you do there then if you don't know? I wait the coming of the Sun, replies the other, for without him I know nothing.

Wait then if you will for him, ſays the Clock, for my part, I have nothing to ſay to him; I can always go my way without him, thank Providence. Once in ſeven Days a little Turn of a Hand is ſufficient for me a whole Week together. I go continually,

Digitized by Google

tinually, and it is not in vain the Hand walks round my Dial Plate. Hark, the Hour ſtrikes this very moment, One, Two, Three, Four, it is juſt ſo much.

But while the Clock was ſo poſitive, the Sun broke out through a Cloud, and looked full upon the Sun-Dial, which, ever faithful to his Guide, ſhewed it to be Four and Three Quarters. My Child, ſays he, to the Clock, you muſt reckon again, you are behind hand in your Account. You brag, indeed, that you can tell without heſitation what People enquire of you; however, he that truſts to you may be deceived you ſee; take my Advice, and do like me, if I don't ſee very clearly I ſay I don't know.

TO ſpeak little and well, is the Character of a wiſe Man.

Digitized by Google

The SPECTACLES.

FABLE III.

EVERY Man abounds in his own Senſe, but we are made ſo, all of us, I except none, the manner after which I ſee, think and reaſon, I ſhall ever maintain againſt you to be good, while you believe me on the other Hand, to be in the wrong.

That which appears to me to be true, you think a mighty Error, and we agree in nothing. But how, I beſeech you, do you prove I'm in the wrong? Is it becauſe you ſay you are in the right? I ſay the ſame to you. Confidence is our Fortreſs and Defence. Which of us is opinionated? For my part I cannot yield to you; will you to me? I ſpeak it once again, we are all alike, every one is an Idolater to his own Opinion.

ONE

Digitized by Google

ONE Day *Jupiter* being Merry over a Bowl of Nectar, was resolved to make Mankind a Present. *Momus* * was to carry it, who, mounted on a rapid Car, traversed the large Plain of Heaven.

Come, says he, come hither happy Mortals, for you great *Jupiter* opens his gracious Hand. He has, it is true, made you somewhat short sighted, but to repair that Inconveniency, see what he has sent you, upon which he opened his Portmanteau, the Spectacles tumbled out by Thousands, and Mankind picked them up.

There was enough for all; every Man had his Pair, giving great *Jupiter* thanks in finding such Means to supply our feeble Sight. But, however, these Spectacles shewed Objects quite different from what they were, for one Pair was Blue, another Purple; some Black, some White, some Green; in short, of all manner of Colours. But, notwithstanding this Diversity, every Man was charmed with his own, as believing he had the best, and enjoyed in Error all the Pleasure of Truth.

* *The God of Mirth and Raillery.*

The Two PIGEONS.

FABLE IV.

IN ſome Parts of the * World Pigeons are the Letter Carriers. Two of theſe Gentlemen having been ſent different Ways, met each other, at laſt, in the Air. Well met, ſays one, come, let us retire to yonder ſpreading Palm, let's prattle a little, pray what News? Does your Miſtreſs continue to love *Us*? By *Us* I mean *Damon* (this, you muſt know, was his Maſter's Name.)

---

* *They ſay in the* Levant *it is uſual for two Perſons to correſpond after this manner, by tying Letters about Pigeons Necks.*

Digitized by Google

Love you! ſays the other, Yes, I do aſſure you, and with a ſincere and hearty Paſſion too, the greateſt in the World, I bring him now a Letter. And how do you know all this when you cannot read? O! I am certain of the Truth of what I ſay by a thouſand Signs. I obſerved the charming *Iris* as ſhe writ: Her Eyes changed at every Line; ſometimes all o'Fire, then Soft and Languiſhing. I read her Thoughts and Words by every little Action, and I know exactly the bottom of her Soul. Sometimes ſhe reproached, and then immediately excuſed her Lover; then reſolved never to love him more, the next Sentence vowed ſhe would love him for ever, afraid that *Damon* would be inconſtant, and preſently after credulouſly hoping ſhe ſhould fix his Heart. You ſee plainly now, though I cannot read, yet I can tell you the whole Contents of fair *Iris*'s Letter. I forgot to tell you it is long, and if I muſt ſpeak out, ſhe did not ſtudy it, it was artleſs all, and nothing but her very Soul.

O! how I pity *Iris*! ſays the other, *Damon* is the moſt ungrateful Wretch in the World. *Iris* receives a Billet from him now; ſee here, it hangs about my Neck, but it is very ſhort, three Lines, and the poor Man was four Hours ſtudying how to write

Digitized by Google

write it. Well, give me the Paſſions of a ſudden Eloquence. We need not ſeek elſewhere for lively Airs, theſe are Originals, a Man copies with Pain, and very often the Imitations are bad.

But you'll ſay, How came this? Where made he theſe ſtrong Conjectures by his Art? Where do you think? in his own Dove-Houſe. Pigeons are by Nature and Condition Lovers.

EVERY ONE SHOULD KNOW HIS OWN TRADE.

Digitized by Google

The FROGS *and the* CHILDREN.

FABLE V.

HEAR what I say, ye Kings and Princes of the Earth, you set up for noble Sentiments. To wage War, conquer Provinces and Nations, are your Amusements. But don't you know at the same Time that we the People are the Victims of these your Diversions? Well, it will only cost us a few Men, say you. And is that nothing? You know well how to cast up your Treasures, but the Lives of the Wretched are nothing but meer Cyphers. A fine Arithmetick this which your Politicks have introduced into the World!

IN

Digitized by Google

IN Frogland the People lived in Peace; grumbling and croaking as they pleaſed. While the Frogs were in this happy State, a Company of Boys came down to the Marſh, to diſturb their Quiet and Tranquility.

Hark ye, my Lads, ſays one of them, I have found out a very pretty Play, an innocent War. He that throws his Stone the fartheſt ſhall be our King. Done, ſaid they, agreed, and to it they went.

The Stones flew like Hail, every one had a mind to be Conqueror. Children, you ſee, are like Men, they love Honour. The whole Marſh was covered with Stones in a moment, and the poor Frogs had no Place to retire to. One had his Shoulder put out of joint, another complained he had his Ribs broken, this (to ſpeak in the Language of the *Greek* Poet *) received a Contuſion in the Place where the Neck joyns

* Homer, *who writ the* Trojan *War, and often gives Anatomical Deſcriptions of Wounds.*

Digitized by Google

to the Breaſt, and that died of a great Wound in his Chine.

At laſt the ſtouteſt of them lifting up his Head, Hark ye, my Maſters, ſays he, for God's ſake move a little farther off for your Diverſions; chuſe a King at a gentler Play than this. This is no Play for us, your Paſtimes coſt us our Lives; ſhall we, O Princes, be always Frogs in your Opinion?

The

Digitized by Google

The BEAVER *and the* OX.

FABLE VI.

THEIR High Mightineſſes the Beavers in *Canada*, ſet up for a free People, ſuch as were thoſe conquering Folks * whom *Romulus* founded on the Banks of *Tiber* †.

One of theſe amphibious Gentlemen happen'd once upon a Time to be taxed of Clowniſhneſs by a certain Ox. Clowniſhneſs! ſays the Beaver, nay, my Friend, now you forget your ſelf, but Reflections aſide, let us reaſon together. What Foun-

---

* *The* Romans.

† *The River that runs through* Rome.

Digitized by Google

dation have you for that Reproach? And in what conſiſts our Clowniſhneſs in your Opinion?

That's eaſily anſwered, ſays the Ox, 'tis becauſe you run away when you ſee a Man, that great Doctor of Civility. You have no ſuch Thing amongſt you as Treaties and Alliances. Man is a Creature favoured with Science; the wiſeſt and moſt diſcreet of other Animals go to School to him; he knows much more than we do; and, in reality, to live with him is to become ſo much the more Polite and Genteel.

It is true, there have been a great many wonderful Things ſaid of you, and my Ears are filled every Day with what I can by no means conceive. They ſay you are good Builders, and that it is a Pleaſure to ſee your Management, and your Houſes three Stories high. You have Dykes and Cauſeys of all Sorts; you carry Earth and Wood where-ever you pleaſe; you are, People ſay, both Wheel-Barrows and Maſons.

But, what ſignifies all this? In ſpite of all Endeavours it is impoſſible to civilize you. Man ſays he looſes all his Labour in trying to make you Tractable and Genteel.

And call you this being Clowniſh and Ill-bred? Says the Beaver. Moſt certainly, replies the Ox. Now, ſee how you are miſtaken,

Digitized by Google

miſtaken, ſays our Republican, for this is nothing but the higheſt Prudence in the World, for without this Conduct, how is it poſſible we could live Independent? Should we act after the ſame manner as you do, and make our ſelves familiar with Man, they would make us their Servants to draw for them, carry Burdens, and build *their* Houſes, not *ours*. Alas! who is there that does not ſee your Yokes and Collars? By your Misfortunes we foreſee our own.

TO keep at a Diſtance from thoſe who are too Mighty for us, is not Stupidity but good Senſe.

The

The Two SPRINGS.

FABLE VII.

SOME Time ago two Springs, Daughters of the ſame Mountain, began their Courſe. One rolled down into the Country with a mighty Noiſe, the Waves tumbled haſtily one over another, while the other Spring moved very gently along with ſo ſtill a Current, you could ſcarce hear the Sound of its Waters.

Siſter, ſays the noiſy Spring, You won't go very far, I can tell you, with that ſauntering Pace; 'twill not be long before you are dried up depend upon't, while I rowl along in triumph, and ſhall ſoon be reckoned a River. I'll hold a Guinea, that in a little Time I ſhall be big enough to bear a Boat;

Digitized by Google

Boat; after that I make no doubt but to extend my Banks, and make whole Territories hear my Voice, and bring Trade and Commerce through my whole Juriſdiction; and then, with mighty Pomp and Majeſty, pay my Tribute to the Ocean. Adieu Child, to arrive at my happy Deſtiny I muſt make all poſſible haſt, I ſhould be much to blame elſe. As for your part, you'll never riſe higher than a Rivulet, but take all patiently. Once more, good Siſter, adieu.

The other knew not what Anſwer to make to this proud and haughty Language, but continued on her gentle Courſe. She opened her ſelf a Way, and fell ſoftly down into the Meadows, taking along with her a Thouſand little winding Rivulets, that waſhed their flowry Banks; and thus, by degrees, her Waters ſwelled, and ſhe grew a mighty River. A thouſand Mariners were ſeen upon her Coaſts; ſhe had her beautiful Bridges, and gave Suſtenance and Habitation to whole Nations of the ſcaly Herd; water'd whole Countries and made them fruitful; and many a River was glad to throw its Waters into hers. And thus by Degrees the deſpiſed Spring became a River of a large extent, while the proud Spring, who ſometime before inſulted and deſpiſed her, and thought

Digitized by Google

thought by her own Strength to make her ſelf great and powerful, remained only a little Stream, and thought her ſelf too Happy, at laſt, to throw her ſelf into the Arms of her Siſter.

IN vain does the proud Fool make himſelf the Object of his own Admiration and Applauſe; but let no one expect any Thing great from thoſe who truſt in their own Sufficiency.

IN THIS WORLD WE HELP ONE ANOTHER.

The

Digitized by Google

The CATERPILLAR *and the* ANT.

FABLE VIII.

ONE had as good not write at all, as to write barely for Amuſement. To ſpeak, and ſay nothing, is an Abuſe to Language. It is to you, Authors, I addreſs my Diſcourſe, you ſpoil the Profeſſion by your whipt Cream and Froth. When I conſider you, I can take you for nothing but a Company of Jack-Puddings, applauded by Fools, and hiſſed at by the Wiſe.

All your Diſcourſes (if they deſerve that Name) are no better than Feats of *Legerdemain*, fit only to pleaſe the Vulgar, in which Word I comprehend even thoſe of higheſt Rank, for there is the *great* Vulgar and

and the *ſmall*. However, I will not tell them ſo to their Face, but like a diſcreet Author, whiſper it into my Readers Ear.

But do you think, becauſe in this I blame you, that you are faulty in nothing elſe? Whilſt pleaſing your ſelves with your own vain Fictions, you go about with frightful Beauties to ſet off and imbelliſh Vice and unlawful Paſſion.

Indeed, in this reſpect, I own you admirable; there are others worſe than you I grant; but then, in this Conceſſion, do you imagine you are a good Sort of People? This is no Conſequence. I would puniſh an Author who ſtudies to do hurt, as a Diſturber of Society, and would caſhire another, who knows not how to inſtruct, for an inſignificant uſeleſs Animal.

Every Man is bound to ſerve his Country; the Soldier with his Blood; the Prieſt with his Zeal; the Judge maintains Order, and ſaves the little from being cruſhed to Death by the great, and the faithful Merchant keeps for all our Wants his choiceſt Stores. But, for Heaven's ſake, what does the Commonweal require from my Brother Authors? Is it not, that every Soul of them employ all their Talents to cultivate and improve the Mind, and correct Immoralities?

Cur ſe

Digitized by Google

Curſe on thoſe frivolous Scriblers, who are accuſed, and convicted of neglecting this great Good! What Fruit, what Recompence or Return, do they expect from their vain Babbling? Is not *Nothing* the Reward of *Nothing*?

For my part, I would remove this Scandal, at leaſt I endeavour to ſtick cloſe to my Profeſſion. I beautify, as well as I can, ſome little Pieces of Morality: Let any other do it better; I ſhall be the firſt to thank him.

MAdamoiſelle the Ant was ſcuttling along the Road, giving her ſelf abundance of *French* Airs when ſhe met a Caterpillar that could hardly move along. The Bleſſing of Heaven go along with you, Madam, ſays he to the Ant, and made as handſome a Leg as any Caterpillar of them all.

But the Ant was too ſtiff in her Behaviour to return Civilities, but toſſed up her Head with a diſdainful Air. Poor Animal! ſays ſhe, how I pity thee! For indeed, poor Thing! between you and I, no Soul alive

Digitized by Google

can believe but Nature has been very defective in making of you. Who, in the Name of God, would take thee for a Creature? Who look'ſt like a Thing half made, which Nature, not liking, threw by unfiniſhed.

For my part, Dame Nature has dealt otherwiſe with me (God be praiſed) and put me into a little better Form: I go and come at my eaſe, and am as nimble about the Legs as any Lady of our Country; can dance Minuits and Rigadoons with ſuch a ſwimming Air, that I have made many Monſieur fall in Love with me. And then —— But I talk too much for one of my Quality to ſuch little Creatures, and ſo, poor creeping Thing adieu, for I am going to the Maſquerade.

The humble Caterpillar was ſtruck Dumb at this haughty, diſdainful Language, retired into his Shell, and went to work; but juſt in the very inſtant he was coming out the proud Ant paſſed by. The Caterpillar came out a beautiful Butterfly. Stop a Moment, for God's ſake, ſays he to the Ant, I would adviſe you never to deſpiſe any Body. There is no one in ſo mean a Condition but may one Day change his Fortune. You ſee me now in the Air, and you muſt creep as long as you live.

The

Digitized by Google

The WASPS *and the* ELEPHANTS.

FABLE IX.

TWO Armies were in the Field, both animated with equal Courage, but their Forces were vaſtly different. A long Rank of Elephants with Towers on their Backs, full of expert Archers, covered the Front of one. The other had none of theſe, and had nothing to depend upon but their Courage.

At laſt the fatal Inſtant comes, the Charge is ſounded, and the Signal given. The Elephants began to advance, and from their wooden Towers the Arrows flew as thick as Hail. For ſome Time the Victory was du-

Digitized by Google

bious, but at laſt the leſſer Army unable longer to withſtand ſuperiour Force gave way.

Victory then declared her ſelf of the Elephants ſide, and the conquering Monſters filled the Air with their tumultuous Clamour, which returned in frightful Ecchoes.

In the midſt of their Triumph fled by a ſwarm of Waſps, who were not ſo deaf but could hear their confuſed Harmony, and like good Chriſtians, took pity on the vanquiſhed Army, and averſion to the hideous Shoutings of our bulky Conquerors. Come Children, ſays the Father Waſp, let us puniſh this vain Oſtentation. Let us fall upon theſe hugh Proudlings, and do ſomething too, to be talked on.

This was no ſooner propoſed but put in Execution; there was never a Hide of them all, ſo hard but felt their Rage, and were it greater Gentlemen (buzzed they one to another) i'faith you ſhould have it; we'll teach you to whom Fortune will decree the Glory of Conqueſt, and immediately they began to dart their ſharp Stings into the Elephants Eyes: Some got into their Ears, whilſt others crept into their Trunks, and plagued them to that degree, that grown quite mad and deſperate, they turned back

on

Digitized by Google

on their own Army, broke their Ranks, and diſperſed them.

Which when the conquered Army perceived, they took new Heart, and renewed the Battle; their Courage then turned to Rage, they gave no Quarter; in ſhort, never was ſuch a dreadful Slaughter ſeen, not a Soul eſcaped to tell the News, and the Field groaned under Mountains of the ſlain.

This gave a fatal Change to a flouriſhing Empire, every Thing had a new Face: The King was dethroned, and a Stranger placed in his Room.

Hiſtory has given us many nice Reaſons for this Revolution; the vanquiſhed Army, though greater in Number, yet had no Management; their Officers did not well underſtand Diſcipline: Or, that the Conqueror (wiſe as *Ulyſſes* *) had gained ſome of the Soldiery in the other Army, and that it was thoſe Traytors that were the Occaſion of their Diſorder, and a Thouſand ſuch like Stories, as Hiſtory is frequently full of, where the Conjectures of the Hiſtorian paſs

* *One of the* Greek *Captains at the Seige of* Troy, *famous in Military Policy.*

Digitized by Google

for the greateſt Truths, and are firmly believed as Articles of Faith.

But not one Syllable of the Waſps. And why ſo? I'll tell you, *Great Events muſt have great Cauſes.* This is a fixed Maxim. But he who knows the Truth of Things, is very well ſatisfied that,

THE GREATEST REVOLUTIONS IN THE WORLD HAVE ARISEN FROM TRIFLES.

Digitized by Google

The SHEEP *and the* BUSH.

FABLE X.

SOME People are for having a Fable to be ſhort, and they are in the right of it; but Exceſs in any Thing is good for nothing. He who ſpeaks too little can't be ſaid to ſpeak well. To be Dry is not to be agreeable.

Æſop himſelf was too conciſe, and I have often wonder'd at it, for he was a *Greek*, and they are great Talkers in that Country, witneſs our Divine *Homer*. Theſe two Story-Tellers were not one bit alike. One by an infinity of Verſes tells us one muſt agree. Go ask the other, and he diſpatches you in two Words. Theſe two Extremes I can by no means reliſh. We do well to avoid a long Rhapſody. And as we are obliged to ſay nothing too much, ſo on the other Hand, we ought to ſay enough.

La

Digitized by Google

La Fontaine well underſtood his *Laconick* Original. Every Thing flows in his Verſe; the meaneſt Animal is eloquent. Every Thing has Sentiment and Moral. All Things converſe, and one would think we were amongſt thoſe of our own Species. Precept gently glides under his agreeable and delightful Garb.

He is my Maſter, and I have the Vanity to boaſt of it. By his Example and Authority, I give my Tales a competent Extent. However, for Variety ſake, I here preſent you with one without any Dreſs at all.

A Sheep to ſhelter her ſelf from a Storm, retired under a wide ſpreading Buſh of Thorns, where, indeed, ſhe ſaved her ſelf from the Rain, but left good part of her Wool behind. And don't you think ſhe did very wiſely?

Pray all Clients make a Comment upon this my Fable. You go to Law for nothing at all, or for very little, at the Expence of a great deal of Trouble, Time and Money, and then you get your Cauſe, and recover Coſts. But did you ever know the Coſts pay your Charges?

The

Digitized by Google

The LION, *the* FOX, *and the* RAT.

FABLE XI.

THE Lion and the Tyger had been a long while at War together, but at last the Lion proved the Conqueror. The whole Earth was dumb in his Presence, and the animal World acknowledged him their Sovereign Lord. Every Species sent their Deputies to pay Homage to the King. And so like another *Ulysses* *, after some Dispute, *Reynard* was made choice of to go and compliment his *Roaring* Majesty, who told him, That his Front was so

* *All the Poets celebrated his Eloquence.*

Noble

Noble and Majeſtick, that he of all Beaſts alive deſerved beſt to wear a Crown. That he was like *Jupiter*, who when ſeated on his Throne, could make Heaven tremble with his Nod, and frighten the inferior Deities by knitting of his Brows.

And juſt ſo was the Lion, he made the whole World tremble when he pleaſed, that his Pleaſure was a Law, and every Species of Animals owned him for their Sovereign, that they were his faithful Vaſſals, his Slaves, and that he might play with other Creatures as a Cat does with a Rat.

This Diſcourſe was not over pleaſing to the Rat, who made Mows at him behind his Back. Z——nds, thought he, here's fine Doings indeed, if I am not even with you I'm much miſtaken. However, the Lion being charmed with Reynard's Harangue, gave him a Warrant for a good round Sum, payable at a certain Time by Count *Dregen* his Lord Treaſurer. The Monkey, as Secretary of State, drew it up in Form, who preſented the Fox with the Royal Grant, ſigned LION in Capitals, and a little lower PUG.

Reynard kiſſed the Royal Paw, and concluded now his Fortune was made, and dream'd of nothing but Ducks, Geeſe, and Poultry, which he would buy cheap, but the miſchief

Digitized by Google

miſchief of it was, he had not yet finger'd the Money.

On the other Hand, the Rat grumbled in his Gizzard, and meditated Vengeance, for Reynard's Speech to the King in Council ſtuck in his Stomach, and he burnt with Revenge: And accordingly takes an Opportunity when the Fox was abroad, and whips into his Apartment, and gnaws the Warrant all to pieces.

Thus what the *flatter'd* Lion laviſhly beſtowed, the offended Rat deſtroyed.

PLU-

Digitized by Google

PLUTO *and* PROSERPINE.

FABLE XII.

IMmediately after the amorous PLUTO had forcibly carried away PROSERPINE, her Mother CERES made loud Complaints of the Injuſtice of the infernal Monarch. Nay, ſhe flew up to Heaven, and filled the cœleſtial Apartments with her Complaints. *Jupiter*, ſays ſhe, and will you ſuffer *Pluto* thus to murder me? I've loſt my Daughter. Alas! if it be juſt to take her from me, take from me my Immortality.

Your Caſe gives me much Trouble, good Madam, ſays *Jupiter* to *Ceres*, that younger Brother of mine is of an uncharitable Humour, and always keeps what he has: However, compoſe your ſelf, I beſeech you; and that

Digitized by Google

that I may have Peace in my Family, I've found out an expedient which *Fate* ſhall put her Seal to, which is this, ſix Months of the Year he ſhall keep your Daughter, the other ſix ſhe lives with you. This is my Decree. Here *Mercury*, go and carry it to the God of Hell.

Heaven's Meſſenger obeyed, and ſwift as a Thought ſhot down to the gloomy Regions, and informed *Pluto* of the Decree, who was not very well pleaſed you muſt think, but fell a grumbling moſt horridly; What, ſays he, and does my Brother think to curb my Deſires, and pretend to limit me my Pleaſures? We let him and his alone, and 'tis but reaſonable for us to expect the ſame from him. Shall I only poſſeſs my dear charming Beauty but ſix Months in the Year! How ſhall I live the other ſix? Is a whole Eternity too long to adore her in?

You have, indeed, Reaſon to complain, ſays *Mercury*, but Fate has ſo ordered it. Such as it is you muſt ſtand by it now; you would do well to acquieſce in it, ſince there is no Remedy.

Well, *Proſerpine* was married, and it was high Holiday in Hell; every Torment ceaſed, nay, they ſay, that in *Tartarus* *, as

* *That part of Hell where the Poets feigned wicked Souls were punished.*

well as in the *Elyſium* Fields, they danced at the Wedding.

About fifteen Days after *Pluto* told his Wife that ſhe muſt be forced from his Arms. In ſhort, ſays he, my Dear, the Time draws on when you muſt leave me. Here we can neither count Days nor Months; our immoveable Stars * know not how to meaſure Time; but this I know, that many a Moment has paſt ſince my Heart has been at Peace. We muſt part. O fruitleſs Regret! The Time of your Return however, is a long way off, ſix Months at leaſt, an Age, an Eternity.

Well, about a Fortnight after this Separation, *Pluto* began to grow very uneaſy, he wonder'd at the length of the Time. What, ſays he yawning, theſe ſix Months are terrible long. After two Fortnights more had paſſed, he began to ſuſpect *Jupiter*'s Sincerity; he fancied he had a mind to trick him, and not ſtand to the Clauſe of ſix Months. This put him upon freſh Complaints, but he might complain as long as he pleaſed, he muſt ſtay as well as his Lady, *Proſerpine*, till the Time prefix'd by Fate

* *The Antients believed that* Elyſium, *the Reſidence of happy Souls, received Light from particular Stars of its own.*

was

was come. But when *Mercury* came to restore her, his infernal Majesty had ten Times more Pleasure than before; but in a little while he grew perfectly indifferent.

O! *What mighty Charms do we suppose in a Good we wish for and desire, but when we have a Time enjoyed the Object of our Wishes, how does that Good decrease? Every Day lessens it somewhat, till at last it grows intirely disagreeable.*

Digitized by Google

JUDGMENT, MEMORY, *and* IMAGINATION.

FABLE XIII.

JUDGMENT, Memory, and Imagination; What ſtrange Actors are theſe, ſay you, in a Fable! But whoever makes ſuch a Criticiſm, has n't them all Three, upon my Word.

Judgment would tell him that theſe three Perſonages make as good a Figure in Fable, as the Fox, the Wolf, and the Lamb; and let him conſider whether I have been able to form theſe Images to make a a good Picture. Every Thing is allowable, provided from the Tale there reſults ſome Truth.

The

Digitized by Google

The Fable lies in the Morality; when an Author goes directly to that, the Reader has what he desires, if he trifles and quibbles he has a wretched Taste. The Actors (who or whatever they are) signify but little, and one is at liberty to make choice of those one likes. If I am contradicted here I shall always maintain it, that to end the Dispute one must appeal to the best of Judges, that is, to good Sense; and if my Antagonist will not subscribe to this, I shall not submit to him.

Besides, to follow a Rule strictly, according to the Letter, very often looses all its Life and Spirit.

LORD Judgment, Lady Memory, and Miss Imagination (tho' neither Fable nor History makes any mention of it) lived heretofore together in the same House: They lived in common, for they were Children to the same Father.

For some Time they enjoyed all the sweets of Peace; but alas! Unity amongst Relations seldom lasts long; ill Humours soon set the Brother and Sister at variance; Imagi-

Digitized by Google

nation gave way to her Sallies; Memory was continually babbling, and Judgment tired to Death with their Folly and Tittle Tattle grumbled cruelly; and after this manner they paſſed their Days. There was continually ſome wrangling or other between them, and quarrelling at every inſignificant Accident. They were never without calling one another Names; one was a Fool, the other a perfect Goſſip, and t'other a meer downright Pedant.

We muſt part, Sifters, ſaid Judgment, one Day, Pray what do you think on't? This Life can never continue long that's certain; we were born, I think, to live apart.

Why truly Brother, ſays Miſs Pert, your Counſel is very good, for certainly one Cap is not enough for three Heads. Indeed, ſays my Lady (in a long-winded grave Diſcourſe of about two Hours long) the Sons * of *Saturn* authorize this Fact. And ſo they all concluded to ſeparate that very Moment. The Example was noble, and they would follow it; adieu, a good Journey, and ſo they packed up, and went each their way to ſeek out a new Habitation.

---

* Jupiter, Neptune, *and* Pluto, *who divided the World between them. Heaven fell to* Jupiter, *the Sea to* Neptune, *and Hell to* Pluto.

It

It was not long before they found Entertainment, and this was with three quarrelſome Neighbours that never would ſee one another, the moſt lucky Circumſtance in the World for them.

He with whom Memory lodged became very learned, God knows, and knew every Thing in his way, Languages, Opinions, Cuſtoms, Fable, Hiſtory, and what not? Imagination too, quickly made her Man a hardy Poet, but the moſt unreſtrained in the World, Extravagant, Enthuſiaſtick; in ſhort, a great Inventor of ill connected Objects, and as great a coupler of Words that were naturally afraid of each other.

Lord Judgment was made in another Mould, and took particular Care of his obliging Landlord. In the twinkling of an Eye he became a Philoſopher; no, I miſtake, a Man of good Senſe; one who judged of every Thing according to its intrinſick Value, a Friend to Truth and Juſtice, acting always well, and never dreading any Thing without being well acquainted with its true Cauſe.

Theſe Neighbours ſoon began to think that they might be ſerviceable to each other. Solid Facts were in Poſſeſſion of the Man of Learning, who might furniſh therewith the wiſe Man, and the Poet. The wiſe Man amuſes himſelf with the Flights of another:

Good

Digitized by Google

Good Senſe muſt now and then unbend it ſelf and be diverted. The Poet, on the other Hand, thinks it adviſeable to make uſe of his Counſels as a good Guide to *Parnaſſus*. As for the Man of Learning, he deſpiſed — whom? Why all the World, and his Neighbours too, no doubt on't. But he muſt chat now and then, and with whom do you think? Why with his Neighbours, and he did ſo.

IT is for the common good of Mankind that in this World all Talents are not poſſeſſed by one Perſon. No Man has them all: But this Diviſion is the Chain of all Society.

The

The PLOUGH-SHARE *and the* SWORD.

FABLE XIV.

ONCE upon a Time, a great many Years ſince, the Plough-Share and the Sword met one another in the Fields. The Sword, it ſeems, being a Perſon of Quality, had his Head ſo full of his Nobility, that he would hardly look at any one beneath his Rank.

The Plough-Share ſaluted him after his way, and made a reverend Bow, but the Sword took no manner of Notice. Pray, good Sir, ſays he, whence comes this ſtately Carriage? And, Don't you know? ſays the Sword, a very pretty Queſtion truly; why,

Digitized by Google

why you are a Country Bumpkin, and I of Quality, that's all.

Ay, ſay you ſo, ſays the Plough-Share, and how, in the Name of God, did you come by your Gentility? You do nothing but Miſchief, while my whole Being is employed in doing good to the World; my Labour and Induſtry is the Support of Mankind; they can't live without me: You take away Lives by Dozens, and very often for nothing at all.

Poor creeping Thing, ſays the Sword, What a mean Soul haſt thou? And, doſt think great Men are of thy ſilly Opinion? Yes, indeed, replies the Plough-ſhare, we have ſeen mighty Conquerors retire, and lay their triumphant Hands again to the Plough. Witneſs the *Romans* *, our Lords and Maſters.

But doſt thou think, Blockhead, that theſe *Romans* could, without my help, have ſubdued the World? *Rome* had been only a ſmall Village, and no one would have talked of her, if my Power had not made Mankind her Slaves.

---

* *Several famous* Romans *after having rode in Triumph, returned to labour in the Fields.*

So

So much the worſe, ſays the Plough-Share, ſhe had much better have been quiet: A very fine Neceſſity truly, that the whole World ſhould become Slaves to one Town, which by her prodigious Cruelties frighten'd all *Europe*, *Africa* and *Aſia* into Subjection! And why, for what End, good your Honour? Only to pleaſe a reſtleſs Ambition which is never ſatisfied. And do you think this deſerves ſuch Commendation?

The Sword was now at the end of his Logick, and very much like a Gentleman, challenged Gaffer Plough-Share. Come, ſays he, let us fight it out, for Demme, I'll have Satisfaction. That's your Trade, ſays the Plough-Share, but it is not mine; I am a rude Country Bumpkin, as your Honour is pleaſed to call me; and never practiſed the Gentleman like way of cutting one anothers Throats for Trifles. I work Sir, and never fight.

But I'll tell you what I'll do with you, let a third Perſon decide the Controverſy. Let us chuſe the Mole for our Arbitrator, ſhe is like *Themis* *, ſhe has no Eyes, has a very grave Air, and wears a black furred

---

* *The Goddeſs of Juſtice, who was painted with a Scarf tied over her Eyes.*

Gown,

Digitized by Google

Gown, you cannot chuſe better. This was agreed upon, and each told his Story.

Our new *Themis* heard all diſtinctly in her Hole, and having very judiciouſly weigh'd all Circumſtances, pronounc'd Sentence in this Proverb.

HE THAT FORGED THE PLOUGH-SHARE WAS A WISE MAN, BUT HE THAT MADE THE SWORD WAS A FOOL.

Digitized by Google

The Two DOGS.

FABLE XV.

To Madam the Marchioneſs De LAMBERT.

Madam,

MY Heart tells me every Moment I live, that my Muſe owes you a pleaſing Tribute; and this throbbing Thing ſpeaks at its eaſe, ſince it knows the Pleaſure will be all its own, and the Mind have all the Trouble, though I am ſo ill qualified to deſcribe your fine Taſte, your Reaſon, your Virtues, your rich Endowments: But theſe like Truths are troubleſome for ſome certain Perſon to mention. The Wiſe are Gods who refuſe Incenſe.

I will not then celebrate your Praiſes, though my Heart inſpires me. I had rather congratulate you, and participate of that exquiſite Joy, which with true Friends, you

Digitized by Google

Madam, know ſo well how to reliſh. Learning, Politeneſs, Wit and Genius, introduced by Friendſhip, lives with you. Theſe in you have found their URANIA. They love her; and indeed, Madam, here I ſpeak a Word or two for my ſelf.

Ask every one of theſe choice Friends what attractive Charms, what powerful Magick, have made you thus engaging! They'll all contribute their Pencil to touch up your Picture, and when that's done, all Merit muſt collectively appear, and conſequently your true Pourtrait.

But what have I ſaid? The Word eſcaped me. You bluſh, I beg your Pardon; my Intention was good. I reſolved, indeed, not to praiſe you; but you ſee, Madam, when the Heart is willing, in vain does our Mind oppoſe, which in ſuch like Accidents is ever foiled.

However, read my Fable; the Fact is what you are a good Judge of. I here deſcribe the Diſgrace and Misfortunes of a Dog, which will ſhew the World what you ſo well know, that Friendſhip requires Prudence.

TRAY was one of the moſt Gentleman-like Dogs in the World, well Bred, civil and agreeable in Converſation. He happened,

Digitized by Google

pened, one Day, as he was travelling, to overtake Mr. JOWLER upon the Road, one of the moſt peeviſh, ill mannerly, overgrown Puppies you ever ſaw.

Sir, ſaid he, with a great deal of Humility, (methinks I've ſeen ſome Body in the ſide Box not unlike him) I beg your Pardon, perhaps I diſturb your Contemplation, but if you'll be pleaſed to accept of my Company, 'tis at your Service with all my Heart, and I ſhall take it as a great deal of Honour.

JOWLER was not very difficult of Acceſs, as it then happen'd (for the moſt brutal People have ſometimes their Intervals) and our two Dogs ſtruck up a Friendſhip, ſhook Paws, and embraced, and very lovingly kept on their Journey. FRAY, for his part, placed an intire Confidence in his new Friend, and began to entertain him with his Employment, his Amours, and the Management of his domeſtick Affairs. (New Friendſhip has ever this fault, of talking too much.) In ſhort, to amuſe his grave Companion, who ſpoke little, and ſeemed to be out of Humour; he chatted on, and omitted none of his Adventures to put him into a gay and pleaſant Humour.

At laſt they came into a Village, when our grave, ſullen Gentleman, fell a barking at all the Dogs he met, biting now one, and

Digitized by Google

then another, and did a Thouſand ill-natur'd Things, till at laſt the Alarm-Bell rung out againſt our two Brothers, and they were both taken up for Rogues and Diſturbers of the Peace. Poor TRAY would have given his Ears to get off, but all Intreaties availed him nothing, he fared neither better nor worſe than his Companion; one was whipp'd ſeverely, and the other had his ſhare. I cannot but pity him: But theſe Things generally happen to thoſe who chuſe Friends at hap-hazard.

The CONQUEROR *and the poor* WOMAN.

FABLE XVI.

KINGS, you love Glory, and to you it juſtly belongs. You have nothing to do but to know it well, be what you ought, and ſhe offers you her richeſt Treaſures.

But what is it that you ought to be? And what is the Duty of a Monarch? He is rather a Shepherd, than a Maſter of the Flock; a

Digitized by Google

a Pilot to ſteer the Veſſel, not its Owner. Your Rule and Empire extends it ſelf over all the Globe, a thouſand Nations ſubmit to your Command, and yet you are no more but mighty Lords. TO GOVERN WELL IS TO BE A KING.

The famous Conqueror * of *Aſia*, was no King, but an armed Traveller, who to pleaſe and gratify his Fancy, had a mind (as he paſſed it over) to ſee the whole World in Uproar and Confuſion. To little purpoſe did *Ariſtotle* † endeavour to convince him, that a King ſhould apply himſelf to the good of his People. He loſt all his Time in Conqueſt, and had none for Government.

If God has ſtamp'd on your Foreheads his Reſemblance, 'tis not ſo much that you ſhould imitate him in Power, as to make you Subſtitutes of his Providence for our Good. Watch therefore over us for this Good with which he has intruſted you. Place there, your only Glory, and ſeek no other. To fear, to love, to obey You, is our Duty, to make Us happy is yours.

---

* Alexander *the Great.*

† Alexander's *Preceptor.*

Digitized by Google

A Certain *Sophy* *, who entertained *Bellona* † in his Service, by Profeſſion a Conqueror, but a good Man for all that, and had no Vice but Ambition, if that be one; if we ask our modern Heroes if it be ſo, they'll tell you otherwiſe: It is the Mark of a great Soul, and we muſt not reaſon with theſe Gentlemen.

This *Perſian* Monarch went ſucceſsfully on from Conqueſt to Conqueſt, and ſaw all the neighbouring Nations under his Subjection; Lord of twenty Crowns, and thro' his Dominions a hundred Rivers rolled. He made a good uſe of his Victories, and would have Juſtice flouriſh every where. He heard the Complaints of his People himſelf, and read their Petitions and Memorials; the Innocent triumphed, and the Unjuſt was puniſhed.

Hearing this good Fame of her Prince, an Old Woman who had ſuffered very much, came from the very Borders of his vaſt and mighty Empire, to throw her ſelf at her Sovereign's Feet, and implore Redreſs.

---

* *The Name of the Emperor of* Perſia.

† *The Goddeſs of War.*

Sir,

Digitized by Google

Sir, ſaid ſhe, by the Right of Conqueſt, my ſelf and Daughter are your Slaves. She has been defloured, and I have had my Eſtate plundered and deſtroyed. Muſt one ſuffer theſe Cruelties under a good King? 'Tis you, Sir, I call upon for Redreſs —— here ſhe left off and cried.

Poor Woman, ſaid the Prince, how I pity thee! I make it my whole Care to put the Laws in Execution, but what can I do at ſuch a diſtance? Can I think on every Thing? Does the Sun which gives us Light ſhine upon every part of the World at once? It muſt not be thought ſtrange that my good Laws are ſo ill obſerved at ſo great a diſtance from my Throne.

Alas! Is it ſo, replied the Woman, a little briskly, why then cannot we —— the People — Govern? For we have Conquered you.

Digitized by Google

The Two NINNIES.

FABLE XVII.

AT *Caen* *, the Country of Wiſdom, lived not many Hundred Years ago two Ninnies, Father and Son, and both Barriſters at Law. The Father (as well as the Son was Chamber-Council, and) very often conſulted in Affairs of Importance, while the Son very gravely (and that too not ſeldom) would nod away half an Hour of good Advice at an Audience of Clients; and who would have thought this of a *Norman*?

The Father made up, and agreed Suits of a long dependance, and reminded the Parties of the great Charge and Expences they had been at, and that it would be much better now to agree and be Friends.

The Son admired the Succeſs, but had his Eye much more upon the Gains ſuch Con-

* *A City in* Normandy.

duct

duct brought the old Gentleman. Every Day ſome one or other was thanking him for his good Offices done the Family. Well, this is a Lawyer of a Thouſand, he perſwades Folks to Peace and Unity, and brotherly Love. One owed him all his Goods, and another his Life, and then there dropt a Broad-Piece, and it may be, a couple of Capons, or a fat Turkey into the bargain.

The Son was raviſhed with his Father's Conduct, and was reſolved to imitate him, and accommodate Law-Suits too. I'll make my ſelf a Friend to one, ſays he, and a Companion to the other, and I'll warrant I cure my Countrymen the *Normans* of going to Law, or elſe the Devil's in't.

Soon after, upon the leaſt difference that he heard of amongſt his Neighbours, he ſent for both Parties, and preached to them brotherly Love and Agreement, For, ſays he, it is a ſad Thing this going to Law, a long and tedious Proceſs, beſides a great deal of Pains and Care, *&c.* Trouble and Vexation, *&c.* Moleſtation and Diſturbance, *&c.* Charges and Expences, *&c. ad dampnum ipſius*, &c. and at laſt very often Ruin, *&c.*

You preach very well, Monſieur Advocate, ſays the Plaintiff, but *Peter* here, is a damn'd Rogue, and like your Worſhip. No more a Rogue than your ſelf, ſays *Peter*, and

Digitized by Google

and thus they went on, calling one another Names, not minding one Word what the Lawyer ſaid, but went both away in a Paſſion to the Bailiffs to get one another arreſted.

Some Time after, our new Judge would make up a Difference between theſe two Neighbours, one of whom had given the other the Lie. The Fact was told, but before Monſieur *Ninny* had ſpoke ten Words, he that gave the Lie was rewarded with a good ſlap in the Face by his Adverſary, and away they went again to the Serjeants.

For this good Succeſs our Advocate got neither Honour nor Fee, not ſo much as a little Pullet, or a Pigeon.

But running away to the Old one, How comes this to paſs? ſays he, How do you manage Matters? You do every Thing as you pleaſe, and agree what Cauſes you have a mind. The Devil of one (Pox on it) can I make up for my Soul. I endeavour'd to prevent one Suit, and have made Four: For let me ſay what I could they would go to Law.

You Fool, ſaid the Father, don't you know that you ſhould never perſwade People to make up a Cauſe 'till they are quite weary of it themſelves?

The

Digitized by Google

The STOMACH.

FABLE XVIII.

IN the Days of Old, a Stomach of gluttonous Memory, and for which, I really believe, was firſt invented the Art of Eating and Drinking, and more than really was neceſſary for our Cook, or rather (if you believe him) our true Phyſician as he calls himſelf.

This ſame Stomach was a great Lover of Ragous, rich Soups, and ſavoury Diſhes, dreſſed *a la Daub*, and *a la Royale*, that pleaſe the Taſte after the Appetite is ſatisfied; and it was obſerved, he never ſaid he had enough. All went down, hence inſenſibly proceeded bad Chile, and that produced bad Blood, which in a little Time made every part of the Body heavy, dull, and languiſhing.

Every Thing was out of Sorts. Sometimes the Head ached as if it would burſt in Pieces, then a violent Cholick or Pains in the Back. The Breaſt was out of Order,

Digitized by Google

Order, or a Rheumatiſm skipt from one Shoulder to the other, and to crown all, Madam Gout ſeized both upon Hands and Feet.

What's all this? ſays the ſick Man. What can be the Cauſe of the great Diſorder and Pain I labour under? It is not I, at leaſt, ſays the Stomach, I do you all the Service I'm capable of, I'm ſure I have not been idle, and never had the leaſt Difference with you. Have I injured you? Put your Hand upon me and feel; Can you have other Witneſſes? The Breaſt, my Companion, is not ſo true to you as I am. The Head too raves too much, and o'my Conſcience, the Feet do not exerciſe enough.

Thus this Calumniator aſſigned a Fault to every part of the Body, and that none of them ſerved him ſo well as he did. The ſick Man believed every Syllable, and like the World, puniſhes in others the Faults of a Traytor. Inciſions now were made by Dozens where the Pain was moſt exquiſite; Plaiſters and Cataplaſms, and God knows what; at laſt a Fever comes, and the poor Body, no longer able to reſiſt its Rage, trembles in Agonies of Death.

Poor Stomach! Your Buſineſs is done, ſay your *Pater-Noſter*; the Phyſicians by their Rules of Art have given You and all the Members over.

Digitized by Google

IN vain do we caſt our Faults on others, we ſuffer for them either ſoon or late.

LOVE *and* DEATH.

FABLE XIX.

HENCE all ye Readers, whoſe Criticiſm blows hot and cold; who, without diſtinguiſhing Right or Wrong, brand every Thing with odious Characters: With you all Perfection's faulty. If we are Sublime, we are affected, and full of bombaſt and fulſom; if Simple, then we are low and mean; all Art is artifice, and every Thing that pleaſes painted.

If I venture upon any Fable which in your Opinion contains ſtrong and nervous Senſe, What a Shame is this, ſay you, to ſhew this Picture to Children? But tell me pray, is Fable an Enemy either to the Profound or Delicate, if it be *a propos*? Or is it a Toy to quiet froward Children?

Digitized by Google

But you'll quickly alter your Tone at the firſt common Things, I ſhall dare to ſay. Are theſe for Children to peruſe? To imprint theſe Truths in them would be no eaſy Matter, and thus at every turn you vary your Weights and Balance; *black* or *white*, *for* or *againſt*, and contradict your ſelves a thouſand Times, that you might not approve of any one Thing.

Well, Gentlemen, do as you pleaſe, no one will force your Inclination. For my part, truſting intirely to Fortune, I ſhall go on in my own Pace, without troubling my ſelf about you, I do aſſure you, only muſt tell you before hand, that, in reality, my Intention is to inſtruct and amuſe Childhood, not forgetting Man at the ſame Time. I ſhould be glad that every Age might learn ſomething from my Works, I think and write for all.

Leave to your Children what they can comprehend, and keep the reſt for your ſelves.

DEATH, the Daughter of Time, and Love, were heretofore (as they do now-a-days) travelling over the World with their Bows and Quivers, and went very lovingly on together.

It

It was *Jupiter*'s Order Love ſhould only wound the young, in order to ſupply the Decays of Human Race, and Death was to ſtrike old Age, and free the World from a uſeleſs Charge. This was the Decree, and by this Plan were our two Travellers to frame their Conduct.

Clotho *, ſays Love, will have her Belly-full of ſpinning, we ſhall cut her out Work enough. And I, ſays Death, ſhall not be behind hand with you in furniſhing her Siſter *Atropos* † in Employment; ſhe'll have cutting enough I'll warrant; if ſhe has but good Sciſſors ſhe need not doubt my Power.

Thus they paſſed on, entertaining each other in Diſcourſe, till they came to the entrance of a Wood, where, being wearied with much Work and Travelling, they laid them down for ſome ſmall Time to reſt (for they never ſleep long) and threw down confuſedly their Bows and Quivers. When the Time was come to purſue their Journey, they took them up in haſt, without Reflection. The Skeleton took up a good many Arrows belonging to *Cupid*, and he as many of Death's. This made horrid Work, for Death think-

* *One of the three Fates which ſpun out the Lives of Men, according to the Poets.*

† *Another of them who cuts off the Thread of Life.*

Digitized by Google

ing to give a fatal Wound to old Age, ſet many a decrepid Couple a giggling and toying, and playing all the little mad Fooleries of youthful Lovers. While *Cupid*, who deſign'd to engage two youthful Hearts with mutual Paſſion, ſaw them inſtantly expire.

Jupiter ſmiled at the Miſtake, but would give no Remedy, as believing ſome good might come through this their careleſs Error. And in reality, if we were really wiſe, after this Change, we ſhould ever be afraid of Death and our Paſſions, notwithſtanding the Strength or Weakneſs of our Age.

Without this Danger, which I look upon to be very happy for us, in the vigour of our Youth, or in the declenſion of our Days, Vice would have no Bridle, Virtue no Exerciſe.

Digitized by Google

COURT FABLES.

BOOK IV.

The KING of the BEASTS.

FABLE I.

To Monſeigneur the Biſhop of FREJUS.

FLEURY, thou new *Mentos* *
of a new *Telemachus* †, who, leading through diſtant Ages paſt, for the good of another *Ithaca*, ſhew'ſt him ſo many different Objects, ſo many virtuous Deeds and Actions ſuiting Heroes.

---

* A Greek *famous for his great Wiſdom, he was Governor to* Telemachus.

† *Son of* Ulyſſes *King of* Ithaca.

You guide him without fear of Shipwreck from Country to Country, picking the choiceſt and moſt uſeful Flowers, forming as you paſs, his Mind and Manners. You know how to inſtruct him in Hiſtory, a fertile Study, where all is ſmiling and agreeable; by this he knows to diſtinguiſh between true and falſe Glory: At every Fact that enriches his Memory ſome new Virtue riſes in his Heart.

But would you know on what I found the Hopes of the greateſt Succeſs from theſe your Leſſons? It is this, my Lord, that in your Inſtructions you know how to pleaſe and make your ſelf be loved. While your ſage Diſcourſes invite him to begin to be what he one Day ſhould be, your Sweetneſs and graceful Manner engages his Love. When the Maſter knows to pleaſe, Leſſons are then ſucceſsful. Make good uſe of this Aſcendant; the Love which he has for you at preſent, is the Meaſure and Source of that Zeal the People will one Day have for him.

WEARY of living any longer in a Commonwealth, the Beaſts heretofore had a mind to be governed by a King, and accordingly they made Choice of an Ox, who for his quiet Diſpoſition and Humanity

manity was ſirnamed his *Pacifick Majeſty.*

The People promiſed themſelves all the Happineſs in the World under his Government. The new King being of a ſweet Temper, delighting in doing Good, very Affable, and eaſy of Acceſs, was loved by every Body, and that was all. He only knew how to pity the Wretched and Unfortunate; And he had ſcarce the Heart to puniſh any Criminal. A Thouſand little Tyrants ravaged his Provinces, Tygers and Lions were continually robbing him of his Subjects. What ſhould he do? He preached up Peace, and Love, and Unanimity. It was pity ſo good a Prince ſhould have ſuch wicked People; they might have had as many Favours from him as they pleaſed, no Puniſhment, but a general Pardon for all.

However, at laſt they depoſed him, and ſet up the *Lion* in his Room. The Name of Conqueror followed this Election. The new King enlarged his Frontiers, and made all his Neighbours ſubmit to his Ambition. His Subjects trembled, and there was no more Rebellion, but then there was no longer any Love, for he inſpired nothing but Fear and Terror. His cruel Majeſty ever beſtained with Blood frighten'd even his Sycophants and Flatterers. Upon the leaſt

Digitized by Google

leaſt Complaint, or bare Suſpicion, the Accuſers as well as the Accuſed, were ſure to be deſtroyed, and feel the Fury of his Rage.

What's here to do? ſaid the People. What a fine Choice is this? The Dyet * have made a rare piece of Work on't; of *two* Kings not *one* worth a Cherry Stone; We did not *Fear* the other, and how a Devil can we *Love* this, who knows *no other* Law than his *Rage*? In ſhort, grown quite deſperate under ſuch cruel Slavery, the whole Nation fell at once upon this *Nero* † of the Wood. You may imagine what a Slaughter this was, it coſt them ſome Blood, however the Tyrant died.

Upon this the good *Ox*, whom they had ſo quietly depoſed, without any Reluctance on his part, made a ſignal for Silence. My Lords and Gentlemen, ſaid he, I have found out a King will do your Buſineſs. Lord *Elephant*, here is your Man, he is *good temper'd*, like *me*, and *terrible* when he *pleaſes*, like the *other*; he'll govern you like his Children, and defend your Rights and Liberties. I give him my Vote, pray let him have yours. For what Royal Qualities

* *Dyet in* Germany *and* Poland, *ſignifies a General Aſſembly of the States.*

† *A* Roman *Emperor famous for his Cruelty.*

does

Digitized by Google

does he want? None at all cried the People. He was accordingly chosen, and his happy Reign repaired all past Misfortunes.

KINGS, we must both love and fear you, one without the other is not sufficient.

The PEACH-TREE *and the* MULBERRY-TREE.

FABLE II.

A Peach-Tree, the Love and Hopes of his Master, the favourite Tree of the whole Garden, scarce can the Spring appear, but he displays his Blossoms, priding himself in his gawdy Apparel, and his early Bloom. He advised the Mulberry Tree (one Day) which was as naked as in the depth of Winter, to give him some sign that he was alive, since he had neither Leaf nor Blossom, but Branches all languishing and chilled, to *Flora*'s * Shame.

* *The Goddess of Flowers.*

Friend,

Friend, ſays the Peach-Tree, what does the Spring ſignify to you? Your Lazineſs is a Diſhonour to it. A long while ſince has the warbling *Philomel* * proclaimed it to the Ecchoes of theſe Woods. All Nature is awake. Every Morning the bluſhing *Aurora* bedews us with her pearly Tears; delicious Nectar of Trees and Flowers! In vain, thou lazy Thing, may gentle *Zephyrus* blow his ſpicy Gales; you ſleep when the whole Creation is awake.

Why don't you follow my Example? Look, and conſider how I have toiled. You ſee me covered with blooming Flowers, long ſince have I regaled my Maſter with fineſt Hopes, and I'll be as good as my Word; he may reckon before-hand that my Fruit will be equal in Number to my Bloſſoms.

Scarce had he ſaid this, but an unlucky North Wind blew, and in an inſtant ſtript him intirely of his painted Livery; all hopes of Fruit were now no more, and ſcarce had he left one barren Leaf.

Well, haughty Sir, ſays the Mulberry-Tree, and was I in the wrong not to be ſo haſty? *Zephyrus* may blow as long as he pleaſes, it is the nipping North I'm yet

---

* *The Nightingale.*

afraid.

Digitized by Google

afraid of. Learn this Truth from me, That if you would bring an Enterprize to Perfection, you muſt begin at proper Seaſons, and take due Time.

IMPATIENCE RUINS EVERY THING.

OPINION.

FABLE III.

AID me, Divine Invention, thy Succour I implore. I cannot work on antique Models, thoſe Pictures diſpleaſe me; if I do not form ſomewhat of my own, and give my Imagination its career, I'm out of Humour, and throw away my Pencil and my Colours, for mere Vexation.

The Fictions of another never excite my Fancy; and if the Foundation is not my own, the Structure riſes with Pain. I ſhould be afraid leſt ſome Quirk or Quibble ſhould, under the ſpecious Maſk of Juſtice, put me out of Poſſeſſion, and the Ground Landlord, ſome Time or other, claim the Building.

Let

Digitized by Google

Let us not then embroider another's Tiſſue. People, invented heretofore, let us do ſo now; our Fore-fathers in this did well, cannot we do ſo too? No, ſay you, the Time is paſt; O! to do this, one ſhould have been born in the Days of *Æſop* or *Homer*. You come too late, if you can but imitate, it is enough for you.

But, with your leave, I'm not of your Mind, according to this way of Reaſoning, the World muſt be on its laſt Legs, its moſt decrepid Age, and has ſeen and ſaid every Thing: But there wants a great deal of that, it is now only in the Flower of its Age; nay, I've ſaid too much, it is only ſix or ſeven Thouſand Years old; now for theſe Millions of Years as it is likely yet to live, it is ſtill productive; and we are Children.

We are afraid, and dare not advance without our Guides. We enquire at every ſtep, has any one been that Way? No. Let us then by no means venture. This is the Diſcourſe of us, poor Children as we are, we ſhall have more Courage when we come to be Men. What vaſt Territories remain yet undiſcovered! Fiction is a Country of an unbounded Extent, and one may go prodigious Lengths, provided we do but think. Do there want Roads? Let us make them our ſelves. Let us imagine Facts, and form

fit

Digitized by Google

fit Actors, and if we find any savage Criticks by the way, let us still proceed, though they make never so much Clamour and Out-cry.

Apollo points us out the Glory of Invention, and we are, in spite of Envy, Makers of our own Trade. By virtue of this Privilege see here new Actors, Dame Ignorance and her Relations, Laziness and Pride: Let us hear these Doctors, they have already, I see, set the whole Critick World a grumbling against a Metaphysical Tale.

***

Miss Ignorance was got with Child. Do you ask me who abused her? In deed I cannot tell, but one may easily comprehend that it is no difficult Matter to abuse *Ignorance*. In short, she grew very big, and nine Months were now nigh well compleated. Every Oracle was consulted, and in pompous Words declared, That she should be delivered of the Queen of the whole World, of a Child that should make Kings and Demi-Gods, and reign Despotick over all Mankind; should found Schools and Universities for the grave Sages in Literature, and that hereafter the whole World should see every Thing through her Eyes.

Digitized by Google

Ladies generally are deliver'd with Fears and Pain, but poor *Ignorance* with Admiration, and the Oracles were fulfilled: How? Why with the Birth of pretty Mademoiselle OPINION. PRIDE and LAZINESS, near Relations to Ignorance, and her greatest and most intimate Friends, were sent for, and the Honour of naming the Child were referred to them. The God-Mother admired the pretty Infant, and was continually smiling upon her. The God-Father looked grave, and flattered and caressed her, and by Virtue of their Authority call'd her —— What? —— TRUTH.

The Dogs.

FABLE IV.

ONCE upon a Time a great Number of bold Dogs made a firm League together, that they might seek their Fortunes with greater Security, Let us share our Wealth and Honour in common, said a certain Squire amongst them, an able Orator, in his great elbow Chair.

Digitized by Google

Chair. You might have heard him by his learned Harangue fire the Breasts of the Confederates, and his nimble Tongue display the sacred Rights of Peace and Concord.

This old Dog, you must know, had taken his Degrees in the University, and was well acquainted with the Trencher Cap. You'll have many a stout *Hector* *, said he, to pursue, Wolves and wild Boars; But Courage, my Lads, I'll deliver every Mother's Son of them into your Power, provided you keep close to each other in Unity.

But if any of you grows peevish and quarrelsome, raises Dissentions amongst you, and calls his Companion *Dog's Face* † for nothing at all; in short, if you open a Door to a civil War, you are undone, and I call the angry Manes of Achilles to witness this Truth.

You see our Orator here (thank God) was a great Scholar, and a Plagiary too. However, this pathetick Discourse wrought so much on our Confederates, that they took an Oath to be firmly united to each other.

---

* *The Son of* Priam, *who defended* Troy, *and was the most fatal to the* Greeks.

† Achilles *affronted* Agamemnon *after this manner in* Homer's *Iliad.*

Digitized by Google

And thus without any private Intereſt they were zealouſly reſolved to ſtand up for the general Good of the Commonwealth.

Our Heroes undertook their Journey, and ſoon found a wild Boar, which they attacked and tore to Pieces. The Queſtion now was, how to divide the Spoil. This was a nice Point. Our Sparks diſagreed in their Sentiments. Says one, I'll eat the biggeſt part, for I was the Perſon, though I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it, who brought the Enemy to the Ground. Nay, Sir, ſaid another, but then I throttled him, or elſe your throwing of him upon his Back would not have ſignified a double Stiver; and then, for thoſe Curs who were mere Spectators at a diſtance, do they think to feaſt like them who were moſt in the Action, and diſplayed their Valour? No, let them faſt, or ſeek a Dinner elſewhere.

In ſhort, ſo much was ſaid *Pro* and *Con*, that they grew very hot headed and furious, and fell to it heartily for their Shares: Their Barbarity increaſed every Moment; fierce *Bellona* and implacable *Mars* incited their Rage, and you might ſee nothing but Blood and Slaughter. This Field of Battle proved a ſecond *Pharſalia* *, where was heard no-

* *The Field of Battle where* Cæſar *conquered* Pompey.

thing

thing but brutal Rage, Brothers againſt Brothers, Parents encountred Children, and every one diſputed about the wild Boar which no Soul had meddled of.

But while they were thus employed in killing one another, they were ſurrounded by a Company of Wolves. He that could run away took fairly to his Heels, but all could not do that, and what remained became a Prey to their Enemies.

FROM hence may be learned two Truths. 1. *It is Intereſt that makes and breaks Treaties.* 2. *Diſcord produces Ruin.* We learn no more from the Divine Iliad in ſixteen Thouſand well ſounding Verſes.

The PICTURE.

FABLE V.

THE World is full of falſe Cenſures. If one ſhews thoſe Gentlemen a good Piece, their bold Ignorance pronounces very dogmatically that it is nothing but Dawbing. It has no manner of *Gout*, no Strength, Proportion or Juſtice; this is diſpleaſing, and that has an ill Look with it; blaming and condemning every Thing through the whole Alphabet.

Well *Meſſieurs*, I muſt tell you, this is nothing in the World but Pride, and you are very ignorant, how knowing ſo ever you fancy your ſelves.

A Certain Gentleman, once upon a Time, had a great mind to have his Picture drawn. Every Man would be painted once in his Life: Self-love of its own Nature is a Friend to Limning: This Art, which copies

Digitized by Google

us, ſeems to make us likewiſe multiply, but this is not our only Folly.

Well, the Picture was finiſhed, and our Spark had a mind to have the Advice of his Friends, People that were Judges of Painting. Pray, Gentlemen, look upon it, that Piece was drawn for me; has he done me Juſtice? Why a —— ſays one, if I muſt ſpeak my mind, I think he has made you ſwarthy, whereas you are perfectly fair. The Mouth, ſays another, is ſomewhat awry. I am ſure, ſays a Third, no one can ſay that Noſe is well ſhaped; beſides, I would fain know, if you have ſuch little Eyes, and ſo dull and heavy? What Occaſion is there for ſo many Shades? In ſhort, Sir, it is not you; he muſt touch it over again, that's certain.

In vain did the Painter undertake to juſtify his Work; he might vex and fret himſelf never ſo much, it was all one, he was to begin again. Well, to work he goes, and finiſhed it to his Mind, and would lay all he was worth in the World, that it was now a perfect Likeneſs.

The Judges were ſummoned a-new; well, Gentlemen, and what do you think now? Think, why —— a —— this is worſe and worſe, your Face is too long by half, you have Furrows in your Cheeks, and your

Chin

Chin is wrinkled, and you look as old and ugly as Fourſcore, whereas (and God knows we would not flatter you) you are really young and handſome.

Well, ſays the Painter, I ſee I muſt go to work again, I'll engage to pleaſe you now, or I'll burn my Pencil. When they were gone home, ſays the Painter to the Gentleman, Your Friends, Sir, if I may give them that Title, are only a Company of free ſpoken Dunces, and if you pleaſe, I'll convince you they are ſo to Morrow. I'll cut out the Head of a Picture juſt like this, and go you behind, and put your Head in its Place: I'll prepare the Piece by the Time they are here. With all my Heart, ſays the Gentleman, till then adieu.

Our Men of Judgment accordingly came at the appointed Time, and the Painter ſhewed them the Picture at a greater diſtance than before. Does the Piece pleaſe you now, Gentlemen? ſays he: Tell me, Has it a Likeneſs now? At leaſt, I am ſure I have taken a great deal of Care to touch up the Head. Impertinent, ſaid they, why do you ſend for us to ſee ſuch ſtuff? Where is the neceſſity to trouble us over and over again with the ſame ridiculous Trumpery? If we muſt be plain with you, we tell you, That Head is no more our worthy Friends,

than

than *Preſter John*'s. You are out there, Gentlemen Criticks, ſays the Head, for 'tis I my ſelf.

The WINE-CONNERS.

FABLE VI.

BUT * are there not Perſons of good Taſte and Judgment in this World? Undoubtedly there are, but theſe are very rare, and ſeldom met with. Happy thoſe who find them! Happy thoſe who hear them! But much more Happy thoſe who pleaſe them! Let this be our Endeavour, coſt what it will.

A Maſter of a Family had tap'd a freſh Hogſhead of Wine, and called all the Houſe in to give their Opinions. The Cup went merrily about. One after twenty Swallows declared it excellent, and fit for the

* *This Fable is of the ſame Nature with the preceding.*

Table

Table of Princes. Another, after two or three Rummers, cried out, That this Wine was worth all the Sovereign Liquor the Gods above got fuddled with; and defied *Bacchus* * himself to find the least fault with it.

While every one was giving his Judgment, there came in two Wine-Conners, who were desired to take a Glass. Well, Gentlemen, and what do you think? Don't your Thoughts jump with ours? It tastes of Iron, says one. Of Leather, says the other. Well, what different Notions do Men frame of Things? —— And the merry Company laughed at them for a couple of Fools. But their Joy was but short liv'd, for the Event justified what they said; for when they had drawn out all the Wine, and were pouring out the Lees, they found a little Key tied to a small Thong of Leather.

AUTHORS, your Works have pleased Thousands, they have pronounced them excellent, but do not trust to this, many a Fault escapes the vulgar, which are perceived by those of a nice and delicate Taste.

* *The God of Wine.*

PAN-

Digitized by Google

PANDORA.

FABLE VII.

VULCAN*, juſt baniſhed from the Manſions of Heaven, had a mind to make a Creature after his Faſhion. Immediately he began to imploy his Forge and Hammer, and imitated a Human Body. The out-ſide was ſoon finiſhed, and his Tools gave the whole an excellent Poliſh.

Jupiter ſaid it was a beautiful Piece. O'my Conſcience, ſays he, my Son underſtands Sculpture admirably well; but after all, it is nothing but a mere Body, a Statue, and no more: There muſt be a Soul, that's certain, to animate the Work, and give it Life and Motion. He had no ſooner ſaid this, but the Iron breathed, and the Statue became a perfect Woman.

* *The Son of* Jupiter *and* Juno, Jupiter *being vexed to ſee him ſo ugly, kicked him out of Heaven down to the Earth. He was Blackſmith to the Gods.*

Every

Every Inhabitant of Heaven would make her a Preſent. Her Abode was to be amongſt Smiles and Graces, and every God ſtudied to out-do each other. She had all the Charms in the World, fine Qualities, Addreſs, and Courage: And thence was called PANDORA, that is, ALL GIFT.

But *Pluto*, the infernal Monarch, preſented her with a Box. There, Take this, ſaid he, this is infinitely more valuable than all the Gifts you have hitherto received. It is the greateſt Treaſure in the World, if you do not open it. The Fair One, at this, was in ſome Perplexity; ſhe was a Woman, and conſequently Curious. Her Eye was continually on the Box. And is it not to be opened? ſays ſhe, this is making me a Fool; a very pleaſant Treaſure truly, the Enjoyment of which is not to make uſe of it! I'm almoſt diſtracted every Time I think on't, and God knows, that's all Day long too. This is ſome Riddle, ſurely, and i'faith I'll be ſatisfied ——— I muſt open it ——— which ſhe did.

But, good Gods, What flew out? What did ſhe then diſcover? What dreadful Evils? Sorrow and Death; and what is worſe than all, a whole Brood of moſt hateful Vices flew Abroad into the World.

Now,

Digitized by Google

Now, I ask in what Rank ſhall we place CURIOSITY, which was the Mother of them all.

TO this old Story let us joyn another of our own, for I cannot cure my ſelf of Emulation: This Fable begets another, It was my Prelude, my Overture; and now the Curtain's drawn enter all the Vices upon the Stage. But what ſhall we all do, ſaid they to each other? We are a pretty numerous Company, and let us conſider where we ſhall find Entertainment.

For my part, ſays Ambition, I don't trouble my ſelf about that, I am the Delight of the GREAT, I ſhall immediately take up my Reſidence with them; the Courts of Princes are my Habitation. And, as for me, ſays Intereſt, I think I am tolerably well provided for, I'll go this very Moment into the City, amongſt the Tradeſmen and Merchants; I ſhall find Friends enough I don't doubt. I'll teach them how to traverſe the Ocean, ſeek out diſtant Climates, and diſcover new Worlds; I'll make them ſupply me with a Thouſand well built Ships, and carry me round the Globe.

Debauchery took up her Lodgings in the Houſe of a Man of a vaſt Eſtate, where ſhe

Digitized by Google

had every Thing to her mind, indulging her ſelf in every ſort of Wine, and every kind of Love. In ſhort, ſhe was ſole Lady of the Family.

Hypocriſy was yet much better lodged. Her Habitation was with the Demure and Preciſe, who ſpeak deliberately, noted for hanging down their Necks like Bull-Ruſhes, holy and ſanctified Leers, where ſhe was, however, delicately fed, and had her Apartments ſtrewed with ſweeteſt Herbs and Flowers, and ever frequenting the Temples of the Gods, where ſhe was Miſtreſs of the Ceremonies.

But what muſt be done with Jealouſy? Which is her Quarter? Can ſhe want Entertainment? No; there never were in the World, at the ſame Time, two Beauties and two Poets. And thus every Vice took up its reſpective Lodgings, except Vanity, which ſeemed intirely unprovided. And where will you lodge, Madam, ſays one of the Company? Don't be in any pain about that, Gentlemen and Ladies, ſays ſhe, for I ſhall lodge every where.

Digitized by Google

The CAT *and the* MOUSE.

FABLE VIII.

A Gentle Mouſe happened one Day to be decoyed into a Trap, and loſt her Liberty for a bit of Bacon. The wiſeſt People, we ſee, are ſometimes taken.

Sir Cat, a Baronet, who had a delicate Noſe, came ſniffing round, and viewed both Bait and Priſoner; and now all his Wit was made uſe of to obtain theſe delicious Morſels. Goſſip, ſays he, in a whining, hypocritical Tone, Let us lay aſide all Animoſity, we have lived long enough at variance, I'm quite and clean weary for my part. Now, if you are as ſick of Contention as I am, let us live in ſtrict Amity and Friendſhip for the future; and I do aſſure you, though I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it, you ſhall never know how much I am at your Service.

With all my Heart, ſays the Mouſe. And you are in earneſt, ſays the Cat. As I hope for Mercy am I, ſays the Mouſe; and if I

Digitized by Google

am not, may ——— No Imprecations, good Madam, I beſeech you, replied the Cat. But to ratify this Treaty in all its Forms, according to the Civil Law, pray be ſo good as to open your Lodging, that we may ſhake Hands, and embrace like ſincere Friends.

I deſire nothing more, ſays the Mouſe, you have nothing elſe to do but to lift up that Board at the Entry, which is done by pulling down that long Piece of Wood there that ſticks out like a Barber's Pole, that's all. The Cat accordingly falls to work, and ſcarce had ſhe ſet her two Paws upon it, but up flew the Trap-Door, and the Mouſe ſcamper'd away into her Hole with the Bacon, of which ſhe ſoon made a Diſpatch. Puſs followed, but came too late. Well, ſays he, it is no great Matter, the Bacon was muſty, and the Mouſe lean.

THE Grapes are ſowr, ſays the Fox, when he could not reach them. Two other Morals may be drawn from this Fable, *viz.*

A prudent Perſon knows how to draw Good even from the Enemy who meditates his Deſtruction. And,

People

Digitized by Google

People sometimes do us the greatest Service, by endeavouring most to do us hurt.

The Two BOOKS.

FABLE IX.

I HAVE seen sometimes a Child cry as if his Heart would break, because he was no Taller, set him upon a Table, the little Fool thought himself a Man.

Every Man is this Child. Honours, Places, Nobility, Estate, Luxury and Splendor are this Fable; and are like so many Stilts on which he struts about, and imagines this artificial Height his own.

Now would I ask this great swaggering Thing, which scarce will vouchsafe to look at me, and whose best Reception is Disdain, what Foundation he has for this haughty, proud Demeanour? Is it his Descent, Rank, or magnificent and pompous Equipage?

But alas! The honourable Memory of thy Ancestors, the Authority of thy Employment, thy Palace, rich Furniture and

Digitized by Google

Table, are all these poor Man thy self? O! nothing less, and since I must tell you here your true Worth and Value, and what you really are, attend me. You are a Wretch of a low Heart, ill formed Wit and Genius, of a Soul blackened with Vice; this is your naked Picture, but every Line and Feature is exactly to the Life. Besides all this, your Pride cheats *you* and surfeits *us*. There are some great Men, indeed, whom the Gods take Pleasure to adorn with cœlestial Gifts. Pride, in these only, is pardonable, but these alone are modest. This is to give a double Example.

TWO Books lived close together upon a Shelf; one new, dress'd up in *Turky* Leather, and deck'd with many a gilded Flower; the other in mean Array of old Parchment, and Worm-eaten. The new Book, proud with his gay embroider'd Suit, cried out, For God's sake take me hence, Heavens! How does this mouldy fusty Creature stink? How can one endure such scoundrel Company? Such a fine Complexion as I wear —— and to be obliged to stand Cheek by Joul with this old ugly fashion'd Sloven, that offends every Soul that looks at him!

Less

Leſs of your diſdainful Airs, Lord Foppington, ſaid the old Book. Every one has his proper Merit, and perhaps as much as your ſelf. If you knew me to the bottom —— Lard, I can't bear it, this old muſty Fool will kill me with his Impertinence. I can ſtay no longer, fogh? One Moment's hearing, my Lord, and I have done. Not for the World, I can hear nothing. Let me only tell you, that ——— Hold your Tongue, Inſolence. It is horrid Shame — and ——— O! ——— Hark ye me, you Mr. Bookſeller there, come hither, if you have the leaſt value for Quality and your own Reputation, take me down, for I'm almoſt poiſon'd.

He had no ſooner ſaid this, but came in a Cuſtomer, and caſting his Eyes on the Sheff takes up old Parchment, turns him over, admires, and buys him. This is an excellent Author, ſays he, the very Oracle of the Law. And looking only on the gilt Title of the other, what a Devil, ſays he, do you do with this extravagent Linſey Woolſey Poet here? Here's (and ſhook his Head) a great deal of good *Turkey* Leather loſt.

THERE

THERE is no manner of occaſion to point out more particularly, thoſe whom I hint at in this Fable. The great Lord bluſhes at a wiſe Man if he's ill dreſs'd, and yet he is a Man, and the other very often only a Suit of Cloaths.

The MAN *and* DESTINY.

FABLE X.

A Certain Man, once upon a Time, prevailed upon Deſtiny to let him know his Fortune. The Book of Providence was opened, and he read his Fate; the Progreſs of his Life, and its End. Amongſt a great many little Facts, ſome great Events diſplayed themſelves.

He was to be a mighty and glorious King, then to be taken Priſoner, and at laſt die in the midſt of Tortures. Theſe Revolutions are the Paſtime of the Gods. But amongſt an infinite Variety of theſe Objects which moſt of

all

all continually haunted the Imagination of our curious pryer into Futurity; alas! it was that of his Death, which continually plagued him where-ever he went. His frighted Soul endured it every Hour, and in every Place. This future King thus worn away with Fear, saw himself in this dreadful chagrin a Slave like *Montezeuma* *, and broiled like *Guatimosin* †.

Pity me, good Gods, said he, and take ever from me this frightful Image.

His Prayers were heard. His Imagination was no longer rack'd with Slavery and Death. He saw now in Perspective nothing but that absolute Scepter he was one Day to grasp. But is he any easier now, or more content? Alas! he's far from being Happy, a restless Impatience fires him, and he thinks every Moment an Age. Every Favour the Gods bestow is tastless and insipid. Where others died with Joy, our future King pined with an eager Expectation.

O Heaven! cried he, again, cut off these tedious Years that bar me from my Happi-

---

* *Emperor of* Mexico, *taken Prisoner by* Ferdinand Cortez, *a* Spaniard, *who conquered that Empire.*

† *Successor to* Montezeuma, *who was broiled on a Gridiron to make him discover his Gold.*

Digitized by Google

neſs, haſten on my glorious Deſtiny, for without this I can enjoy nothing.

Well, ſays Fate, notwithſtanding your Imprudence, I'll do better for you than you your ſelf deſire. 'Tis done, you're going to be Happy, I'll reſtore to you your former Ignorance.

⚜ ⚜

O Happy Lot! Bleſt Ignorance, ſo neceſſary for the Peace of all Mankind! Without thee our Impatience will make a foreſeen Good an Evil, and the Evil would kill us before it came.

The TREES.

FABLE XI.

WITH our Fathers, Lord reſt their Souls, an Aſtrologer was a neceſſary piece of Furniture. Nothing could be done without his Advice. If Reaſon commanded Skill there remained a certain—— But what does the Aſtrologer ſay in this Affair?

Were

Digitized by Google

Were they going to build a Houſe, travel, ſell or purchaſe, to marry or take Phyſick, and the like, you muſt take Advice of the Planets. Every Aſtrologer was worth his weight in Gold; and really the World is ſtill ſo fooliſh that I wonder the Faſhion does not yet continue.

A Certain great Lord who delighted in Gardening, had ſome Trees to plant. His Prophet whom he went to conſult, ſet up a Scheme, ſtudied it, and found out at laſt what coeleſtial Aſpects were advantagious on this Occaſion.

Let them plant theſe Trees, my Lord, ſaid the Doctor, this very Moment, the Planets love no delays; if you defer it a Moment theſe Trees are loſt, for a favourable Influence I cannot depend upon above one Hour at moſt.

This Advice was immediately followed, and to planting they went, and all was over in the twinkling of an Eye, and they would certainly live to a good old Age; neither Hail, Rain, angry Winds, nor even Man could do them any damage. Heaven would protect them againſt every aſſault.

Some

Digitized by Google

Some few Days after the Lord took a new Gardiner. The Plan did not please him at all, and he rooted them up, as believing it impossible for them ever to bear Fruit: Which when his Lord perceived, Thou Villain, said he, what hast thou done? These Trees would have been the Delight of their Master. My Astrologer, a very great Doctor in this Point, took the *happy Instant* for their Plantation, and every Planet in Heaven were Guarantees for their Success.

Soft and fair goes far, my most noble Lord, says the Gardiner: You are in the wrong to be angry with me, who was not present at this Consultation. But your Trees are plucked up and half withered. You see your *happy Instant* is not worth a Button, so go and beat your Astrologer.

Digitized by Google

APOLLO *and* MINERVA *turn'd Phyſicians.*

FABLE XII.

To Monſieur FONTENELLE.

FONTENELLE, thou great Maſter both in Proſe and Rhyme, in whoſe great Genius all others are contained, in your ſublime Diſcourſes the Graces ever ſmile. In theſe my Tales I treat of the common Science, which no one learns, and all imagine they know, Morality; which, leſt it ſhould look impertinent and troubleſome, I deck in Smiles.

You, Sir, know to the bottom that Art which we with pain ſet off. Before you ſoared to Speculation you were early fortified with the Principle of Action.

Pronounce then Sentence on my Allegories, judge abſolutely, without Appeal, on the Foundation and Superſtructure: To your bright Judgment I ſubmit my Works in-

Digitized by Google

tirely, not that in every reſpect I hope to gain the Cauſe, I know I ſhall be found defective in more Places than one.

Here the Style ſuffers, or the Subject is too long ſpun out; and, it may be, I do not proceed directly towards my Deſign, or, perhaps, a Word may intrude it ſelf into another's Place, and ſometimes the Turn it ſelf is faulty: Here too much Weakneſs, there too much Fire; and even where I have done my beſt been moſt deficient.

But where am I wandering? You know, Sir, the Nature of our Profeſſion. Let a Man pride himſelf never ſo much in his Talents, as long as he is a Man he muſt be faulty; and I am a Man in this, perhaps more than any other.

APOLLO * and *Minerva* † were baniſhed Heaven, no matter on what Account, let that paſs. The King of the Gods, when he pleaſes, can turn People out of Doors, no Murmuring, he will be obeyed.

---

* Apollo *the God of Phyſick.*
† *The Goddeſs of Wiſdom.*

What

What muſt us do now, ſaid they, deprived of our *Nectar* * and *Ambroſia* *, we muſt endeavour to get our Bread amongſt Men.

For my part, ſaid the God, I have a good Trade in my Belly, ay, and ſo have I too, ſaid the Goddeſs, and then they went to live, in a certain Town in *Greece*, but in different Quarters. *Apollo* turned Mountebank, and cured all Diſtempers incident to Human Bodies; he reſtored the Organs, when too much weakened, to their former Tone and Vigour, and had an infallible Specifick for every Diſtemper.

Minerva practiſed Phyſick of a higher Strain; ſhe cured the Soul, rooting intirely out every Thing that was evil. The Goddeſs knew very well that Mankind are pleaſed with a quackiſh Stile. This ſhe accordingly affected, and packetted up Wiſdom like Orvietan. Her Sign was in golden Letters, and declared that no Diſtemper was incurable to her Sovereign Art.

Bring me, ſays ſhe, a Rogue or a Devil; nay, worſe than theſe; and I'll make them as White as Snow. I cure all Ills in an inſtant with only one little touch of my Elixir. All the Virtues are my Attendance, and you

* *The Meat and Drink of the Gods.*

may take your Choice. I make a crooked Mind ſtrait, and cure a Heart gangreened with Debauchery; the Fever of Ambition, the double Tertian, and Diſtempers affecting the Brain, habitual Lying, inveterate Malice, deſperate Avarice; in ſhort, all Vices in the World: In a Word, I play with them, and I have done theſe Cures a hundred and a hundred Times, and I ſpeak within compaſs. Don't think, Gentlemen, I come here to impoſe upon you; no, I have nothing elſe in view but your Good, *Read, try, judge, and ſpeak as you find.* No Cure, No Money.

Apollo acted otherwiſe, for he took half in Hand, and ſold his Patients Hopes before the Cure. However, every Body followed him; and though he had more Practice than he knew well how to diſpenſe with, he ſtill graſped at more. The Crowd increaſed every Day, and would pawn every Thing rather than be without his divine Remedies. He ſoon got an Eſtate, and ſet up his Equipage and Chariot with ſix *Flanders* Mares, like other Gentlemen of the Faculty. But poor *Minerva* could make nothing on't, and could ſcarce get enough to find her ſelf in Coffee and Bread and Butter.

THE

Digitized by Google

THE Evils of the Body are our only Care, thoſe of the Soul take up none of our Attention.

The TREASURE.

FABLE XIII.

ONCE upon a Time a certain Prince was travelling to ſeek out Adventures, though not altogether like a Knight Errant, for he had his Attendance. His Trunks followed him with a great Treaſure, a ſure Defence againſt all the Neceſſities that attend long Journies, Money and a bold Heart, what can one deſire more?

It happened one Day that he perceived written upon a Rock theſe Words in the Oracle Stile.

I lead to a great Treaſure hidden by a certain God, it is ſurrounded by a great many Obſtacles, but the firſt Difficulty is to penetrate my Body.

Digitized by Google

Come on then my Boys, says the Prince, and to work they went: A thousand Hands were employed Night and Day, and had good Pay and Diet, and at the Expence of prodigious Sums the Work was in a few Days finished. The Rock was turned up, and discovered a Pit of a vast Depth, where he saw another Writing with these Words, *Remove me, the Treasure is a little farther.*

This gave our new AMADIS fresh Encouragement, and cost him vast Expence and Pains; however, they opened a Way through the Pit which led into a thick Forest: Upon a high Pine, at the very Entrance, hung a Scrowl with these Words, *The Treasure is hard by, but to arrive at it, you must fell a great many Trees.*

This cut him and his Men out more Work, which quite emptied his Coffers. After they had felled half a Forest they discovered a wild and desert Country. A Dragon that watched the Treasure, told him, That he had not yet done all, for he must first conquer him, before he could be Master of it.

Come on then, said the Prince, if my Purse is exhausted, my Valour's not at all abated; and with new Courage attacks the Dragon, who rouzed his dormant Rage, and vomited dreadful Clouds of Smoke and Flame.

Digitized by Google

Flame. The Prince fought like a Hero, the Danger inſpired him; he received a thouſand Wounds, and the Blood guſhed from him like Rivers, but at laſt he conquered, and laid the dreadful Monſter dead at his Feet, and ſeized the deſired Treaſure.

Here, ſays he to his Retinue, come and ſee the juſt Reward of ſo much Expence and Pains. They came accordingly, and helped him to count it, and found to a Penny the very Sum this great Exploit had coſt him, and two little Pots of excellent Balſam, juſt enough to cure him of his Wounds.

THE Gods, we ſee, made themſelves Diverſion with our Knight Errant, and teach us by his Example, That oftentimes after a great deal of Pains and Coſt, we are no better than we were before. Nay, Happy are thoſe that are not worſe? They have Reaſon to thank Heaven if they come off ſo well.

Digitized by Google

The CAMEL.

FABLE XIV.

IN pity to the Fool the wiſe Man ſometimes complies, and the Fool takes it for a real Reſpect. The Notice one takes of Folly makes it by one half more fooliſh. This great Man cannot ſuffer the leaſt Contradiction, for which Reaſon he is always in the right. We muſt not ſhew that we have the leaſt ſuſpicion that he is going to ſay a ſilly Thing, and this Management of ours however, in reality, tells him that he is a double Fool.

How often have we ſeen a mad Author in an Ecſtaſy at every one of his Verſes, and grow pale, and tremble at the leaſt Criticiſm: For which Reaſon, and becauſe we would not mortify him we let him have his way. If we deprive him but of one Syllable of Praiſe the Man's undone. The Idiot will ever believe himſelf a great Genius. I could inſtance a Thouſand other Examples. Morality

Digitized by Google

rality cannot have a more copious Subject. But I go no farther; Art ſtops my Hand for fear of giving Satiety. To tell the Reader all is not handſome, it is diſtruſting too much his Penetration.

FOR a Thouſand good Qualities the Camel has one fault, and that is no great one neither, his Foot is apt to ſlip. This being premiſed, I can tell a Tale of a Camel, otherwiſe a Beaſt very ſage, and much of a Gentleman, that prided himſelf in an Affair that had too much turned his Brain. This Spark, with the Company with whom he travelled, was to paſs over a craggy Mountain. The Camel patted on, but now and then tripp'd, which put the People in no ſmall pain, who to make the way leſs ſlippery, bound round his Feet pieces of *Turkey* Carpet.

This he took for Reſpect, and accordingly toſſed up his Head, walked gravely, and counted his Steps as a Pedant does his Words. He was a whole Day in paſſing the Mountain, and could not ſleep all Night for thinking on the Honour of the Carpet. But the next Day, when the Guide would have him, as uſual, to fall upon his Knees to receive his Load: What's here to do, good Sir, ſays

Digitized by Google

ſays our proud Dromedary, Am I not the Perſon whom Yeſterday you treated with ſuch Reſpect and Honour? Am I of another Species to Day?

Hey dey, ſays his Maſter (and bruſhed him tightly with an Oaken Towel) what, do you pretend to prate? Down upon your Marrow Bones in a Moment. The Carpet, I ſee, has turned your Head, which was done in reſpect to your Weakneſs, and no Mark of Honour, as you was ſuch a Fool to imagine. . . .

The FRIENDS *too much of a Mind.*

FABLE XV.

ONCE upon a Time there were four Friends of different Taſtes and Judgment; one was for the White, the other for the Brown; this loved Verſe, and that was charmed with Proſe. In ſhort, their Diſcourſes were ever ſeaſoned with Diſpute and Argument.

But one Day above the reſt they grew ſo hot, that from Words they came to Blows; Rea-

Digitized by Google

Reaſon was baniſhed, and Rage grew predominant. At laſt, ſays one of them, ſince we love one another, Gentlemen, would it not be infinitely more agreeable to have the ſame Taſte, and look with the ſame Eyes: If we could but think after the ſame manner, we ſhould moſt certainly love one another much better.

They all confeſſed the juſtneſs of this Diſcourſe, and were reſolved to beg of the Gods to make this extraordinary Change, and accordingly they went to *Apollo*'s Temple to offer him their Petition, who in an inſtant, they ſay, made one Head out of Four; that is, gave all of them the ſame Thoughts and Sentiments. They reaſoned alike, and made uſe of the ſelf ſame Words. Well, ſaid they, now we ſhall have no more Diſputes and Contradiction.

It is very true, Gentlemen, but then all thoſe amuſing Charms that make Converſation ſo agreeable, are likewiſe vaniſhed, for if one ſpeaks, the others ſays Yes, and this Monoſyllable was the only Word in uſe. This made their Converſation tireſome, and Friendſhip began to decline. Thus by being too much of one Mind, our Friends grew diſunited, and being weary of diſcourſing with one another, were in continual Queſt for ſome one that might contradict them.

DIVER-

Digitized by Google

DIVERSITY of Sentiments is the moſt agreeable Thing in the World. We are well as we are. Give all Men the ſame Mind, and you take away the very Spirit and Life of Society. Too much Uniformity makes every Thing tedious and diſagreeable.

PEACE.

FABLE XVI.

THE Gods, once upon a Time, were quarrelling about a certain Town. Some were for ſaving it, others for giving it up to the Enemy. They would hear no manner of Reaſon. There was nothing but great Noiſe and imprudent Clamour, railing, and giving foul Language; nay, it came to that Extremity they took up Arms: *Pluto* brandiſhed his Fork, *Pallas* her Shield, and *Neptune* his Trident.

So Gentlemen, ſays *Jupiter*, what, another *Troy*? Is War once more broke out amongſt you?

Digitized by Google

you? Will you always have us believed to be a Company of fooliſh and capricious Gods? Have not Mankind ſaid enough already of our Fooleries?

Here Madam Peace, where are you? Appear; but he might call till his Lungs broke, Peace was not in Heaven. Go *Mercury*, ſaid he, clap on your Wings, I can't imagine where this Peace has hid her ſelf. Go, make haſte, for ſhe muſt be found.

Mercury flew away in an inſtant, and arrived at Court all out of Breath. The Court he knew to be the Reſidence of Politeneſs, and ſurely he believed he ſhould certainly find Peace where there was ſo much Compliment, praiſing, embracing, and ſtudying to pleaſe, and concluded he need not ſtir one ſtep farther; but alas! he was ſoon undeceived, he found all this covered the baſeſt Treachery and Falſhood; that there was nothing but Diviſions, that they hated one another mortally, that all the reſt was nothing but meer Out-ſide and Formality.

Well, away he hies to the Courts of Judicature, not that he thought he ſhould find Peace with the Parties, Plaintiff and Defendant, or the Attornies and Counſellors, but ſure he might with the Judges, where appears ſo much Gravity; Peace reigns in

Digitized by Google

their Air, and ſeems to reſide in their Hearts.

But here he was as much deceived as before, Juſtice was embarraſſed, and they could not agree about the Senſe of the Statutes; every one ſtood up for his own Interpretation, and thus the Law, which ſhould unite Men, was made nothing but Quirk, Chicane, and Quibble.

From the Hall he ran to the Temples. Certainly, ſaid he, the Miniſters of the Gods muſt give good Example. I ſhall find Peace here, but indeed, Sir *Mercury*, you're quite miſtaken; here was no Peace, but continual Diſcord and Diſſention, oppoſite Sentiments, Hatred and Treachery. This defended tooth and nail his Oracle; and another his Statue, and every one was in the right and bringing all the World to be of his ſide.

Let us ſee, ſays *Mercury*, if I can have better Succeſs amongſt the Schoolmen. Science is One, and undoubtedly theſe Gentlemen muſt agree. But here he was as much miſtaken as ever, for a jealous Rancor reigned here as on its Throne: Infinite Diſputes, and unfair Proceedings, Moderns and Antients at eternal War. *Homer* was a God, ſays one; no, ſays the other, he is a Beaſt: And both in the wrong.

From

Digitized by Google

From hence he went into Families. But what did he discover amongst the married People? Debauched and jealous Husbands, Prudes and Coquets. In short, the Pleasures of Matrimony are mutual Hatred, Chagrins and Disgusts. One said White, and t'other Black, and thus they went on.

Amongst Brothers, another kind of Discord: Jealousy, Interest, and continual Wrangling. What, shall I find no Body that can agree, says *Mercury*? Is all the World run mad? At least Parents and Children —— But here he was convinced of his Error; either the Fathers were cruel, or the Children ungrateful. I have made a fine Journey on't, says he, as he returned to Heaven; just Gods ——— Here he cast his Eyes towards a River, where he saw Peace sitting like a *Naiad* on the Bank, under a shady Tree.

And have I found you at last, says he, good Madam? Yes, says she, I live here with this Hermit. Very well, replies *Mercury*, as far as I can see, a Body may hunt for you long enough as I have done, but I find to have you a Man must be alone.

Digitized by Google

The HORSE *and the* LION.

FABLE XVII.

DOUBT Mortals, doubt, for you know nothing. I laugh when I see you take the Affirmative; and when you take the Negative I do the same. Doubt therefore, I tell you once more, for that becomes you. Be not positive in your Decisions, your Brain is but narrow, where some few Ideas flutter about which are not infallible Marks of the Truth. Besides these, there is an immense Ocean of Truths which you see not; and your very Being is a point you are sensible of, but know not distinctly what it is. Since this is so, can you reasonably in other Things rely upon a Pride that only flatters you? Learn only that which *Socrates* * knew. Know this that you know nothing.

* Socrates *was a* Greek *Philosopher, and he frequently used to say that he knew nothing, though the Oracle declared him to be the wisest Man in the World.*

Digitized by Google

A Certain Horſe, Native of *Norway*, being a Traveller by Inclination, left his Climate of Snow to ſee the World. He went into *England*, *France*, and *Spain*; and at laſt travelled into *Africa*.

Here the Royal Lion reigned abſolute Prince over the whole Neighbourhood, giving his own Sentiments and Pleaſure for Law. The Stranger knew what belonged to Courts, and therefore preſents himſelf to the King to do him Honour. The Audience was very magnificent. The Lion was ſeated on his moſſy Throne, under a rich Canopy of green Bows, and his numerous Courtiers placed about him formed their Looks according to the Air of their Sovereign. You are welcome, ſays he, to the Horſe, begin to tell your Travels, I have now leiſure to hear you, ſpeak and divert me.

Sir, ſays the Horſe, making a low Bow, the Difference between this Country and mine is, That here the Men are Black, and there they are White; the Fields and the Trees ſhine with a white Fleece which drops down very plentifully from the Sky. The Rivers are hard as Marble; People travel over them, and they bear prodigious Burdens, and ——

Digitized by Google

Insolent Liar! says his Majesty, interrupting him, Do you take me to be a Fool? What Signs have I given you to take me for one? Is it thus you impose upon Kings? Our four-footed Traveller would have replied, but they would not let him. Away with this Impostor to the Devil, cried the whole Court. Upon which they hunted him down, and he became a Prey to their Teeth and Horns.

SUCH haughty Spirits deny with the same Pride what they cannot comprehend, though the Thing it self be infallibly true. *I cannot conceive it, therefore it is impossible.* This is the true Syllogism of the Ignorant.

Digitized by Google

BRUTES *turn'd* PLAYERS.

FABLE XVIII.

To Monſieur GILLOT.

GILLOT, my Brother in *Apollo*, for it is not by meer Fancy that Poetry and Painting are allied to each other in the ſacred Vale. Their Origin in reaſon is the ſame, both are the Gifts of Heaven. That which one by Diſcourſe paints to the Ears, the other by lively Colours knows how to inform the Mind.

Brutes which ſpeak in my Fables muſt act in your Pictures; ſhew them then in their true and native Features. Let Beaſts, Birds, and Inſects, receive Life from your Pencil; or rather fly to Heaven, and ſteal the Fire with which *Prometheus* heretofore animated a Human Body.

This is a fit Subject for thy great Genius, and a cogent Argument againſt the Carteſian

Digitized by Google

an Pride, whoſe vain Philoſophy denies Fear, Deſire, and all other Paſſions to Beaſts. This is what I can never acquieſce in. I make them reaſon, and your Art, I flatter my ſelf, will hinder me from appearing a Liar. Every Brute by you ſays thus to the Spectators, *What do you think, am I a meer Machine?*

THE Brutes had once a mind to act a Comedy. The Theatre was artfully ſet off with green Boughs, and between the Acts were Symphonies of experienced Nightingals, and other ſinging Birds.

But the Muſick was not the fineſt of it, the caſting of the Parts to the Genius of every Actor was admirable. The Lion was to act the King; and can any one doubt but his Majeſty, King as he really was, knew how to ſupport the Dignity of the Crown, and take upon him, as he ought, the Tone of Authority?

The Bull play'd the Lover with a noble Air and haughty Carriage, his Paſſion was natural and lively; you might ſee it ſparkle in his Eyes. The Dog prudent, and full of Zeal, was the faithful Confident of our Inamorato. The Heifer with her white Skin, and

Digitized by Google

and yet much nobler Air, adorned with Youth, acted the Part of a Princeſs, receiving with Diſdain the Sighs and Vows of the Bull.

The Tiger in order to be a King, made a Plot, and played the Conſpirator to the Life. In ſhort, becauſe nothing ſhould be wanting, the Fox carried on the Intrigue. But the fineſt of all was the Choice of ſuch Actors, every one in their proper Character.

But was this an Action they were going to repreſent? No, it was the Truth it ſelf, it was impoſſible to have it better contrived. But an Ape one Sun-ſhiny Day ſhrugging up his Shoulders, poor Actors! ſaid he, and laid a Wager he could play all the ſeveral Parts himſelf, to the intire Satisfaction of the Spectators.

They took him at his Word, and he began to play, mimicking every Thing in an inſtant. But what ſignified his Capering and Grimace? By doing every Thing he did nothing well. To imitate a King he got up upon his hinder Feet, knit his Brows, talked big and bluſter'd, affecting a falſe Grandeur in the room of Majeſty. He play'd the Lover without Grace or tender Paſſion, the Confident without Zeal and Diſcretion, and acted the Princeſs with forced Carriage, falſe Airs, and a great deal of Affectation. In a Rebel he ſhewed nothing but baſeneſs of Soul;

Digitized by Google

Soul, and an Ambition without the leaſt Tincture of Courage. And, in ſhort, inſtead of an able Intriguer, he repreſented a giddy headed Coxcomb. The poor Actor was deafned with redoubled Hiſſes. But why did he not ſet up to play the part of a Buffoon or Dancing Maſter? In Farce he would not have miſſed of Applauſe.

A

HUMAN Life is nothing but a Play, where we have all our Parts. Every one has what is moſt proper for him, and as Nature has caſt it; and ſhould we take up anothers, we ſhould be laughed off the Stage.

Digitized by Google

The TYRANT *become Good.*

FABLE XIX.

NO, there is nothing in the World we ſee but what ſpeaks to us and inſtructs us. Every Thing is a Subject for our Reflection, and every Event has its Moral. Let us then endeavour to know how to reflect, meditate, and reaſon: Without this a Man and a Beaſt are the ſame Thing; one may give one for the other. *Never a Barrel the better Herring.*

We make no Account of the Advice of others; it often creates Anger or Diſguſt. The Sermon of every Cenſurer, be who it will, is always odious and diſagreeable. When we ſpeak our ſelves we are more attentive. To be a good Diſciple a Man muſt be his own Maſter. And why ſo? I'll tell you, becauſe when another Perſon blames us we are only ſenſible of the Shame of being in the wrong. But when we know how to be attentive to our ſelves, and take Reaſon for our Law, we are ſenſible of the Honour of

of our reprehending our ſelves, and of the Pleaſure of yielding to no one elſe. That which other People ſay of us is written in the Sand, but what we ſay of our ſelves is graven on Braſs. So is the Mind of Man-faſhioned, as you will ſee preſently in the following Fable.

THERE was once upon a Time, a Prince that was the Horror of his Subjects; he ſported a long Time, according to his Pleaſure, with their Honour, Lives and Fortunes; War, Famine, Plague, and all other Evils put together, would have been leſs terrible to a Country than this wicked Prince.

However, he changed all of a ſudden; the Tyrant transformed himſelf into a mild Prince; *Nero* became a *Titus*, and his People had in him a Father. He was once their Horror, now their Delight and Love.

One of his Lords asked him the Cauſe of this ſtrange Alteration. As ſtrange as it is, ſays the King, a little Matter (in a Moment) was the Occaſion of it. One Day when I was a Hunting, I ſaw a Fox with a great deal of Gaiety ſnap off a Pullet's Head that begged her Life with a great deal of Submiſſion.

Pre-

Digitized by Google

Preſently runs up a Wolf to him in as ill a Humour as you could deſire, and quarters ye me Sir Reynard upon the ſpot. At the ſame Time a Tiger falls upon the Wolf and ſatisfies his Rage and Hunger, and the Tiger after this fell into the Hands of my Men.

Here I could not help thinking this a perfect Image of my Tyranny, and called that Vengeance wiſe which has in its Treaſury Rewards for the Wicked. The Good or Evil is reaped as it is ſown. This Reflexion, in an inſtant, made all this Alteration that ſo much ſurprizes you.

WITHOUT being willing to be inſtructed we have a thouſand Times been ſtunn'd with this Theme. But that Leſſon is ever moſt profitable which we give our ſelves.

Digitized by Google

The VICTIM.

FABLE XX.

A MILK-WHITE Heifer, the Pride of the whole Herd, was made Choice of to be a Sacrifice. The God, whoſe Mercy was to be obtained by this Offering, never taſted in his Life ſo delicious a Morſel.

Her Forehead was adorned with holy Ribbands, and ſhe ſhined with a thouſand different Colours. Her Head covered with Flowers. She walked to the ſound of Trumpets between two Choirs of Muſick.

Lord, ſays the Heifer, what fine Ceremony is this? What can I gather from it? Shall I be then a Goddeſs at laſt? And why not? Perhaps it may be ſo. By all theſe Honours they do one, one would think ſo, and ſo I will. She was now juſt got into the Temple when there were new Honours, and ſhe was led in Proceſſion up to the Altar. The holy Fire was kindled, and Clouds of Incenſe ſmoked. She was now more certain

Digitized by Google

tain of her Divinity; I cannot doubt of it, ſays ſhe, I am ſenſible theſe good People adore me, and by *Styx* * I'll reward them for it.

She had no ſooner ſaid this but a Fly very uncivily came Buzzing about her. Peace, Impertinent, ſays our new *Io* †, Don't you ſee that your Buzzing diſturbs the Sacrifice? Have you no more Manners than to Hum at my Canonization?

I beg your Pardon, ſweet Madam, I would not diſturb it by any Means, ſays the Fly. I only ſtay till they have cut your Throat a little, that's all, that I may taſte a bit of you at my leiſure. You are very good Meat, take my Word for it, theſe Gentlemen here have made a good Choice. Why, you alone are worth a Hecatombe ‖.

While he ſpoke this the Heifer fell down, the conſecrated Knife put an End to her Miſtakes, and the whole Pavement was covered with her Blood.

---

* Styx *is a River of Hell by which the Gods uſed to ſwear.*

† *A Nymph beloved by* Jupiter, *changed into a Cow by* Juno, *and afterwards taken into the Number of the Goddeſſes under the Name of* Iſis.

‖ *A Sacrifice of a hundred Bulls.*

Digitized by Google

THUS Fools and Madmen value themſelves on thoſe Honours which lead them to their Deſtruction.

The SPARROWS.

FABLE XXI.

YOUR Heart would be at its full Liberty. The very ſhadow of Conſtraint makes it uneaſy. It is a King very jealous of its Authority, even to a nicety.

This Object pleaſes me, but whatever you do, do not lay me under any Force to make me like it. If you command me to that which I have otherwiſe a mind to do you take away the Pleaſure of it. But why ſhould that Law ſeem rigorous and ſevere which ties me to my Pleaſure? I'll tell you, it is becauſe I have then no longer that agreeable Sweetneſs I taſted in making Choice of it. In chuſing I fancy my ſelf exerciſing the Soveregin Rights of a Crown. If any Conſtraint is laid I am no more the ſame

Digitized by Google

ſame free Agent, and the Scepter drops out of my Hand.

I then think of throwing off my Chain, and regaining my former Liberty. The Object of my Pleaſure becomes that of my Pain. I ſee nothing but my Dependance.

No more of this, refrain this Stile, may ſome one ſay. Then according to you our Duties are nothing but down-right Slavery, and the Laws which preſcribe them muſt of neceſſity frighten us.

Not at all, they are for the Wiſe, and their own Beauty are irreſiſtably charming, and to chuſe here is nothing but to love.

IN a Wood inhabited by Millions of Birds, the ſpacious City of the feather'd People, Love had united two Sparrows, a Love moſt conſtant though calm and peaceful. Careſs upon Careſs, and their Flame was ever bright and ever new. They never parted from each other, you might ſee them all the Morning long perched upon the ſame Bough, fly together to Dinner: They waſh'd in the ſame Water, celebrated every Day their happy Loves, and with their amorous *Duets* * make the diſtant Ecchoes languiſh.

* *Airs ſung by two Perſons together.*

Digitized by Google

The ſame Rock they lay in at Night, and took a pleaſing Repoſe ſide by ſide: One without her Lover, and the other without his Miſtreſs, could never ſleep a wink. Thus in a profound Peace, with continual Pleaſures did they feaſt their Loves, and every Day found one another out amongſt all the Birds in the Wood.

But one Day taking a little Air both together as uſual, they fell into a Trap, and were preſently put into the ſame Cage where they were like to paſs their Lives. Ah! how happy is it that they were ſuch good Friends!

But the very firſt Day of their Impriſonment our Couple did not love one another ſo paſſionately. The ſecond Day they grew tired with one another's Converſation. The Third they pecked each other, and at laſt hated one another mortally.

No more *Duets* now; there's a new kind of Muſick, Diſputes and Fighting; and, what muſt be done to end the Quarrel? Ev'n ſeparate the Male from the Female. Their Flame when at Liberty might have ever continued.

NECESSITY SPOILS EVERY THING.

COURT

Digitized by Google

COURT FABLES.

BOOK V.

The PHENIX *and the* OWL.

FABLE I.

To the Queen of Pruſſia.

I BEGAN my Book with my own King, another Royal Perſon ſhall crown the Work. Accept, O mighty Queen, my humble Homage. This Tribute of a Stranger ſhould be more agreeable to you. The Incenſe of your Subjects ſmells of Dependance; all their Homage is your due, they are Subjects to your Power, I only to your Virtues.

I've

Digitized by Google

I've consulted Fame in relation to your Heart and Genius, of which, the winged Messenger intirely charmed, relates incessant Wonders. She tells me that Heaven has pour'd into your Royal Soul its greatest Treasures; faithful Justice, and noble Truth, make there their Residence. That which sage Laws command your People, you know to inspire by your virtuous Conduct. Your Virtues, Madam, subdue Hearts rebellious to the Laws, fixed by your bright Example.

One greater than a Princess under your Care, learns to sustain your sacred Character, and is instructed to become one Day the Delight of the People, and the Happiness of a King. The Goddess *, as she passed, told me, my Writings were so happy as to have your Royal Approbation; most certainly, Madam, 'tis Virtue (whose Image I therein trace) has made them somewhat valuable in your Eyes. My Fables, scarce yet born, aspire to the same Honours. Accept then these as Sisters to my Odes, and though much younger, may they find the same good Fortune. They make their Court to you at least by their Morality.

---

* *Fame.*

Digitized by Google

May your young Son, who under ſage Preceptors, is learning the Art to Rule, participate the ſolid Leſſons I preſume to offer to my King.

THE Phenix, the firſt of the Name, King of the *Arabian* Plains, a ſtrict Adorer of the Sun, had paſſed a long Life in a real Sanctity, the feathered People never had his Equal.

The holy Bird, after more than a hundred Ages, was arrived to the Period of his Life. In ſhort, the Order of Nature told him he muſt die; ſcarce had he heard the fatal Summons, but without regret, complaint, or being ſurprized at his illuſtrious Deſtiny, he ſet himſelf to work to form his funeral Pile.

A certain Owl his Neighbour, that lay lurking in the Hole of a Tree, poor, old, miſerable, and diſtempered, and as cold as Marble, curſed the Sun for not warming him.

Good Brother, ſays the Saint, why all this Blaſphemy? Have Patience, and die better than you lived; Death is no Evil; believe it ——— Believe it your ſelf, ſays the Owl, I am convinced it is one though, for all

Digitized by Google

all your preaching. When I was well I did what I pleaſed, yet I die without conſtraining my ſelf, and your Sermon is needleſs. As to the reſt, you ſpeak well enough, who are your ſelf a Species, and as old as the World: Your God the Sun is not much elder, and is it then ſtrange you ſhould be willing to die? You ought to be ſick of the World and all its Charms; had I lived as long as you I ſhould not have ſo much regretted the loſs of my Hole.

What more of the World would you ſee than you've ſeen already? ſays our *Arabian* Apoſtle. It is always the ſame Thing over again, one Day is like another, we have lived long enough, let us die both at the ſame Time. Adore the Sun, from whom thou art indebted for thy Life, and repent of ever having ſhunned his Face. What Good has that impious Flight procured you? What Remorſe, what Chagrin, what Vexation? But ——— I have done; the Time paſſes on, and I am in haſt to die.

Your humble Servant, ſays the Owl, and much good may it do you, for my part, I would fain get well again.

The Phenix followed then the Dictates of his Zeal, finiſhes his Pile with fragrant Woods and Spices, and ſets it o' Fire with the Rays of the Sun, and with an intire Re-

Digitized by Google

Reſignation lies down as in his Neſt. The Weſt Wind blew the Fire over to the Owl's Lodging, the Saint expired on his Pile, and the Blaſphemer in his Hole. But one died for ever, and the other from his Aſhes roſe up in all his Glory.

THE Juſt muſt expect an Immortality, but Death, and worſe, is for the Wicked. Another Moral may likewiſe hence be drawn, *viz.* That as there is but one Phenix in the World, ſo does the juſt Perſon very near reſemble him on account of his Rarity.

The LION's *Feaſt.*

FABLE II.

THE Lion, like a good King, had a mind to treat his Court. He was not like thoſe Kings of *India* who are never ſeen, or afraid of great Days, and whoſe Majeſty is founded on Terror; he was aſſured of the *Fear* of his Subjects, and would gain their *Love.*

They

Digitized by Google

They all met at his Den, where the Table was ſpread and his Cooks ſhewed all their Art; there was good ſtore of Kid, Fowls and Mutton, as fat as your Heart could wiſh; in ſhort, every Thing ſmelt well, and they had all good Stomachs.

His roaring Majeſty took his Seat, after him their Highneſſes the Tigers, then my Lords the wild Boars, and the Bears with their Paunch Bellies. A Buck and ſome Wolves were placed at the lower end; but you muſt underſtand, every Species had their reſpective Ladies intermixed, for to make one laugh and be merry what ſignifies good Cheer and good Wine without a Miſtreſs? I ſay good Wine, of which they had ſufficient Plenty.

The Ape waited upon them, and was the Mirth of the Entertainment, and made them giggle as *Vulcan* did the Gods heretofore: His Buffoonery put them into a pleaſant Humour, and they laughed till their Sides aked. After ſome agreeable Raillery, and little Liberties, they came (as is too frequent in publick Entertainments) to ſpeak diſagreeable Truths, and addreſs'd themſelves to the Buck as the weakeſt of them all, as is uſual in like Caſes. O! what a nimble Gentleman is Mr. Buck there? ſaid they, what a Hero would he be if he was not afraid of the Sound

Digitized by Google

Sound of the Horn? He is as light-footed as *Achilles*, and knows how to run away like another *Hector*.

Very well, says the Buck, heated with Wine and Rage; Do you think, Gentlemen, I would be here if I had not Courage? However, I must confess, I have a sort of an Antipathy to the Noise of the Horn, that's the Truth on't. But ——— a ——— every Body, you know, has their Failings. Ask even his Majesty, whether he is not afraid of Fire.

At these Words, tho' the Lion had Reason to be angry, yet he repressed his Resentment, and only contented himself with opening his Paw, and closing it again immediately. CLEMENCY IS THE GIFT OF GREAT KINGS.

This put a little stop to their Diversion, however, it was not long before they fell a new to Carousing, and having recovered themselves out of their Fright, fell again to Satire. In the midst of the Desert the Buck fancied he had something Witty to say to the Bear. My God, says he, what a jolly Creature is Sir Bruen? O that he was but as handsome! What pity it is that he is not quite finished?

The Bear, who did not understand a Jest, falls foul upon our Wit, and without more

Digitized by Google

Ceremony gave him a good *Corniſh* Hug, and broke his Back.

The Bear had not Courage to imitate the Lion, nor did the Buck take warning by his Danger, ſo true it is, that

NOTHING IMPROVES A FOOL.

The Fox *turn'd Preacher.*

FABLE III.

THE Moral without doubt is the very Soul of the Fable, it is a Bloſſom which muſt produce Fruit. Your Intention is only to read a pleaſant Tale, and you are inſtructed whether you will or no. We play with you, and we ſeem only to ſtrive to pleaſe you, and this Play turns at laſt into a Leſſon.

Man never could endure ſevere Precepts, to take him, you muſt bait the Hook. In this manner *Æſop*, ſo famous through the World, was the Inſtructor of Mankind. How Happy is a Reader under his Care? He amuſes like a Child, but 'tis to make a Man.

Let

Digitized by Google

Let us cultivate this fine Art, let new *Æſops* riſe to rival thoſe of old, pleaſant Cenſors, and who, far from being like ſowr and moroſe *Timons*, while they reprimand us, gain our Gratitude. But let us take certain Care that the Tale be invented purely for the Moral. Let us take ſuch juſt Meaſures as to go on directly to our Truth. Let your Draught be lively and piercing, be not too prolix, the more compacted the Senſe is, the leſs liable is it to eſcape us; engage the Memory by ranging properly the Words. Sometimes the Fable is evident of it ſelf, the Senſe immediately preſents it ſelf to our Eyes, and in ſuch Caſe Art forbids us to make a Comment. I obſerve here this prudent Rule. Who will not hear my Reynard.

THERE was once upon a Time a Fox, a great Doctor, but of a great Age, unable (as in his youthful Years) to ſeize on Poultry, and was for that Reaſon reſolved to make uſe of Policy, and accordingly turned Preacher.

His Sermons were levelled always againſt unjuſt War, and a gluttonous Appetite; and beſides a large ſtock of fine Morality, he had a ſtrong Voice, free Geſture, and good

Digitized by Google

Tone, an humble Air, and a great deal of outward *Zeal*.

Doctor Reynard ſoon got him a Name, and it was ſaid that the Lion himſelf deſired to hear him preach, but our grave Doctor refuſed him that Honour, for which he had his Reaſons: It might make him grow Proud. But Buſtards, Geeſe and Poultry, came thick and threefold to hear him hold forth, they had no manner of Apprehenſion they ſhould become his Prey, his Text aſſured them to the contrary.

Curſed, ſays he, for ever, be every voracious Animal, let him be excommunicated the Society of the Faithful, let him be Anathema! What, cannot one eat without committing Murder? We that have ſo many good Things which kind Nature has graciouſly beſtowed on us in the flowry Meadows, and ripened for us on the Trees. Let us live upon Herbs and Fruits, what need of any Thing elſe?

Every Thing that has Life, dearly beloved, ought to be reſpected, for which Doctrine I ſhall give you ſeveral Reaſons. Firſt, This is Injuſtice. Secondly, Cruelty, and ſuch a piece of Cruelty too, that expoſes us to eat our very Parents; yes, dear Chriſtians, I ſay, our very Parents. For you muſt underſtand by *Metempſycoſis*

Digitized by Google

zempſycoſis * (mark ye me well, dearly beloved) after a Soul has made ſome little ſtay in one Body, it goes into another, and ſtays no longer there than till it has an Opportunity to go elſewhere. By which you ſee, that a bloody minded Wolf, in eating up a Sheep, may chance to eat his own Father; and I (Fox as I am) ſhould I go and crunch up a Pullet, or Goſling, or ſo, might expoſe my ſelf to the Danger of eating up my poor Mother Mrs. Fox. I would die a hundred Deaths rather than attempt it. Ah! may Heaven preſerve me, and all of us here, good Chriſtian People, from ſuch Wickedneſs.

Thus our *Pythagoras* † with a long Tail held forth, his Exclamations were heard afar of, and his Zeal almoſt choaked him.

The Sermon ended, the Audience retired mightily edified, not without beſtowing many an Encomium on the Preacher. But two or three Pullets, with a few Ducks and Geeſe, ſtay'd behind to take ſome ſpiritual Advice, which he very decently devoured for his Collation. Happy they that got off the Ground.

---

* *The Paſſage of a Soul from one Body to another.*

† Pythagoras *taught the Doctrine of* Metempſycoſis, *and would eat nothing but Fruits and Herbs.*

The Dog and the Cat.

FABLE IV.

TRAGOTIN was a Dog of *Picardy*, ſcented well, faithful, and the beſt Soul of a Dog that ever was. He had a thouſand good Qualities, recommended himſelf by his zealous Cares to Maſter and Miſtreſs, Children, Servants, and every Body.

You might have ſeen him careſs his Miſtreſs, and play a hundred little Tricks to divert her; he participated of her Joy or Sorrow, according as he ſaw her either laugh or cry. He would tell his Maſter's coming a League off, and called all his Servants about him, would careſs his Friends, and know them at a diſtance, a ſoft gentle Paw, and no Teeth.

Sometimes in a little Coach he would draw the Children, and at Night-time guard *Lucy* when ſhe went Abroad. He was Turn-ſpit for the Cook; in ſhort, he was every Thing, and had not a Soul in the Family but was his Friend, except a Cat, whom he pulled.

Digitized by Google

pulled one Day by the Ear in diſputing a Bone. It ſhall be the worſe for you, ſays Miſs *Tabby*, with a big Heart and glowing Eyes. But *Ragotin* took little Notice of her Menaces, did not eat or ſleep one bit the leſs.

However, the Traitreſs meditated Revenge Day and Night, at laſt an Opportunity offered: The Lady of the Houſe had a Linnet which diverted her with his wild Harmony. Puſs one Morning early went *incognita*, and ſcratching open the Cage ſtrangled our Muſician, and in that Condition laid it in the Dog-Kennel.

You may judge what a Fret Madam was in when ſhe miſſed the Linnet; the whole Houſe was in an Uproar; they ſearched every Creek and Corner, at laſt they found the true Body of the deceaſed lying cloſe by *Ragotin*. Ah! Traytor, let him die, ſays ſhe, no Pardon for this Ingrate. Quickly diſpatch him in a Moment.

Her Orders were ſoon put in Execution, and every one cried at the fatal Stroke. The Cat, at moſt, was but ſuſpected, but no one dared take the Dog's part, the Fact was plain. It is a thouſand Pities, ſaid they, but what ſignifies it? He's dead.

AN

Digitized by Google

AN Enemy does more hurt than an hundred Friends Service. Heaven keep me ever from ſuch a One. Hatred always wakes, and Friendſhip ſleeps.

HOMER *and the Deaf* MAN.

FABLE V.

To Monſeigneur the Duke De NOAILLES.

NOAILLES, To you I addreſs my ſelf; you who are ſo well verſed in the Trade of Heroes (a Myſtery well known in *Rome* and *Athens*) who are well acquainted with their Cuſtoms, their Action and Repoſe.

Thou modern *Scipio* *, proper to make a *Terence*, who even in the Field of *Mars* haſt kept Intelligence with thoſe who nurture

* *A* Roman *General, a great Friend to* Terence, *who wrote Comedies.*

Arts;

Digitized by Google

Arts; covered with thoſe Laurels with which *Bellona* † has often crowned you; Judge of thoſe, I hope for on Account of the Exploits of my Pen. It is no eaſy Matter to find a competent Judge, every Reader is not ſo. In this bold Age (ſometimes I've found it true by Experience) whether we blame or approve, we decide more than we underſtand.

THE old Ballad Maker * that ſung *the Wrath of* Peleus's *Son*, and the Ode of the Rats, was mounted one Day upon his three legged Stool in a great Market Place, reciting to the Mob the Follies of the Gods, and their bloody Battels.

He had his Picture, and ſhowing Rod, that pointed out all his Heroes, which he called by their Names. This, Gentlemen, ſays he, is *Ajax*, that there *Agamemnon* ||, and then he ſung their Adventures, the Scene was complete even to the Violin.

† *The Goddeſs of War.*

* Homer, *who made one Poem on the Wrath of* Achilles, *Son of* Peleus, *and another of the War between the Frogs and Rats.*

|| *King of* Argos, *and Chief of all the Kings and Generals at the Siege of* Troy.

The

Digitized by Google

The idle People crowded round him, and admired the fine Sound of his Compoſitions. Every one threw up his Handkerchief and his Penny, and the Songſter took care to ſend it back again with a Ballad, and immediately the Bell began to ſound at the Fiſh Market. Every Body deſerted him, only one Man ſtay'd behind. *Homer* runs to him, embraces him tenderly, and calls him *Apollo*'s Favourite. They all marched with haſte, ſays he, to the Fiſh Market as if Old Nick was behind them; the Market Bell rung, and then 'twas, *The Devil take the hindmoſt.*

Now you muſt underſtand this Man was deaf: What is that you ſay of the Bell? ſays he. The Market Bell rings (cried *Homer* aloud in his Ear) but in vain for you, I ſee. How, ſays the other, does it ring? Adieu, and I heartily thank you.

WE always applaud our ſelves on account of the Effect of our own Works. We often boaſt of the Approbation of ſuch and ſuch People, and very often ſuch and ſuch People are quite deaf.

Digitized by Google

VIRTUE, MONEY, *and* REPUTATION.

FABLE VI.

VIRTUE, Money, and Reputation, were travelling together; they were near Relations, and as it happened, very good Friends.

Well Couſins, ſays Money, though we travel the ſame Road, it is poſſible we may loſe one another; moſt certainly it may be ſo, ſays Virtue. But if it ſhould ſo happen, ſays Reputation, how ſhould we do to find one another? You muſt give me before-hand ſome certain Signs, that if I loſe you I may know you, or at leaſt where you are.

With all my Soul, ſays Money, wherever you ſee great Progreſs made in Arts and Sciences, a Taſte for ingenious Compoſitions, either in Verſe or Proſe, beautiful Pieces of Painting, and curious Sculpture, look for me, you may be ſure I'm not far off.

For

Digitized by Google

For my part, says Virtue, I'm not so easy to be found when lost, and you must not imagine to find me in large and populous Cities. I much rather hide my self up in some Desart. However, when you see great Men compassionate, and charitable to the Poor, who are uneasy at the Misfortunes of those for whom they've professed a Friendship, and who think it their greatest Glory to serve them in Adversity, faithful Husbands, just Judges, zealous Ministers; reasonable and disinterested Conquerors, and Lovers of the publick Good, ask for me, and you'll certainly find me.

Very well, says Reputation, I must tell you too, I've no mean Opinion of my self, however, I must only give you one Precaution, and that is, Look well after me; take care you don't lose sight of me, if you do, all Signs and Tokens any one may give you, will stand you in no stead.

For they that have once lost me never find me more.

The

Digitized by Google

The GRACES.

FABLE VII.

THE Graces, good Sisters, enjoyed the Sweets of the strictest Love; however, a certain Emulation of Precedence once upon a Time discomposed that Union. Each set up her own Pretensions, every one fancied she had superiour Charms to engage and enamour Hearts, of which *Venus* was to be the Judge.

No better in the World can I desire, said *Euphrosyne*, with a jealous Smile, let us refer the Cause to her, and to her Decision we will all submit. Let the Goddess declare to whom belong the greatest Charms, but let us unanimously agree, dear Sisters, to acquiesce to her Arbitrament.

Submit to her your self, says *Thalia*, a little ruffled and discomposed to see *Euphrosyne* so much assured of her Cause.

I readily agree to this Proposal, says *Aglae*, let's wait the Event.

Digitized by Google

Venus was ſoon informed of this new Contention, the Goddeſs ſate on her Bed of Juſtice, being not a little pleaſed that in a like Diſpute the Apple was adjudged to her ſelf as the moſt beautiful and engaging.

The Graces appeared accordingly before this Tribunal, being equally embarraſſed with a reſtleſs Deſire to pleaſe: But this ſame reſtleſs Care ſpoiled all; all their Art turned to their Diſadvantage. One by the formal Set of her Mouth made a Grimace the moſt diſagreeable in the World, the other by ſhewing of her white Teeth took off the beautiful Form of her Features, and the third with too much affected Leers and Ogles perfectly ſquinted.

What's here to do, ſays *Venus?* Where are all your Attractives? Is it thus you proclaim my Approach? Go, and agree together, if you would return to your former Character, and be Graces ſtill; and if you have a mind to pleaſe, do not ſtudy to do ſo.

For I maintain this as an undoubted Maxim, That every one gives Diſguſt when they have a mind to pleaſe too much.

THERE CAN BE NO AGREEABLENESS WHERE THERE IS ANY AFFECTATION.

The

The Fox *and the* Lion.

FABLE VIII.

MAN moſt certainly is bound to be ſincere towards Man his Brother. However, one muſt very often, if we have a mind to do Good, ſeaſon and dreſs up Truth, for if we give it an imperious Tone, and the haughty Air of a Leſſon, Self-love makes us angry at it, we muſt humour it a little. One muſt by an humble Artifice help it ſelf to be perſwaded.

If you would make one in love with Juſtice, inſpire it rather than command it. Above all People, Kings require moſt to be managed; we muſt treat them with Dexterity and Art, without this the wiſeſt Council appears to them an Attempt on their Authority.

A fulſome Flatterer, and ſevere Pedant, are both bad. He who knows how to correct without Diſpleaſing does his Buſineſs.

Digitized by Google

This is due to us all, for Self-love has its Laws. We muſt manage all Men. In Pride all Men are Kings.

A FOX was purſued, and for want of another, took Refuge in a Lion's Den. The Hunter had no Ambition to follow farther; it was a difficult Matter for him to break this Incloſure, but the frighten'd Fox made little Account of Hoſpitality. You are welcome, ſays the fierce Monarch, you are a freſh bit for my Mouth; what Sauce will beſt reliſh with you? Tell me.

I can't tell indeed, an't pleaſe your Roaring Majeſty, ſays the Fox. But, Sir, this Talk and Looks of yours, call to mind my poor Father. I can't help weeping, when I think upon his End. A poor Rabbit followed by the Hounds, asked Shelter in his Kennel, but my Father thinking the Requeſt a little uncivil, and being moved with the Inſtigation of the Devil, eats him up.

The Rabbit when he was dying implored the Vengeance of hoſpitable *Jupiter*, and that very Moment my poor Father was ſmother'd in his Hole.

At this the Lion was ſenſibly touched, and either through Fear, Shame, or Pity on the Fox,

Digitized by Google

Fox, his Hunger relaxed. Go about your Buſineſs, ſays he, your Story has ſatisfied my Appetite.

The WHALE *and the* AMERICAN.

FABLE IX.

HER Majeſty Lady Whale, was croſſing the Coaſt of *America*, making the Sea tremble with her vaſt Bulk, which took up ſeveral Acres of the liquid Plain, and her loud Bellowings frighten'd the Air. With how much Grandeur do we move, ſaid ſhe? The Inhabitants of the Ocean are my Subjects: Either through Love or Fear our People are very Loyal. We eat them as we pleaſe, and find none rebellious. We are of equal Quality with *Thetis* *:

And for you Men, content your ſelves, Meſſieurs, with preſuming to wage War with other Creatures: If you are their Kings know we are your Sovereigns, and you our

* *The Goddeſs of the Sea.*

Vaſſals. While this Lady Whale moved on with her Bravadoes, a *Celadon* * of the Country was purſuing his *Aſtrea* along the Shoar. Fain would he melt her Heart of Rock; but alas! all was in vain, the fair One, notwithſtanding his Adorations, returned Coldneſs and Diſdain.

What, ſays he, will you ever be inſenſible! What ſhall I do to obtain you? Tell me, I'll do Impoſſibilities to gain your Love. Well, ſays ſhe, I'll take you at your Word; I'll prove kind, on Condition you lay that bragging Monſter there at my Feet.

The Lover pauſed a while, and conſidered before he promiſed, but having found what he wanted, I readily ſubmit, ſays he, to your Propoſal, though you coſt me never ſo dear I muſt obtain you. This ſaid, he arms himſelf with his Mace, and two long Stakes of Wood, and plunges into the Water: Inſpired with new Hopes he parts the foaming Billows with his nervous Arms, boards the Whale, and without any Civility jumps upon her Majeſty's Back.

She made the Water tremble with her Bellowings, but not our Lover. In vain from her Noſtrils does ſhe dart the Water

---

* *The Name of a Lover in the Romance of* Aſtrea.

like

like rapid Streams. He made the beſt Uſe of his Time, and with his Mace knocks the Stakes one through each Noſtril. This ſoon ſtifled her, and our new *Bellerophon* * came ſwimming triumphantly to the Shoar.

The Waves ſeconded his Courage, and puſhed on the dead Monſter. Thus died the Royal Whale. Her Brags we ſee were all in vain.

THE STRONGEST PEOPLE HAVE THEIR FOIBLES.

Hence may likewiſe be drawn another Moral, *viz.*

The Paſſions do every Thing in us all. Let us only regulate, not deſtroy them. They have taught Mankind every Thing.

---

* Bellerophon *killed the Chimera.*

Digitized by Google

The BEES.

FABLE X.

IT is a good Thing to ſhew Mercy, which is the fineſt Flower of Omnipotence. Gods of the Earth love to pardon your Subjects. Do not hurl your Bolts if thundering alone will do, but never let your Compaſſion ſuffer it ſelf to take away a wholeſome Fear from Wickedneſs, it is very rarely convenient that the Prince ſhould interpoſe between the Law and the Criminal.

Oftentimes an indiſcreet Mercy is the Unhappineſs of the People, and the Shame of the King. One muſt be ſevere out of pity. He who puniſhes well has leſs to puniſh. A too gentle Humour for the preſent is Cruelty for the future.

MUSCAN was King of the Bees, and for his brave Exploits was ſurnamed the GREAT. His Majeſty put out an Edict through all his Dominions, wherein, for

Digitized by Google

for ſeveral good Motives, he expreſly forbad every one for the Time to come to touch any Flower whatſoever of an ill Taſte, for he had obſerved it ſpoiled the Honey.

The Porters were ordered to deny Entrance to any Bee of what Rank or Quality ſoever, whoſe Smell ſhould diſcover their Diſobedience. This Prohibition was very ſevere; no one was to expect Mercy that ſhould tranſgreſs this Ordinance. Dated in our ſweet Louvre, ſuch a Day and Year of our Reign, and ſealed and counterſealed with the great Seal of yellow Wax.

The People thus tied up by the Royal Mandate, were very exact in the Choice of their Meat; touched nothing but Jeſſamine, Pinks, and ſweet Marjoram; dined very often on Thyme and Roſes. You might ſee them all ſmelling round the little Flowers that perfume the Garden, and then return home all ſpicy and imbalmed.

However, one Day an imprudent Bee, a great Favourite of the King, having din'd upon an ill ſcented Plant, came to the Hive. They began to ſmell about. So, my Lord, ſays the Porter, you don't ſmell very well methinks. What does it ſignify how I ſmell, Blockhead? The Edict does not touch me. Upon which all the Porters let him paſs.

But

Digitized by Google

But the King going his Rounds found him out, and ſummon'd all his People to appear, when, ſitting upon his Throne of Wax, he examined the whole Affair, which having maturely conſidered, he equally condemned the Porters and the Favourite.

Pray, Royal Sir, cried all the People with one Voice, pardon them at leaſt for their firſt Fault. No, ſays the King, I cannot comply with your blind Requeſt, know that a King muſt be a Slave to his Laws, and obey what he commands. My Rigour is Mercy, and prevents the dreadful Conſequences of Impunity. How many Criminals ſhould I have one Day to puniſh whom I now ſave by my Severity.

Digitized by Google

The RAT *keeping Open Houſe.*

FABLE XI.

THERE was in a certain Village a Granary full of Wheat; a Rat that lived hard by believed it his own: He had made a Hole, through which he enter'd upon his Eſtate as often as he pleaſed. But as if it was not enough to fill his own Belly, he invited all the Rats of the Neighbourhood. He kept, in ſhort, an open Table, like a Lord, where, according to Cuſtom, every Gueſt paid for his Dinner in praiſing the Maſter of the Entertainment.

The good Rat counted his Friends by his Fingers (for he looked upon thoſe who were Friends to his Table to be his own) They had ſworn Friendſhip to him a hundred Times, and would they lie? No, that's not to be imagined.

But in the mean Time, the other Maſter of the Corn ſeeing theſe Gentlemen live after this manner, reſolved to remove the Granary, which was accordingly done next Day.

Digitized by Google

Day. Our Rat was now put to his Trumps. Well, ſays he, it is happy for me that I have made ſo many good Friends. Full of theſe Hopes he viſits them all round, but not a Soul of them would ſee him, but bolted up their Doors, except one only Rat, a good Neighbour, whom he had never known before. This Gentleman freely gave him Entrance, and received him like a Brother.

I deſpiſed, ſays he, thy Luxury and Treaſure, but I reſpect thy unhappy Condition. Be my Gueſt, I have but a little, 'tis true, but that Little is enough. I truſt to my Temperance, but he is a Madman that truſts to every Friend introduced by Plenty. Theſe come when Riches flow, and when thoſe are gone they go too.

The

Digitized by Google

The CHILD *of neither Sex.*

FABLE XII.

THERE was once upon a Time a Child born of neither Sex, quite contrary to an Hermaphrodite, which has both. An exquiſite Gracefulneſs and Beauty prognoſticated uncommon Merit.

On this aſtoniſhing Novelty more than one Oracle was conſulted. The Caſe was worthy *Apollo*'s Anſwer, who ſaid, That the Child ſhould continue of neither Sex, as he came into the World, till twenty Years of Age, and then ſhould chuſe which Sex he would be of, either Man or Woman, or nothing; in ſhort, what he would.

He grew accordingly, was of a fine Stature, and his Wit and Prudence ſoon gained him a thouſand Friends. Beloved by both Sexes who made him the Confident of all their Secrets. But eſpecially, our Chamber Counſellor was conſulted by tender Hearts; theſe he heard as an impartial Judge, regu-

Digitized by Google

lated every Thing by the Rules of ſtricteſt Juſtice, gave his Advice, and made up Differences, and without exacting any Honours, was Arbitrator of Coſts and Charges between the Parties.

During this Practice he heard nothing but Complaints, and ſaw in the Hearts of Lovers nothing but Caprice and eager Wiſhes, impatient Tranſports and devouring Fears, Goods only in Expectation and Deſire, but real Chagrins under the ſhadow of Pleaſures.

The Time now was come when our Counſellor was to make his Choice, he went then to the Temple with a great deal of Pomp and Ceremony, to put in Execution the Sentence of the infallible God. The Men conſulting their own Intereſt, prayed that he would chuſe to be a Woman, for he had already all the Attractives of the Fair Sex but one. Heaven therefore had deſign'd him for a Woman.

The Ladies, on the other Hand, induced by the ſame Motives, wiſh'd him a Man; or rather, leaſt his Beauty ſurpaſſing theirs, ſhould draw away their Admirers. In ſhort, each Sex knew not what they would have. And now our Anonymus enters the Temple: The People crowded about him, lending a perplexed Ear to what he was going to ſay.

Digitized by Google

O Gods! ſaid he, let me continue juſt as I came into the World. Friendſhip is enough for me. Do not, O! do not, by giving me a Sex, expoſe me to Love.

THIS Prayer was wiſe as well as unexpected. Sexes without doubt are well diſtinguiſhed, and for proper Ends: But in this, Nature has more its own Intereſt in view than our Repoſe.

Digitized by Google

The HOROSCOPE *of the* LION.

FABLE XIII.

GREAT Men are fond of the Horoſcope, and imagine that their Fate is written in Heaven; and that nothing New can offer it ſelf to the Obſervation of the Teleſcope but what has a good or bad Aſpect for them. The Sun, Stars and Planets, all talk of them. Hence then all ye little People, don't trouble us with the black Preſages of Comets. Princes take a Pride to have no Body frighten'd but themſelves.

A LION King of *Africa*, had a mind one Day to know his Fortune, but his Court could not furniſh him with a Maſter in that Rubrick. An Ape that ſerved a certain Aſtrologer promiſed to do it, and went home to be as good as his Word, and as good luck would have it, his Maſter's Study Door being open, he whips up the firſt Paper that came to hand; this was a Ho-

Digitized by Google

Horoſcope moſt certainly, and that was enough.

Away he capers to the Lion, and gives him the Paper, which he read. Now, what do you think the Lion's Fortune was? Why, to be a Slave, and afterwards a Player. How Traytor, ſaid the Prince, and dare you tell me this is my Deſtiny? You are an ignorant Sot. Sir, ſaid the Ape, trembling, I wiſh I was ſo. But do you know your own Fortune? Come, Let's hear it, ſays the King; Tell me how long thou haſt to live. The Royal Paw was open, and the Ape upon his Marrow Bones. Sir, ſays he, I have read in the cæleſtial Volume, that I muſt of Neceſſity die the ſame inſtant with your Majeſty.

This quaint Turn made Reparation for his Imprudence: The ſuperſtitious Lion cloſed his Paw, and with-held his Vengeance. Nay, Self-love did more, he chriſten'd his Fear, and gave it the Name of Mercy. Our Actions ſometimes have the Air of Virtues. But what became of the Prophecy? I'll tell you. The Lion fell into the Hunters Net, was taken, chained, and in Time grew tame. His Maſter had a mind to get his Living by ſhowing him about; and accordingly he left home with his Lion, in Company with our Fortune-Tel-

Digitized by Google

ler the Ape, who was well verſed in all the humorous Turns of Mimickry.

They went to all Fairs, and our two Actors ſupported the Scene, one ſerious, the other a Buffoon. That *Lelio* *, and this *Harlequin* *. The whole Town crowded to ſee this new Play. The Lion's Part was to appear no longer himſelf, but to be gentle, complaiſant and tractable to his Maſter. He acted Submiſſion, played with him with his Tail, patted him gently with his Paw, and let him put his Head into his Mouth, to the Aſtoniſhment of the Spectators.

The Ape, on the other Hand, played a hundred little Tricks with his Companion; rid aſtride upon his Back, and guided him as he pleaſed. This Sight gave the Spectators both Fear and Pleaſure at the ſame Time. The Ape was applauded, which inſpired him to attempt ſomething greater, and accordingly one Day being reſolved to imitate Man, and preſuming to truſt too much on the Docility of the Lion, thruſts his Head into his Mouth.

This Action ſurprized the Lion, and awakened his natural Fury, which made him, without reflecting on his Deſtiny, ſnap

* *Two Actors in the* Italian *Company.*

off

Digitized by Google

off the Ape's Head; but in puniſhing this Folly he loſt his own Life, for the Ape's Head ſtuck ſo faſt in his Throat that it choaked him.

Thus we ſee the Lion's Deſtiny accompliſhed, which was calculated for a Man. After ſuch a Fact one is apt to give Credit to a blind Art which has no Guide. Chance ſometimes diverts it ſelf to juſtify it; but be that as it will, it is a certain Truth,

THAT THE ASTROLOGER IS ALWAYS A LIAR.

Digitized by Google

The PRESENT *and the* FUTURE.

FABLE XIV.

HERETOFORE two Merchants of a new Trade, Sir PRESENT and Sir FUTURE, opened Shop in this World. They lived close by each other, only *Present* lived in a narrow Passage, but *Future* in the open Air. One was Plain and Simple, the other very *Adroit*.

They cried their Goods to all that passed by. Stop here, observe me well, my Name is *Present*; come to me, I've all what you want, the true Good is with me. My Neighbour indeed, calls to you, but, alas! What will you do with him? He'll promise much, but give you nothing. But he might bawl as long as he would, he was not much minded.

In the mean Time, *Future* was got upon a large Stage, shining with much Address and Pomp. Here, Gentlemen, says he, 'tis

Digitized by Google

'tis I who have diſintangled the Thread of your Days. I foretell every Thing that muſt be, and more. I have all Things, deſire what you will. What would you have? You have no more to do than to name it. Tell me, I comfort People in Trouble. I do more, I give People good Fortune before hand. It is I alone who ſell Hopes: What do I ſay? Sell them, I give them for nothing. Here, take them, Gentlemen; ſee here are Treaſures, Honours, Pleaſures, pure and unmixed; have you ever taſted the like? No. Have Patience, you muſt believe every Word I ſay. They'll come to you better prepar'd. But will you have a better Proof of my Ability and abſolute Power? *Preſent* there deafens you with his ſuperfluous Cant, you'll ſee him diſappear inſtantly. There you ſee him, and now you don't ſee him at all.

And thus Futurity, which is a meer Cheat, amuſes all Mankind.

Digitized by Google

The SHEPHERD *and the* ECCHOES.

FABLE XV.

ONE would believe we are People of Reflexion, but we ſay a great deal and do not think at all. We very rarely are Maſters of our own Deciſions. We repeat by Word of Mouth, or by Writing, what others have ſaid, and very often after others.

Pure Memory erected into Wit: Other Peoples Judgments which we give for our own. One Man judges of a Thing, and a thouſand Tatlers adopt this Opinion into a ſovereign Law, and this torrent of Repeaters has ſwelled ſo high as to carry all before it. This, however, is to abandon our ſelves, weak Race as we are, to the Majority. But herein true Authority does by no means conſiſt. To warrant Truth let us count Reaſons and not Noſes.

TITYRUS

Digitized by Google

TITYRUS was musing alone in a Valley bordered with many a Rock. He was to decide an important Question, which to do without Reproach, was his present Care. Good Heaven, said he aloud, instruct and tell me, which sings best, *Silvander* or *Atys*. The Eccho coming nearer and nearer, repeated a hundred Times *Atys*. Does *Atys* sing the best, says the surprized Shepherd? The best, the best, the best, says the Eccho. It is enough, says *Tityrus*, this decides the Controversy.

He returned then to his Cottage. Now, says he, can I give a certain Judgment between our two Rivals; *Atys* sings better than *Silvander*, and this was unanimously agreed upon by all the neighbouring Valley.

WE make just such Decisions, credulous as we are, who take Ecchoes for Men.

The

Digitized by Google

The FISHES *and the* FIRE-WORKS.

FABLE XVI.

THERE was one fine Evening, not a hundred Years ago, a Fire-Work let off upon a River. In vain did Night endeavour to rule, *Vulcan* did the Office of the Sun, who was gone to Bed. A thousand curious Specimens of his Art, tho' the Sun was absent, made it look like Day.

At this sudden Noise all the watry People were frighten'd at the bottom of their Manor Seat. The Air all Thundring, and in a Flame, so much troubled the Republick, that they dared not hear nor see.

After their first Fright they took a little Courage, for where was the Probability that the fishy World should be destroyed by Fire? But it was not long before they thought it possible. A thousand fiery Serpents (true Lightening to their Eyes) piercing the Womb of the Deep, threaten'd them terribly with Death.

Digitized by Google

Death. Ah! ſaid they, the World is at an End. Every one then thought on his Conſcience. We deſerve Death, and Heaven is going to puniſh us, ſays a Pike, perfidious Race as we are, we are continually eating up one another. I eat my Children, and ſome of you Gudgeons, and the Gudgeons others again of another Species. Wretched is the State of the little Folks, they are only the Great Ones Dinner.

For my part, I acknowledge my Fault, and am reſolved to go to Confeſſion, and ſay my Beads: Remorſe troubles me ſore. We have kindled the Regions of Heaven againſt us. Ah, good *Jupiter*, with-hold thy vengeful Arm, have Mercy upon us, and we promiſe thee, we will never be inhuman or gluttonous for the future.

The Fire Work happen'd to end juſt in this penitential Mood of the Pike. Fear vaniſhed, and they all grew Hungry. Every one was ſeeking out for his Prey. Their Vow of Humanity was thus performed;

The penitent Pike had a Pike for his Breakfaſt.

Digitized by Google

The FOOTMAN *and the* SCHOLAR.

FABLE XVII.

MARTIN served a Lord of the Treasury, who had a Son that went to the College. The Footman and the Scholar were as great Friends as possibly could be, and very often would hold a long Discourse together. But on what Subject do you think? Why, of Masters and Fathers; this was continually the Theme.

These Masters, says *Martin*, are worse than *Algerine* Rovers, they have no manner of Regard for a Body, no Humanity. Do they think we are Dogs, and they only Men? They make us work hard; nothing but threatening Language and Blows, and these we are sure to have oftner paid us than our Wages. What a cursed Generation!

Ah! poor *Martin*, says the Student, Fathers are not one bit less cruel. Reprimands continually, impertinent Morality, and troublesome *Canterbury* Stories. And though they do nothing from Morning till Night, but

But play the Fool, would have us Wise, and set a grey Head upon a green Pair of Shoulders, which would be monstrous, and continually forcing our Inclinations: If we have a mind to go into the Army, they send us to the Temple; in short, whatever Inclinations we have we must sacrifice them all to their Whimsies. No, no, there's no piece of Stuff so ill made as this of Father's, says the Scholar. But *Martin* was of another Opinion, and stood up still to the Text, That the Masters were as bad.

Thus did they live a long while together, and this was still their Entertainment, but at last they were obliged to separate. *Martin* had the good Fortune to get a little Money, which bought him an Employment; this he managed so dexterously, that he grew a rising Man, and was advanced from one publick Employment to another, till at last he came to be one of the Lords of the Treasury himself; he had fine Houses, or rather Palaces, kept a noble Table, where was Luxury in Perfection, a great Equipage, and abundance of Footmen.

The Scholar, on the other Hand, succeeded his Father in Office and Estate, married a fine Lady, by whom he had several Children. Time ran on, and they grew up to be Men and Women.

Digitized by Google

Martin being now grown Rich he found his Companion, and they were as intimate Friends as ever, and uſed to talk together of their Servants and Children. One of the heavieſt Croſſes in the World, ſaid Monſieur *de la Martiniere* (for the Name of *Martin* was grown out into three Words) is this pack of Servants, a Company of lazy, good for nothing Raſcals, that neither fear Threats nor Blows, Thieves, Traytors, Liars, and damnable Detractors. They eat our Bread and laugh at us.

Ah! ſays our Father of a Family, talk to me of Children and you ſay ſomething, there is the trueſt Plague. There is not one good for any Thing, neither Girl nor Boy; one is a Coquet, and t'other a Libertine: No Reſpect, no Obedience. We may kill our ſelves for them, they have nothing of Gratitude. When will he die? This Moment they expect with Impatience, and then they ſhall be happy enough to be ſure.

THESE Perſons, perhaps, would have done much better to have accuſed Man himſelf, and not the ſeveral States and Conditions of Men in this World, for there is neither good Servant nor good Maſter, good Father nor good Son, they are all bad.

Man

Man follows Paſſion, Intereſt and Caprice, leaving no Authority to Reaſon, and in every different Station of Life, in his Opinion, an equal Injuſtice always ſhews it ſelf.

The HUNTER *and the* ELEPHANTS.

FABLE XVIII.

AMONGST Brutes the Elephant is a Sage. He knows how to philoſophize, and think deep; if you doubt this, ſee here an Example of his profound Reaſoning.

Heretofore a certain Dealer in Ivory, in order to get a great Quantity of that precious Bone, went in the dusk of the Evening, before it was quite dark, to place himſelf in Ambuſh where the Elephants uſed to drink. Here he climbed up a Tree, and let fly many an Arrow amongſt the Herd; ſome did Execution, and here and there an Elephant drop'd.

When the Day broke, and the Elephants were diſperſed, the Man took away the Slain,

Digitized by Google

and this was his Practice for a long Time every Night. But once as he was waiting for his Prey, he ſaw a great Number of Elephants appear. This Object was the Cauſe of his Joy, it ſoon proved his Deſpair. For theſe huge People came with a dreadful Din up to our Archer, and ſurrounded the Tree. This put him into a terrible Fright, and he curſed a thouſand Times the Hour he went firſt a Tooth Hunting.

The Captain of the Elephants with only one ſtroke of his Trunk, fell'd down the Tree, with our Hunter, to the Ground, threw him up upon his Back, and in great Pomp carried him to a little Hill, where there was Ivory in abundance. There, ſays he, this is our burying Place, there are Teeth enough for you and your Neighbours. Break that murdering Inſtrument there and fill your Warehouſe. You ſought to deſtroy us, inſtead of killing you we only put you into ſuch a Condition that it is no longer your Intereſt to hurt us.

The wiſe Man ſhould endeavour to revenge himſelf after this manner.

Digitized by Google

The TURNIP.

FABLE XIX.

A WEST Country Gardiner turned up a large Turnip, the like of which had never been ſeen; it was a Mountain of a Turnip. In his Surprize he was thinking he ſhould make his Court with it to the King; away he runs to the Palace to offer this Pot Phenomenon to his Majeſty.

And like your Majeſty, ſays he, I hope you'll pardon a Body. This Turmut here, you mun knaw, graw'd up in our Garden, and chad zoo much Impatience, look you dee zee, to ſhaw it t'ye, that chave tooken Opportunity hauld by the Vorelock, as the zaying is. Vaith the Thing is noo grot Matter, but your Majeſty have a Mort of Goodneſs, and don't let Things goo unrevenged. If then a Body be free to give it ye, 'tis becauſe it belongs to ye on account of the Rarity on't. Such a Turmut, ſuch a King.

Digitized by Google

King. And ſoo the Lord have Marcy upon ye, and preſarve ye, that's aal.

This was the Harangue of our Country Man. The King was pleaſed with his Dialect, valued the Turnip worth a hundred Guineas, which he ordered immediately to be paid. This dazzled the Fellow's Eyes, for he had never ſeen ſo much in his Life before, and he went home to his Village about his Buſineſs.

This came to the Ears of the Lord of the Manor. Ah, ah! ſays he in a ſurprize, a hundred Guineas for a Turnip, his Majeſty is a brave Man i'faith, by Jingo my Fortune is made. This ſaid, he mounted a fine *Spaniſh* Jennet he lately bought, admirably well ſhap'd, and as fleet as the Winds, which like a rapid Torrent traverſed the Country. He ſoon came to Court, and offered his Majeſty the Horſe. Indeed, ſays the King, this is a noble Preſent, I muſt generouſly reward it; here, bring me my fine Turnip. There, take it, ſays he, for as your Horſe is the fineſt of its kind, ſo is this Turnip.

His Majeſty did well thus to puniſh ſuch a diſloyal Preſent.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF SUCH COVETOUS GIVERS.

The

The BONNET.

FABLE XX.

IT is for our Peace and Repoſe that we do not know the Hearts of Men. Let us rejoice at this our Ignorance. We ſhould all be too much hinder'd did People ſpeak to us what they think.

A CERTAIN Fairy was one Day chang'd to a Mouſe, the fatal Order of Deſtiny had ſo decreed it that ſhe ſhould take on her the Grey Habit. A Cat who watched her, and had a mind to feaſt himſelf with a little Mouſe Fleſh, accordingly ſets upon her.

A Man paſſed by, and either through Caprice, or Pity, runs after the Cat, and delivered the trembling Priſoner. The Cat gave

Digitized by Google

gave the Man a thouſand Times to the Devil, but the Mouſe took him for her greateſt Friend. The next Day ſhe appeared to him not a Mouſe but a Goddeſs.

You have ſaved my Life, ſays ſhe, I muſt repay the Benefit the beſt I can: It is not in *Dulcetta*'s Power, for that's my Name, to be ungrateful. Ask then what you'll have, it is in my Power to do all Things: You have no more to do but ask and have.

Why then, Madam, ſays he, if your Ladyſhip pleaſe, open to me the Hearts of Men, and let me ſee the Secrets of their Soul. It is done, ſays ſhe, I conſent to it. You have nothing elſe to do but take this Bonnet and wear it, it is a Fairy, and with it you may ſee all you deſire, and you'll find People do not think at all of what they tell you, and you'll entirely know the bottom of their Soul. Much good may it do you, adieu, I muſt be gone.

We ſhall preſently ſee our good Man and his Bonnet talking to People.

I think it an Age, ſaid he, till I make my Experiment, and I'll begin with my dear Wife.

O how I hate you! ſays ſhe, in a cloſe Embrace (it was very pleaſant to obſerve the ſtrict Agreement between her Words and Actions.) Yes, I hate you mortally, and

and have done ſo a good while, eſpecially ſince I began to love my dear *Alcander*. Ah! How ſlow is Death in not ridding me of this Plague! if ſhe makes me wait thus long I ſhall take other Meaſures: My Lover preſſes, I cannot longer reſiſt ſo many engaging Charms, I muſt yield to the lovely Youth. As ſhe ſpoke this, you muſt know, ſhe was careſſing him after the fondeſt Manner.

The Wife thus known, he addreſſes himſelf to his Children. In ſpite of them their Mouth ſpoke Truth: They wanted his Eſtate, and did not care how ſoon he was gone into the other World, for it was an unreaſonable Thing that People ſhould live ſo long.

Thus the Man with his Bonnet went about, diſcovering the ſecret Thoughts of every one he met with. In his Friends he ſaw nothing but Hearts governed by mere Intereſt, full of black Ingratitude under the moſt obliging Out-ſide. Did he make a Viſit, they told him he was very impertinent at the ſame inſtant that they held his Hand with all the Marks of a ſincere Friendſhip. If any one commended as ingenious what he ſaid, it was all Hypocriſy, for his Heart told him at the ſame Time he was a Block-head, and had not common Senſe. Thus every Moment he met with a thouſand Diſguſts,

Digitized by Google

guſts, nothing pleaſed him, but every Thing made him mad, inſomuch that our good Man ſeeing no Sincerity in the World, threw the Bonnet in a Paſſion into the Mill-Dam. Take thee who will for me, ſays he, I've done with thee.

FINIS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google